

SCORE OF LIVES LOST IN LONDON FLOOD

EMPIRE STANDS ON THRESHOLD OF NEW DESTINY

Future of Empire Must Be Built Upon Lines of Complete Co-operation, Both in Business and Spirit, Declares Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery in Striking Speech Before Canadian Club

LARGE AUDIENCE HEARS STATESMAN'S ADDRESS

With the new status of equality between all its members, the British Empire, "the youngest thing in the world and the most potent," stands to-day at the dawn of a great new destiny. The Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, British Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs, told the Victoria Canadian Club to-day in his first message to Canadians.

While the last Imperial Conference formally accorded all nations in the Empire a place of absolute equality one with another, the greatness of the British people would not lie along lines of separate, individual development, he said. A future, much greater than the past must be built upon complete co-operation both in business and in spirit, he urged.

Colonel Amery was given a reception this afternoon such as is accorded few visitors to Canada. The Empire Hotel ballroom was crowded with more than 500 members of the Men's and Women's Canadian Clubs when the British Cabinet Minister made his first public address in Canada.

Introducing Colonel Amery, Kenneth Ferguson, president of the Canadian Club, pointed out that Canada was welcoming for the first time a British Secretary of State for the Dominions. Victoria thus was receiving a unique honor in Colonel Amery's visit, he said. Few men had served the Empire in greater measure of late years than Colonel Amery, he added, and much good would result from his tour in Canada.

Prolonged applause and cheers greeted Colonel Amery as he rose to speak.

COMPARES WITH ANY CITY

Colonel Amery remarked that he had recently visited many British capitals but he found none so well equipped with any city in the world. The city, he said, guards the western gateway of Canada and marks the beginning of Canadian power on the Pacific.

GREAT PACIFIC POWER

"Canada to-day is a great Pacific power," he said, "while she drew her civilization from across the Atlantic, it looks to the future also across the Pacific."

The purpose of his tour, he said, was to meet the citizens of Canada face to face and to understand them in the "new era of Empire relations."

"The old colonial era, starting with Lord Durham's report, ended with the Great War," he declared.

The war, he said, had placed the Empire's nations on a new footing of equality and this status had been completely accorded them at the last Empire Conference. While the conference marked a great constitutional development it could not surprise any student of Empire affairs. The conclusions of the conference were implicit in the very foundations of the Empire.

(Concluded on page 2)

NEW EMPLOYMENT SCHEME IN BRITAIN

Industrial Transference Board Will Move Workers From Trade to Trade

London, Jan. 7 (Canadian Press Cable).—The appointment of the Industrial Transference Board, foretold in the King's Speech at the prorogation of Parliament December 22, has been made by the Government. The board is made up of Sir Warren Fisher, Permanent Secretary of the Treasury and head of the civil service; Sir John Cadman, an emeritus professor of Birmingham University; and Sir David Shackleton, ex-M.P., Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Labor, 1916-21, and chief labor advisor to the Government, 1921-25.

The Industrial Transference Board will recommend whatever action is necessary to facilitate the transfer of unemployed workers from industries in Great Britain with restricted opportunities—particularly the coal mining industry—to industries offering greater opportunities. The latest figures show there are 320,000 miners unemployed, chiefly in Northumberland, Durham and South Wales. There are 90,000 idle in the shipbuilding industry and 45,000 in the engineering trades.

Violent Earth Shocks Recorded

Cairo, Egypt, Jan. 7.—The observatory at Helwan recorded a violent earthquake at 9.38 last night. The epicentre was calculated to be 3,000 miles distant.

AMBASSADOR OF U.S. RETURNS TO LONDON



ALANSON B. HOUGHTON

New York, Jan. 7.—Alanson B. Houghton, United States Ambassador to Great Britain, is at sea to-day, having sailed from here last night on the liner Aquitania. He is returning to his post after a vacation in this country which began at the middle of last October.

Heroism of Plucky Scout Is Recognized At Presentation Made To-day By Col. Amery

For saving the life of seven-year-old Jimmy Brown at the risk of his own, George Edward Harrison, a fifteen-year-old Boy Scout of Lady-smith, received from the hands of Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, British Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs at an impressive ceremony at Government House this afternoon, a parchment recording his heroism, presented by the Royal Canadian Humane Society.

With a band of two Boy Scout troops ranged in a semicircle behind him, young Harrison stepped forward towards the group of distinguished persons below the portico of the Lieutenant-Governor's residence. He stood stiffly at attention, trying to hide his embarrassment.

Acting Mayor William Marchant explained briefly to His Honor, R. B. Bruce, the nature of the act whereby the lad won the praise of hundreds and recognition by the Humane Society. His Honor nodded and smiled. "Fine fellow," he said.

STORY OF DEED

H. T. Ravenhill, district commissioner of the Boy Scout Association, related to the little group of officials and representatives of the Government the brief details of Scout Harrison's heroism.

On August 28, 1927, while he was near a wharf at Ladysmith, the boy saw little Jimmy Brown fall into the sea. Fully clothed, the scout rushed to the edge of the pier, saw the smaller child sink a second time and then plunged in. His act was more heroic by the fact that he plunged into water where snags, cables and old wharf piles threatened his life when he flashed into the water and swam his way to the spot where little Jimmy, struggling, had sunk.

MANITOBA POLICE HUNT MURDERER

Winnipeg, Jan. 7.—Without a clue and with the killer's motive unknown, the provincial police officers are engaged in an attempt to solve the murder of Ambrose Charboyer, thirty-four-year-old fisherman, killed in his little back woods cabin near the town of St. Laurent, Manitoba, a French-Canadian settlement, fifty-five miles northwest of Winnipeg.

DEPOSITS IN BANKS OF CANADA INCREASE

Growth During November Shown in Report Issued By Finance Department

Ottawa, Jan. 7.—An increase of more than \$100,000,000 in the total liabilities and an increase of \$91,000,000 in the total assets of the banks of Canada during November last is shown in the monthly statement issued by the Federal Department of Finance.

The total assets of Canadian banks at the end of November amounted to \$3,242,400,873 and total liabilities stood at \$3,229,345,800.

Both current and savings deposits of call loans held both within and without Canada, as well as in the amount of current loans held in Canada during the month.

PREMIER TO START FROM EAST MONDAY

Premier MacLean will leave Ottawa Monday and arrive here Saturday morning, according to advices received at the Parliament Buildings to-day. He has been in the National Capital conferring with the Federal Government on matters arising out of the Interprovincial Conference last Fall.

YACHT CARRIES PLANES

New York, Jan. 7.—A \$3,000,000 yacht being built for Vincent Astor at Kiel will be equipped to launch aeroplanes from two decks. It will have a cruising radius of 19,000 miles without refueling.

SEATTLE WOMAN ASLEEP FOR DAYS

Seattle, Jan. 7.—Mrs. Noranda Anderson, thirty-six-year-old Seattle housewife, to-day had been in a heavy slumber for more than 100 hours. A score of physicians called into conference were unable to diagnose the case. All known methods to wake the sleeping woman had been attempted without success, they said.

LEADERS OF FRANCE AGREE TO OUTLAW OFFENSIVE WARS

Text of Note in Reply to Proposal of United States Made Public

Washington, Jan. 7.—The text of the French Government note proposing a treaty to outlaw wars of aggression was given out to-day at the State Department here in an atmosphere clouded with doubt over an early agreement to submit an anti-war declaration to the powers of the world.

The insertion of the "aggressive war" phrase into the document constituted the hitch in the negotiations because the Kellogg plan had been to declare against war in any form.

Nevertheless, diplomatic discussion of the arbitration and coalition treaty commitments between the United States and France continued with practical assurance that the Root Arbitration Pact, which will expire February 28, will be succeeded by a new peace agreement of this character.

ARBITRATION PLAN

The note made public to-day suggested a multi-lateral international compact to renounce "all war of aggression" as a means of settling international disputes, but declaring that the subscribing countries shall "employ all pacific means" for the settlement of "difficulties of whatever nature may arise between them."

It asserted a multi-lateral treaty renouncing warfare would be a declaration of international will which "could not fail to be an impressive example to all the nations of the world and might well lead them to subscribe in their turn to the same pact."

Acting on this principle, the note said France would be willing to conclude a treaty which "would condemn war, and contain a declaration to renounce it as an instrument of national policy, and would substitute therefore the pacific settlement of disputes between nations."

EARLY CONSERVATIONS

France, the note continued, approved Secretary of State Kellogg's suggestion that upon the basis outlined in Mr. Kellogg's note of December 23, conversations should be opened with other nations with a view to leading to an anti-war treaty between the major nations of the world.

No explanation was contained in the note of the reasons which had prompted the French Government to restrict the effect of the anti-war convention in wars of aggression.

GEORGE REMUS NOW IN OHIO ASYLUM

Lima, Ohio, Jan. 7.—George Remus, former "king of bootleggers," to-day is an inmate of the state hospital for the insane here, having entered last night upon commitment papers from Cincinnati, Hamilton County, where a jury a couple of weeks ago found him not guilty of the slaying of his wife, Imogene, on the ground of insanity.

SAVED BY EMBANKMENT DURING LONDON FLOOD



BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

REVENUE SHORTAGE MAKES BIG HOLE IN LAND SALES PROFIT

Deficit in 1927 Estimates Eats up Half Land Sales Profit

Incoming Council Inherits Cash \$108,000; First Has Debt of \$55,000 to Pay

"When the annual statement of Victoria is issued, it must show that the true balance carried forward by the city from the year 1927 is the difference between the proceeds of land sales of \$108,000 and the deficit of about \$55,000 which accrued. That is, we must show, in unvarnished light, that the city is not in a position to pay its bills, with the exception of a small list of issues, with several blocks of 3,000 to 12,000 shares changing hands in the early trading."

The Saturday session is two hours. The great buying movement this forenoon was started by President Coolidge's statement that he saw no reason for unfavorable comment on the large volume of broken loans. Initial gains of one to nearly five per cent were sustained over a broad list of issues.

NEW AIR BASE PLANS MADE AT VANCOUVER

Temporary Field Until the Spanish Banks Works Are Completed

Vancouver, Jan. 7.—Vancouver is set to have a new air base for its air base, about to be established. Action also is being taken by the civic airport committee to provide other landing and housing facilities for aeroplanes and seaplanes.

The establishment of a seaplane base at the Kitsilano Indian Reserve near the mouth of False Creek and an aerodrome field near Lansdown Park on Lulu Island will be recommended to the City Council by the committee.

A telegram has been sent to the secretary of the Royal Canadian Air Force at Ottawa to ascertain if four hangar frames, recently in use at Camp Borden, can be supplied Vancouver, which met yesterday afternoon, that application would be made for an appropriation of approximately \$10,000 in the 1928 Vancouver budget for airport establishment.

EX-REEVE G. WATSON SAANICH CANDIDATE

Council Aspirant in Ward Three; Councillor G. A. Vantreight Retires

The first surprise of the Saanich election campaign was announced this morning when ex-Reeve George P. Watson filed nomination papers as candidate for the council to represent Ward Three. Councillor G. A. Vantreight, senior member of the council, is retiring in favor of Mr. Watson, begin a signatory to his nomination papers. No opposition to Mr. Watson has as yet developed in Ward Three. The following nominations are filed for the council vacancy in Ward Seven, caused by the retirement of Councillor D. Milne to contest the re-reeve; ex-Councillor Francis Simpson, G. S. Eden, H. Holmes and H. H. Grist.

CANDIDATES ANNOUNCED

Candidates in the field in the other wards are as follows: Ward Two, Councillor W. Graham, seeking re-election, who may be opposed by J. M. Paterson; Ward Four, Councillor G. McWilliam, opposed by ex-Councillor William Stubbs; Ward Five, Councillor H. C. Oldfield, sure of re-election; Ward Six, Councillor L. Hagan, expected to be unopposed.

For the school board the following candidates are announced: Trustees T. W. Hobbs, chairman of the board; Trustee A. E. Horner, ex-Trustee J. Cheetham, W. P. Jeune. There are three two-year terms and one one-year term to be filled. The Police Commission no opposition has as yet developed to return of Commissioner C. E. King for another two-year term.

For the to-be-campaign giving evidence of being a straight fight between Reeve William Crouch and Councillor David Milne, the former appealing on his record of the past year and the latter seeking support as a means of harmonizing the differences between urban and rural sections of Saanich.

BIG FLOOD DISASTER IN LONDON UNPARALLELED IN MODERN CENTURES

VICTORIA LIBRARY TO REFUSE SERVICE TO NON-RESIDENTS

Lack of Agreement Causes Severing of Borrowing Facilities

Oak Bay, Saanich and Esquimalt Residents Barred From Library Use

Library facilities will be withdrawn from residents of Oak Bay, Saanich and Esquimalt by the Victoria Library after January 31. The Library Commissioners last night unanimously agreed that this course has become necessary, and issued instructions to the Library staff to refuse to issue books to non-residents of Victoria on and after February 1.

This decision will stand in the event that no agreement is arranged with the three nearby municipalities in the course of the intervening three weeks. The Library committees of Oak Bay, Saanich and Esquimalt recently jointly agreed to refuse to pay the schedule of charges offered by the Victoria Library Commission, to be based on the basis of books used, at an average cost of nearly nine cents per volume per issue.

RESOLUTION PASSED

The official minute of the Library Commissioners is as follows: "Resolved that provided no new agreement shall have been entered into with the municipalities of Oak Bay, Saanich and Esquimalt by January 31, 1928, no library facilities shall be extended to residents of these municipalities after that date, and the library staff is hereby so instructed until further notice from the Board."

The major controversy with Saanich was the library's objection to the municipal registration charge made to borrowers. The Saanich view is that the library has no right to interfere in the municipal affairs of Saanich or dictate as to the means adopted to raise the amount paid for library services. The Library Commissioners point out that the registration fee reacts to limit the number of tickets taken out by Saanich residents, to restrict the library circulation and to thereby cut down the revenue to the library, which otherwise contribute towards maintenance of the library. The municipality pays about \$500 annually, with a small number of users.

The Oak Bay contention is chiefly centred in allegations that the city's proposed scheme of charges is based on grossly padded costs, with inclusion of taxes on the library building and site, refusal to credit the fines taken which aggregate more than \$1,000, and charging to book users the cost of maintenance of the library building and reading room facilities. The cost to Oak Bay in 1927 was \$1,800, and would increase fifty per cent under the new plan.

The Esquimalt contention is that the municipality should not be charged for books used by members of the military and naval forces, which contribute no revenue to the municipality. In 1927 Esquimalt paid over \$700 for library privileges.

LIQUOR CONTROL IS DECLARED SUCCESS

Atlantic City, N.J., Jan. 7.—Premier Ferguson of Ontario said here last night that seven months of government control of the sale of liquor in Ontario had convinced him the province would never return to the old conditions.

"Our policy is not to push the sale of liquors," he said. "On the contrary we endeavor to restrain it in the form of control. Our people for the most part are temperate. Those who abuse the privilege of obtaining liquor under government permits are deprived of it and those who indulge in drunkenness are punished."

LONDON STREETS TURNED BY FLOOD INTO BIG STREAMS

London, Jan. 7 (Canadian Press Cable).—Within a few hundred yards of the stately Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, and across the river within a stone's throw of Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury since the days of the Plantagenets, there are dwelling places crowded together where many thousands of London's poorest citizens find shelter. Upon these the flood waters came early this morning like a thief in the night. So sudden was the inrush that many had no time to put on their clothes. Plunging into the dark streets, they found them flowing like canals, the murky waters already stealing toward the upper rooms of their dwellings.

Many stories of narrow escapes are told. The flood is that of a dweller in Vincent Street, London, who said: "We were aroused by a policeman hammering on our door and shouting that the Thames had burst its banks. The roadway appeared to be all right then, but we had scarcely put on our clothes when the water began to come into the house. Meanwhile mounted police arrived and began knocking vigorously at all the doors in our neighborhood. They stood in their stirrups and reached to the upper windows and helped people get out of the houses."

LONDONERS ARE WARNED OF NEW THREAT OF FLOOD

Crest of High Water Flowing Down Thames Meets Abnormally High Ocean Tide and for Sixty Miles River Goes Over Banks; Night of Alarm Among Masses of Residents Followed by Morning of Rescues, Pumping Out of Cellars and Repairing of Embankments

London, Jan. 7.—The port of London authorities issued a warning this afternoon that a repetition of the devastating Thames floods of early this morning was possible during the next few days. The tides will be of increasing height until Tuesday and as storms and gales and flood conditions from Christmas snow prevail in the Thames Valley, the danger to London continues.

The danger was past for to-day when the ebb tide began at 1.35 p.m. The river was a foot above normal. The next big tide will be at 2.15 o'clock to-morrow morning.

TOWER OF LONDON IS SURROUNDED NOW BY WATER

London, Jan. 7.—The famous Tower of London, as a result of the Thames flood, appears as it did in medieval days, when it was a moated stronghold. The river flood swept over the Tower grounds and filled the old moat with fifteen feet of water.

The tide went over the gun emplacements facing the river and the municipal affairs of Saanich or dictate as to the means adopted to raise the amount paid for library services. The Library Commissioners point out that the registration fee reacts to limit the number of tickets taken out by Saanich residents, to restrict the library circulation and to thereby cut down the revenue to the library, which otherwise contribute towards maintenance of the library. The municipality pays about \$500 annually, with a small number of users.

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THRILLING STORIES COME FROM FLOODED THAMES DISTRICTS

Four Sisters, Daughters of Workman, Drowned in London; Aged Woman Perished

London, Jan. 7.—Thrilling and tragic stories of narrow escapes in the flood this morning were received from all the districts running from the Thames estuary to Teddington, where the Thames lock system begins. Basements and ground floors in thousands of houses were flooded by the sudden rush of waters, which swept the Thames banks for sixty miles from the sea.

FOUR SISTERS DROWNED

The most pathetic story was the drowning of four sisters named Harding. The sisters, aged eighteen, sixteen, six and two, were the daughters of a workman whose eight children were trapped by the rush of waters. Harding heroically saved four of his children, but the others were drowned before he could reach them.

OLD WOMAN PERISHED

Mrs. Quick, an aged, bedridden woman residing on Causton Street, was drowned in the basement of her house. A policeman tried to open her door but could not. He pulled her out and applied artificial respiration, but to no avail.

Her daughter, who had occupied an upper room, was nearly drowned while attempting to reach her.

ABOUSED BY POLICEMEN

Among numerous graphic stories of the flood is that of a dweller in Vincent Street, London, who said: "We were aroused by a policeman hammering on our door and shouting that the Thames had burst its banks. The roadway appeared to be all right then, but we had scarcely put on our clothes when the water began to come into the house. Meanwhile mounted police arrived and began knocking vigorously at all the doors in our neighborhood. They stood in their stirrups and reached to the upper windows and helped people get out of the houses."

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FIELD FOR GREATER B.C. TRADE IN BRAZIL

Opportunities Pointed Out to Exporters of Province By Canadian Trade Agent

Vancouver, Jan. 7.—"If you know the market, there is good opportunity for British Columbia business men in the export trade to Brazil," says A. S. Bleakney, Canadian trade commissioner.

Pointing out Brazil had a population of 33,000,000 in territory larger than that of the United States, and that British firms had been dealing with the country for 100 years, Mr. Bleakney yesterday gave the foreign trade bureau of the Victoria Board of Trade a careful description of the conditions in entering that field. He mentioned the fact that British Columbia in the past year had opened up successful negotiations with Brazilian firms, his office assisting in marketing British Columbia apples and one British Columbia firm, operating independently had established a connection in the newspaper trade at prices with which eastern manufacturers were unable to compete.

In 1926 Great Britain had done \$80,000,000 trade in Brazil and the United States \$100,000,000. Canada's trade with Brazil last year had exceeded \$7,000,000, the exports being doubled in the past three years.



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Daily use of Cuticura Soap, with touches of Cuticura Ointment when required, will do much to prevent pore-clogging, irritating rashes, roughness and other unwholesome conditions of the skin.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot: "Hemlock," 111, Montreal. Price, Soap Box, 25c; Ointment Jar, 25c. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

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HORSE RACING

Tia Juana Race Track, Jan. 7.—Hong King, carrying a heavy weight, was the big surprise here yesterday, when he was piloted home by Jockey Inelone. In the seventh race, to return \$38.60 sweeping Ann installed a red-hot favorite, failed to get into the money.

Blue Rose and Holly Boy returned nice prices, the former \$14 and the latter \$20.80 for win tickets. Results follow:

First race, two furlongs—1, Lady Hollywood (Baker), \$5.00, \$2.50, \$2.00; 2, Black Darling (Lindeth), \$3.40, \$2.40; 3, Cottage Grove (Louman), \$3.20, Time 24.

Second race, mile and one-sixteenth—1, Wilmer the Wizard (Critchfield), \$6.00, \$3.60, \$3.00; 2, Kickstart Bum (O. Philpot), \$5.20, \$3.60; 3, Chick Bell (McConville), \$5.00, Time 1:51 2-5.

Third race, six furlongs—1, Holly Boy (Ray), \$19.00, \$7.40, \$6.40; 2, Buddy Clark (Herbert), \$5.00, \$5.00; 3, Queen Ann Marine (Kelly), \$12.60, Time 1:18 4-5.

Fourth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Freedom II (Luther), \$5.50, \$4.40, \$4.80; 2, Arabas (Russell), \$18.80, \$22.40; 3, Elander (Salas), \$9.40, Time 1:09.

Fifth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Sixth race, \$1,000 Ramona claiming handicap, mile and one-sixteenth—1, Camco (Lindeth), \$6.80, \$3.80, \$2.80; 2, Kingman (H. Philpot), \$5.00, \$2.80; 3, Marietta (Louman), \$4.40, Time 1:48.

Seventh race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Hong King (Inelone), \$38.60, \$20.00, \$6.00; 2, Shasta King (Luther), \$3.40, \$2.40; 3, Simony (Rennie), \$3.00, Time 1:09 4-5.

Eighth race, one mile—1, Wee Girl (Owen), \$9.00, \$4.20, \$4.00; 2, Be Frank (Lindeth), \$5.20, \$5.00; 3, Tommie McCoomb (Kera), \$3.80, Time 1:43 4-5.

Ninth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Freedom II (Luther), \$5.50, \$4.40, \$4.80; 2, Arabas (Russell), \$18.80, \$22.40; 3, Elander (Salas), \$9.40, Time 1:09.

Tenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Eleventh race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twelfth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirteenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Fourteenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Fifteenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Sixteenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Seventeenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Eighteenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Nineteenth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twentieth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-first race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-second race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-third race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-fourth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-fifth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-sixth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-seventh race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-eighth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Twenty-ninth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirtieth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirty-first race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirty-second race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirty-third race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirty-fourth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

Thirty-fifth race, five and one-half furlongs—1, Blue Rose (Kelly), \$20.80, \$8.20, \$5.80; 2, Shasta Flapper (H. Philpot), \$4.40, \$3.50; 3, Clint o' Gold (Yates), \$5.80, Time 1:09 4-5.

MARKETING BOARD OBJECTS DEFINED

Capt. G. Huxley, Secretary of Empire Committee, Addresses Gathering Here

The workings, successes and plans of the Empire Marketing Board were described before a gathering of representatives of the Chamber of Commerce this morning by Capt. G. Huxley, secretary of the board.

Capt. Huxley is on a tour of the Empire, promoting the aims of the board. He arrived here yesterday aboard the R.M.S. Ararangi from Australia.

Outlining the history of the board, Capt. Huxley mentioned that it was formed in 1926 by the Imperial Economic Committee. It receives a grant from the British Government of £1,000,000 yearly.

ORGANIZATION
Capt. Huxley referred to the organization of the committee, describing the sub-committees, marketing experts, etc., into which it was divided.

The three main functions of the committee, Capt. Huxley explained, were scientific research, economic investigation and publicity.

"We have been able to cover a very wide field of research," the speaker stated, "commencing upon this item. Biological research, animal husbandry, cold storage and several other factors were mentioned in this connection."

RESEARCH WORK
Capt. Huxley stated great strides had been made in the committee's research on apples, referring to stations in Kent and Bristol where considerable work was being done.

"These investigations are fraught with tremendous possibilities for orchardists in all parts of the Empire," he asserted. "It will not be very long before orchardists will be able to get really scientific control over their stock."

"They will be able to plant pedigree stock, the performance of which is known, instead of taking a chance on the success of their plants."

Important research work in connection with poultry will shortly be conducted at the Ontario Agricultural College, the committee hearing half the expenses of this work, he continued.

The information gained by this will be of great value to poultry raisers in Northern Ireland, England and Canada, as well as the remainder of the Empire.

Capt. Huxley also outlined researches now being conducted into flax and fish, two important productions of the Empire.

GREAT VALUE
"I don't think anyone who is conversant with the subject can doubt the excellent value of scientific research," he declared. "It has not only proved its worth in the laboratory and in the professor's study, but also in dollars and cents to the producers."

With regard to economic investigation, the speaker dwelt at some length upon wastage, one of the main contributing causes of the wide spread in prices received by the producer and the retailer.

CANADIAN APPLES
"In 1926 we commenced to investigate Canadian apples," he said. "Representatives of the board at London and Liverpool inspected all shipments of Canadian apples arriving in the old Country hoping to discover where the loss through wastage occurred—whether it was in barreling, packing or in the shiphold. We are now attempting to complete this investigation by having a man find the pre-shipment history of these apples, and we hope to accomplish something worth while along this line."

Capt. Huxley spoke at considerable length on the publicity work of the board.

"Our advertising campaign is unique both in its extent and in the novelty of its conception," he stated, referring to the fact that £300,000 had been spent last year for this purpose.

The main idea of this publicity work was the infiltration into the minds of shoppers in the United Kingdom the importance of Empire buying, he said.

PUBLICITY CAMPAIGN
Capt. Huxley rapidly outlined the various phases which the board's publicity campaign had taken. Press advertisements, special poster campaigns, pamphlets sent into schools with miniature posters, pictures, exhibitions, the "Empire Kitchen" shopping weeks and lectures were mentioned.

"We have now two large fields cut out for us for publicity work," he concluded. "These have to do with aiding the 90,000 shopkeepers in Great Britain to further Empire goods and cinema advertising."

Mr. Huxley answered several questions put to him by those at the meeting and was tendered a vote of thanks at the conclusion.

LEADERS OF FRANCE
AGREE TO OUTLAW
OFFENSIVE WARS

(Continued from page 1)

"The Government of the republic is convinced the principles thus proclaimed can not but be received with gratitude by the entire world," the note concluded, "and it does not doubt that the efforts of the two governments to insure universal adoption will be crowned with full success."

Paris, Jan. 7.—France is willing to join the United States in inviting all nations to join in a treaty to be signed by the United States and France, abolishing all "war of aggression." Foreign Minister Briand's reply to Secretary of State Kellogg says:

The text of the reply was made public at the Foreign Office at noon to-day.

The treaty, already proposed by Secretary Kellogg, would provide that "every pacific means" would be brought to bear to avoid conflicts.

The French Government expects the proposed pact "will be received with gratitude by the entire world" and will be universally adopted.

PHRASE NOT EXPLAINED
The note is a full acceptance of the procedure outlined by Secretary Kellogg with the exception of the introduction of the words "war of aggression." No explanation is offered for the introduction of these.

ENGLISH RUGBYISTS WIN
Twickenham, Eng., Jan. 7 (Canadian Press Cable).—England defeated South Wales at rugby to-day by 18 to 11. The half time score was: England 18, South Wales 5.

Old Country Football

(Continued from page 1)

Northern Section
Asington 3, New Brighton 2.
Barrow 1, Rotherham 1.
Bradford 2, Wrexham 0.

Conservative 0, Bradford City 1.
Crawley 2, Bradford City 1.
Darlington 0, Lincoln City 2.

Doncaster 1, Hartlepool United 1.
Nelson 0, Rochdale 3.
Stockport 0, Southport 3.

Tranmere Rovers 1, Durham City 1.
Wiganboro 2, Accrington Stanley 0.
Northampton 3, Nottingham 3.

New Abbot 3, Plymouth Albion 11.
Neath 10, Pontypridd 0.
Watsonians 7, Hawick 0.

Glasgow High 0, Stewartonians 6.
Edinburgh Institute 10, Hoyal High School 14.
Greenock Wanderers 0, Glasgow Acad 3.

COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP
Yorkshire 15, Cheshire 6.
RUGBY LEAGUE
Batley 6, St. Helens Recs 2.

Bramley 2, York 3.
Castleford 12, Hull 13.
Halifax 6, Oldham 5.

Hunslet 26, Bradford 2.
Hull Kingston Rovers 0, Dewsbury 0.
Keighley 6, Huddersfield 0.

Leigh 6, Featherstone 0.
Rochdale 10, Barrow 3.
Salford 8, Widnes 5.

St. Helens 8, Leeds 0.
Wakefield 13, Swinton 7.
Warrington-Pontypridd not played.

Wigan Highfield 10, Broughton 3.
SCOTTISH LEAGUE—FIRST DIVISION
Clyde 2, Hearts 2.

Dundee 2, St. Johnstone 1.
Dunfermline 1, Patrick 7.
Falkirk 1, Celtic 3.

Hamilton 7, Bo'ness 0.
Hibernian 2, Motherwell 2.
Kilmarnock 3, Aberdeen 1.

Queen's Park 1, Airdrie 1.
Raith 0, St. Johnstone 0.
Rangers 2, Cowdenbeath 2.

SECOND DIVISION
Aberdeen 2, Dundee United 1.
Alloa 1, Ayr United 3.
Arthurlie 4, East Stirling 3.

Bathgate 1, Stenhousemuir 0.
Clydebank 2, East Fife 3.
Crosbie 3, Armadale 0.

King's Park 4, Third Lanark 2.
Morton 3, Leith Athletic 1.
Queen of South 2, Dundee United 2.

St. Bernard 2, Dunbar 0.
HURRY UNION
Edgware 25, Northampton 3.

Gura 12, Devonport Services 3.
Old Blues 3, Portsmouth Services 6.
Old Merchant Taylors 23, Old Leydiens 3.

St. Bartholomews Hospital 11, Harlequins 28.
Bath 16, Torquay 3.
Cardiff 3, Bristol 6.

Coverly 21, Old Edwardsians 3.
Crosby 0, Aberavon 3.
Leicester 11, Swansea 0.

Llanelli 9, Gloucester 0.
Moseley 8, Cardiff 1.
Manchester 16, Northern 8.

Newport 18, Richmond 3.
EMPIRE STANDS
ON THRESHOLD
OF NEW DESTINY

(Continued from page 1)

"All we tried to do was to sum up the situation as it existed," he said. "This was not the first time the British people had done this and on each previous occasion great good had resulted."

The conference had laid down in the first place the complete equality of all the British nations—that none was to be subordinated to another.

CANADA'S POSITION
"Canada is no more subordinate to Britain than Britain is to Canada," he declared. "That principle was laid down for the whole Empire with absolute unanimity. How shall we use this equality?" he asked.

The nations of the Empire would seek to shut themselves into watertight compartments, ignoring world Empire interests—ignoring the great Empire which is Canada's Empire as much as Britain's.

The conference itself answered that question," he added. "With the same unanimity it laid down the allegiance of the entire Empire to the British Crown."

"While all the nations were equal, all were subject to one Crown, and bound together in a common loyalty, owing helpfulness, understanding and support to one another."

"The Crown, he said, is a vital part of every nation, linking all together. It was not an accidental link, but an essential part of the constitution of every member of the Empire."

The precepts of all the Empire nations, he explained, are responsible to the same King and act with a knowledge of their responsibility to the Empire as a whole.

"The Empire is not external to any of our nations," he said. "It is something like the Kingdom of Heaven, something within us," he said. "Our freedom is not that of ordinary nations, but of imperial nations—imperial in their sense of destinies and in their sense of responsibilities."

Series of Lectures On Psychology to Start Next Week

The series of lectures on psychology and mental hygiene arranged by the committee on Mental Hygiene of the Local Council of Women in co-operation with the Social Service League will commence on Thursday evening next at 8-15 p.m. at the Memorial Hall.

There will be five lectures in the series, by Dean Coleman and Dr. Wyman of the University of British Columbia.

Next Thursday Dean Coleman will lecture on "Changing Viewpoints in Psychology," to be followed on January 28 by his lecture on "Social Aspects of Psychology." Dr. Wyman will speak on February 9 on "The Present Status of Psychology," on February 23 his subject will be "Intelligence, Its Growth and Development," and on March 8, the concluding lecture of the series will be on "Mental Hygiene for the Child."

To pay the bare expenses connected with the series, a small admission fee will be charged for the course of five lectures.

At the head table with Mr. Ferguson were Lieutenant-Governor R. Randolph Bruce, Colonel Amery, Hon. A. M. Manson, Acting Premier; Alderman Marchant, Acting Mayor; Rt. Rev. Bishop Schofield, Commander Nelles, Brigadier-General Ross, Rev. Dr. W. L. Clay, Hon. G. A. Baskin, U.S. Consul; Hon. T. D. Pattullo, Minister of Lands; Hon. S. P. Tolmie, Hon. Mr. Justice McPhillips, George E. Winter, president of the Vancouver Canadian Club; John Cochran, Hon. E. D. Barrow, Minister of Agriculture; G. G. Wiskard, G. Huxley and A. M. D. Fairbairn.

BIG FLOOD DISASTER IN LONDON UNPARALLELED IN MODERN CENTURIES
(Continued from page 1)

Fearing a recurrence of disaster at the next flood tide, engineers labored frantically, building temporary barricades where walls along the embankment had collapsed early this morning.

Extensive search of the poorer districts it was feared might show more victims.

The river swept over its banks for sixty miles from the sea and a night of alarm and intense excitement such as had been unknown for years resulted.

WALL WAS BARRIED
The granite wall along the Victoria Embankment held against a terrific volume of water, preventing a more serious catastrophe in the centre of the city.

The water rose to the top of this wall, which is four feet wide and runs

for a mile and a half from the city proper to Westminster Street. At some points the river overflowed, but the wall itself held against the rush of the waters.

At one point beyond the Westminster end of the Embankment another wall burst. The water rushed through, deluging the streets. Two people were drowned there. The basements of many houses were flooded.

At the point where the Egyptian obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle stands on the Embankment the water overflowed the wall, which is lower there than elsewhere. The steps at the base were flooded.

STREET CARS STOPPED
The electric conduits which operate the street cars were invaded by the waters and tramway service was stopped.

On the opposite bank of the river matters were much worse. There is no embankment and from Westminster to the east the streets were quickly flooded. Hundreds of dwellers of the poorer districts were aroused, either by the police or the sound of the advancing water. They fled in haste and terror from their beds amid an uproar of shouts of alarm.

Brief reports came from the densely populated section below the business centre of the city telling of the struggle of frightened people to escape from the sudden rush of water into their homes. Numbers of houses were flooded in Limehouse, Rotherhithe, Poplar and Canningtown and in the neighborhood of the docks.

Many public buildings were thrown open to shelter the sufferers. Police and others assisted in removing the stricken people and supplying them with food.

Among the noted buildings which were partly flooded were the Tower of London, where the military garrison turned out to protect the royal jewels and other property; Lambeth Palace, residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Thomas Hospital, where all lights were put out, and the Tate Picture Gallery.

Tremendous floods in the upper valley of the Thames caused by melting the Christmas snow swept down on London late last night. An abnormal tide, which caused the mis-

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You may not be able to get "SALADA" Orange Pekoe Blend in every store, but most good grocers sell it. A great many people do not realize that such a tea is on the market—"SALADA" is much the finest Orange Pekoe Blend you can buy.

"SALADA"
ORANGE PEKOE BLEND
TEA

288

FURNITURE BUYERS

You can save money by making your purchases here. We show a splendid stock of Home Furniture at most reasonable prices. We clean Carpets and make Window Shades. Phone 718 for free estimate on this work.

SMITH & CHAMPION
THE BETTER VALUE HOUSE
1420 DOUGLAS ST. Near City Hall



"I am writing to tell you of the Splendid Results my Times Want ad brought. I sold for Cash the first day."

There are many ads that have all brought similar results in the Last Ten Days. Your well written ad placed before 25,000 readers a night will put CASH in your hand, too. Try it.

The Victoria Times

Phone 1090

ADS RECEIVED TO 12.30 NOON FOR SAME DAY'S ISSUE

Manitoba Soon to Have Beer Parlors

Winnipeg, Jan. 7.—When Manitoba's beer parlors come into operation there will be "reasonable privacy" permitted the customers.

During consideration of the new liquor bill, which calls for the establishment of beer parlors and a cash and carry system for hard liquors, by the law amendments committee of the Manitoba Legislature yesterday, it was disclosed that beer parlors, during prohibited hours, must permit of unrestricted view of the innermost parts. In hours when beer may be lawfully sold there can be "reasonable privacy" and modest blinds on the windows will not be forbidden. No food or drinks other than beer may be sold, and even ginger ale is barred.

Beer parlors will be licensed and will have to pay an annual fee of \$1. Women will not be permitted to act

as waitresses except where a woman is the licensee of a beer parlor. A provision for the opening of separate beer parlors for women was approved by the committee.

SEVEN BODIES OF MEN ARE TAKEN FROM SUNKEN SUBMARINE

Provincetown, Mass., Jan. 7.—The bodies of four more members of the crew of the United States submarine S-4 were taken from the engine room compartment of the sunken ship by divers late yesterday.

Two of the bodies were found huddled beneath a tarpaulin close to where one of the three bodies recovered Wednesday was discovered. The other two were nearby and the divers expressed the opinion the four men were lying together on the floor under the heavy canvas in an effort to keep warm when death overtook them.

SAMOA REPORT IS SUBJECT OF DEBATE

Inquiry into Mandate Rule Brings Out Differing Views in Australasia

Wellington, N.Z. (By Mail).—From its bearing on the whole system of League mandates, the report of the Royal Commission on New Zealand's government of Samoa will probably be studied by many foreign observers. The commission comprised Sir Charles Skerrett, Chief Justice of New Zealand, and Judge McCormick of the Maori Land Court, and their report on the Pacific paradise in effect said it was a garden where "everything was lovely." Discontent with the administration of Samoa by Sir George Richardson led to the inquiry. It had been alleged that, in the words of one newspaper, his "methods of silencing criticism, when Samoan chiefs have devalued to bring their grievances before the New Zealand Government, were those of handcuffing, imprisonment, banishment and deprivation of hereditary titles."

VIEWS OF EX-PREMIER

Interesting comment on the report has been made by Sir Joseph Carruthers, a former Premier of New South Wales, who recently visited Samoa.

"The terms of the reference were so narrow," he said, "that no other report could have been anticipated than that which has been published. Sir John Findlay, K.C., the eminent New Zealand counsel, strongly advised the Samoans not to participate in the proceedings, inasmuch as the scope of the inquiry was so devised as to exclude consideration of the major questions which were the crux of the matter. I have always said Sir George Richardson, the Administrator, has done some excellent work in Samoa. Everyone must admit that fact, and to investigate that matter was about as futile as to flog a dead horse."

WITHOUT FAIR TRIAL

"Again, it is admitted the Administrator in his punishment of natives without a fair and open trial was conforming to laws and ordinances made by a superior authority, viz., the New Zealand Government and Parliament. It therefore needed no commission gravely to decide that the Administrator merely had complied with the law as he had found it."

Sir Joseph Carruthers, who is an influential member of the Legislative Council of New South Wales, concluded, "It takes some courage for a man in my position to condemn the actions of the Government of a sister Dominion. What I have always contended is that a monstrous injustice has been perpetrated in regard to Samoa and the Samoans by the setting up of machinery of government which denies to scores of thousands of humble native Polynesians the right of open and fair trial according to the due forms of law and justice, and which substitutes in its place obsolete and discredited methods of the Star Chamber which make of one man the prosecutor, judge and jury at his own mere whim or pleasure, and which deprives the accused persons of the rights which every Briton deems to be his inalienable right."

PRIME MINISTER DISAGREES

In reply to Sir Joseph Carruthers, Premier J. G. Coates of New Zealand said Sir Joseph's statement that the terms of the reference were so narrow that no other finding could have been anticipated, showed an entire lack of knowledge of the actual circumstances. The petitioners and complainants had been afforded, by means of the commission, every possible opportunity to substantiate every one of the complaints they made. It was a fact that the commission had investigated every one of these complaints and made a finding on all of them entirely vindicating the administration.

THE DUAL PLEA

The dual plea, which comes under the new and therefore little tested California criminal law, was resorted to on Thursday by William E. Hickman, kidnapper and murderer, marking his first employment in Los Angeles under the new law. The dual plea when, with Welby Hunt, his youthful accomplice, he was arraigned for the murder of C. Ivy Thoms, druggist, in a holdup Christmas Eve, 1926.

The law was passed at the last session of the California Legislature. Hickman's attorney said after the arraignment that the dual plea was over the records in the case, he saw every possibility for an insanity plea in addition to one of not guilty.

QUARREL WITNESSED

A police report of a violent quarrel between Mrs. Appleby and another woman, which was so desperate that the women apart, was made to pull the women apart, was made to the sheriff's office yesterday. Williams said the battle occurred in front of the home of Mrs. Appleby a few days before the body of Mrs. Appleby was found. He told Captain Bright of the sheriff's homicide squad that, judging by their words, the women apparently were quarrelling over the affections of a man, and that he had heard both women mention Dr. McMillan's name.

MANDATE SYSTEM AT STAKE

The influential Sydney Morning Herald described the report as a "disappointing document" which was "unlikely to prove of much assistance to the petitioners in regard to the interests of the people, and with disinterestedness." It is fact, perhaps, that the administration has lacked.

TWO MEN KILLED IN MINE

Kellogg, Idaho, Jan. 7.—John Colangelo, thirty-five, mine operator, and Ole Wolf, a workman, were killed yesterday afternoon when they were struck by a plank that dropped 100 feet down the shaft of the Last Chance Mine, a Bunker Hill and Sullivan property at Wardner, Idaho.

GRAIN GROWN BY INDIANS ON PRAIRIES

Prize Cattle Sent to Shows From Reserves on Plains

Ottawa, Jan. 7.—Indian farmers in the prairie provinces in 1927 raised, in round numbers, 1,000,000 bushels of grain. Notwithstanding a late Spring last year, the Indians seeded 64,594 acres, which was an increase of 2,385 acres over 1926. Over 6,000 acres of new land was broken out and the area Summer fallowed was close to 30,000 acres.

These facts are disclosed in a survey of Indian conditions in the prairie provinces issued under the direction of Dr. Duncan C. Scott, deputy superintendent of Indian affairs.

PRIZES FOR CATTLE

Commenting on the Indians as stock raisers, the survey says: "Two herds of steers from the Duck Lake Reserve won first prize at the Moose Jaw feeder and stocker show in a competition open to the province of Saskatchewan. At the stocker and feeder show at Calgary, two shipments of stockers from the Blackfeet Reserve were awarded second and third prizes. The best prices are commanded by the cattle from the reserves and the complete returns show that approximately \$95,000 was realized from Indian cattle fattened and sold in the three prairie provinces."

"The progress of the Indians of the prairie provinces is most encouraging," says the survey. "Socially and economically, their advancement has been steady and it is expected that in the not far distant future they will reach a position of complete self-support and independence."

MURDER TRIAL TESTS NEW CALIFORNIA LAW

Dr. C. McMillan Pleads "Not Guilty" and "Not Guilty Because of Insanity"

Los Angeles, Jan. 7.—Dr. Charles McMillan will make use of the new and little tested California criminal law, and "not guilty because of insanity," according to Ray Chesbro, his counsel, who acted in court yesterday when the physician was arraigned for the "sack murder" of Mrs. Amelia Appleby, wealthy widow of a Chicago inventor.

TEST OF NEW LAW

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THE LAW WAS PASSED AT THE LAST SESSION OF THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE

McMillan's attorney said after the arraignment that the dual plea was over the records in the case, he saw every possibility for an insanity plea in addition to one of not guilty.

The elderly physician was calm and showed every trace of a smile as he proceeded to plead "not guilty" to the "sack murder" indictment was read to him in court yesterday. His attorney reported his client was not ready to enter his formal plea and requested a delay until next Thursday. Judge Carlos believed a plea could be entered before that and set Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock as the time.

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A police report of a violent quarrel between Mrs. Appleby and another woman, which was so desperate that the women apart, was made to pull the women apart, was made to the sheriff's office yesterday. Williams said the battle occurred in front of the home of Mrs. Appleby a few days before the body of Mrs. Appleby was found. He told Captain Bright of the sheriff's homicide squad that, judging by their words, the women apparently were quarrelling over the affections of a man, and that he had heard both women mention Dr. McMillan's name.

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VANCOUVER ISLAND NEWS

JURY'S VERDICT

James Chinaman

Inquiry at Cumberland Into Chinatown New Year Tragedy

Cumberland, Jan. 7.—The adjourned inquest to inquire into the death of Kang Pong Mung, an elderly Chinese restaurant proprietor of Cumberland's Chinatown, was held at the Provincial Court House Thursday before Coroner J. Conway, when the following verdict was rendered: "We, the jury empaneled to inquire into the death of Kang Pong Mung, do find that deceased met his death as a result of a knife wound, apparently inflicted by Chan Mee, on the morning of December 30, 1926, at Chinatown, Cumberland, B.C."

The jury was composed of J. Sutherland, foreman, William Macfie, F. Wilcock, T. H. Mumford, A. McKinnon and Matthew Brown. Mah Sing See acted as interpreter, and plans of the Chinatown, submitted by Robert Strachan, while six photographs of both the interior and exterior were brought by Robert Schwartz, taken after the tragedy.

Chemainus

Chemainus, Jan. 7.—Miss Grace MacInnes of the public school teaching staff has returned home after a visit to her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. George Michell, Tacoma.

Leonard Cary, engineer on the logging locomotive Chemainus, has returned from Seattle, where he has been visiting his brother-in-law and sister for ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Syme and sons and Mrs. C. Syme and little daughter have returned from Vancouver.

Miss O. J. Rows spent the holidays with friends in Vancouver.

Mr. and Mrs. Yearwood, Mr. and Mrs. Van Loven and Miss Thompson have returned from Vancouver.

Miss Betty Dunne of Vernon is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dunne, Crofton.

Basel Cooke has returned to school in Victoria after spending the vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. W. Cooke, Chemainus River.

Miss Evelyn Jones, who has been visiting her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Jones, has returned home to Westholme.

Charles F. Daly

Died in New York

New York, Jan. 7.—Charles Frederick Daly, sixty-five, vice-president of the Durant Motors Inc., died at his home here yesterday of heart disease. Mr. Daly was a prominent figure in the New York Railroad. He was born in Canton, Ill.

CHEQUE CHARGES

Portland, Ore., Jan. 7.—Geraldine Howard, characterized by Portland police as the "Queen" of a ring of drugstore robbers and bogus cheque passers in Seattle, was arrested by

Renovating the Rock Garden

By JOHN HUTCHISON, F.R.H.S.

With Spring just around the corner, any work that was not carried out in the rock garden last year should be done as soon as possible. One of the most important things to be done is to replant those subjects which have occupied the same position for a long time and have exhausted the soil of that have overgrown their allotted space and are encroaching upon their less strong-growing neighbors. This applies only to the strong-growing plants such as primulas, violas, anemones and saxifrage of the megales section. Other plants, like saxifrage of the Kabschia section, may be left for years in the same place, but the list will give some idea of the kind of plant that soon exhausts the soil in a pocket in which it is planted, and will need to be taken up and replanted. It often happens that a strong-growing plant tends to overrun its smaller neighbor, so that it is necessary to keep a close watch on such subjects and to keep them well cut back or to remove them to other quarters, so that the weaker ones may get a fair chance to grow.

FILLING THE SAPS

Early Spring is the time for filling up gaps in the rock garden. At that time it is easy to see what has been winter-killed, and steps should be taken to make good the losses without delay. Although Fall and early Spring are the best times to plant, pot grown plants may be planted at any time during the Summer months. Some plants, as for instance the primula family, are dependent upon the developed growth of one season for flowering in the Spring following. These, therefore, should be replanted as soon after flowering as possible. Saxifrage are also best moved in the Spring, in order to get a season's growth before flowering. Campanulas, asters and such plants may be moved in the Spring and will flower the same year.

PLANTING FIRMLY

All Alpine plants should be planted as firmly as possible. In their native state these plants grow between rocks and in crevices from which it is almost impossible to dislodge them. Therefore, the soil around them must be made firm by forcing small stones close up to the tufts.

It may be noticed that some plants in the rock garden have not done as well as they should during the last season. One should try and find out the cause. It may be that the situation was too sunny or too shady. The matter should be attended to and the plants placed in a position that suits them.

Another thing to do is to renew all labels that have become useless and, generally, to clean up so that when Spring comes the rock garden may look its best.

Ladysmith

Ladysmith, Jan. 7.—Chalmers United Church, Vancouver, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday evening, January 3, at 8.30, when the Rev. Mr. McGowan united in marriage Miss Belle Smillie Gourlay, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gourlay, and Elmer Elison Gregg, son of Mrs. J. J. Gregg. The bride entered the church, which was beautifully decorated with palms and yellow chrysanthemums, on the arm of her father, and looked charming in a gown of white tulle, bouffant style, the yolk of net, with flounced hem of net and a large chiffon velvet bow on the left side. The veil was of net worn in cap style and held in place with orange blossoms. Her shower bouquet was of Ophelia roses, white heather and lily of the valley.

Miss Kate Mayers of New Westminster attended the bride, attired in primrose tulle, bouffant style and trimmed with Nile green tulle. The groom was attended by Dr. E. E. Day, while Robert Gourlay, brother of the bride, and Kenneth Carlyle acted as ushers. Mr. Moncrief Mawer presided at the organ.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, where the guests were received by the bride's mother, attired in black satin and corsage bouquet of violets with which she wore a black velvet hat, and Mrs. Gregg, mother of the groom, in brown satin with hat to match and corsage bouquet of violets.

The reception rooms were prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. The tea table, which was prettily arranged with pink tapers in silver sconces and centred with a lovely wedding cake surrounded with pink tulle, was presided over by Mrs. L. H. Nicholson and Mrs. C. Wilders.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Gregg left for Sooke, the bride traveling in a coat of tawn tulle trimmed with brown fur over a dress of tawn velvet and French velvet hat to match. After the honeymoon the happy couple will take up their residence in Prince Rupert.

Among the out-of-town guests were Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Gourlay of Ladysmith. The bride is well known here, where she resided for many years before going to Vancouver.

A very enjoyable evening was spent Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. Mathison, when about twenty members of the Rebekah Lodge paid them a surprise visit. During the evening Mrs. J. A. Knight presented and Mrs. Mathison with a gold filled pen and pencil and a lovely bouquet of chrysanthemums, on the occasion of their golden wedding anniversary. Dainty refreshments were served and the evening was brought to a close by the singing of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne."

PUNITIVE EXPEDITION

Bagdad, Iraq, Jan. 7.—The formation of a combined Anglo-Iraq force sufficiently powerful to punish the raiders under the leadership of Feisel ed Dowish, leader of the Nedj tribe of Mutarra, who had been plundering and terrorizing the frontiers of Iraq, was announced by M. Zafar, Premier of Iraq, in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday. The announcement disclosed the operations would be completed within a month.

Kootenay Towns Are To Have Elections

Nelson, Jan. 7.—Nelson, Trail and Roseland will all have majority election contests, it is now certain. In Roseland, Mayor W. A. Turner, who is seeking election for a second term, will be opposed by Ald. Henry Wilkie.

BACK TO JAIL

North Bay, Ont., Jan. 7.—Harold Crandell of Toronto and Raymond Carr of Brockville, two of the four prisoners who escaped from Burwash Jail Farm Thursday night, were captured here last night. They were captured on the C.P.R. train No. 18 when it arrived here.

NEW MANITOBA BOARD

Winnipeg, Jan. 7.—W. R. Cottingham, K.C., legislative counsel, was appointed yesterday as chairman of the newly-created Municipal and Public Utilities Board of Manitoba. E. J. Tarr, K.C. of Winnipeg, and D. L. Mallish, pipeliner, were announced as part-time members.

LEJEUNE TO NICARAGUA

Washington, Jan. 7.—Major-General Lejeune, commandant of the United States marine corps, will sail Monday for Nicaragua, where a force of marines is in the field.

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Great January Clearance Sale

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SCHOOL LANDS ON PRAIRIES ARE SOLD

Sums Involved in Transactions in 1927 Totaled \$8,893,967, Ottawa Reports

Ottawa, Jan. 7.—A total of \$8,893,967 was received last year from the sale of school lands in the prairie provinces. Altogether 480,408 acres were disposed of at an average price of \$18.70 an acre. The lowest price obtained was \$7 an acre and the highest \$79.

Under the Dominion Lands Act one-eighth of the land area of the prairie provinces was set aside to provide funds for educational purposes in those provinces.

The moneys received go into the school lands endowment fund, which is administered by the Minister of the Interior for the benefit of the provinces concerned. No general sales were held from 1920 until last year, when Alberta and Saskatchewan favored sales, but Manitoba preferred to wait. Up to the close of the fiscal year 1926-1927, the balances standing to the credit of the school lands funds of the province were: Manitoba, \$5,844,371; Saskatchewan, \$14,893,460; Alberta, \$7,776,838.

FLOOD DANGER PASSES

Lewiston, Ida., Jan. 7.—The last of the big ice jams which had been menacing Lewiston and the Clearwater Valley forty miles round about for three days went out last night at 8 o'clock, and an hour later passed through the Lewiston power dam, relieving this section from the threat of floods.

AN ESTIMATED ACREAGE OF 104,500 WAS SOWN TO FODDER CORN IN WESTERN CANADA IN 1927.

"Build B.C."

Mayor Herbert Clark of Trail, who after several terms in office proposed to retire, will be nominated again Monday. James Plester has entered the field against him.

ROSS FLEMING IS CONTESTING THE HONOR OF SUCCEEDING MAYOR J. A. McDONALD, M.P.P.

In Nelson, V. R. B. Darnes and Ald. Ross Fleming are contesting the honor of succeeding Mayor J. A. McDonald, M.P.P.

HERE IS A LETTER FROM MRS. M. CARY NEW WESTMINSTER.

"I have whipped your Pacific Milk by putting some in a cold place for awhile and then whipping it with a sieve egg beater. I then get some nice thick toast and spread cream on top for the children's breakfast. It is excellent."

Thanks, Mrs. Cary. This is a good one!

Pacific Milk

Factories at Abbotsford and Ladner

"Build B.C."

Now is the time for all kinds of garden building, the season when the beauty of the 1928 garden can be ensured well in advance.

We can help you at this time in two ways—by building your garden for you, or by supplying it with all kinds of Ferns, Roses, Shrubs, Rock, Alpine and Rare Plants. It will surprise you how cheaply we can make you a permanently beautiful garden; and our new catalogue will give you many useful ideas on the best plants for all situations.

The Rockhome Gardens

Saanich Road (R.M.D.S.) Tel. Gordon Road, 188

John Hutchison, F.R.H.S., Norman Hunt, F.R.H.S., Garden Architects

If You Want a Spring Garden Start It Now

Now is the time for all kinds of garden building, the season when the beauty of the 1928 garden can be ensured well in advance. We can help you at this time in two ways—by building your garden for you, or by supplying it with all kinds of Ferns, Roses, Shrubs, Rock, Alpine and Rare Plants. It will surprise you how cheaply we can make you a permanently beautiful garden; and our new catalogue will give you many useful ideas on the best plants for all situations.

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The Mutual Life Assurance Co. of Canada
Announces the production of \$52,250,000 of new business for the year 1927.
The Directors and Officers join in extending best wishes for happiness and prosperity to all in 1928.

HUME CRONIN, President.
W. H. SOMERVILLE, General Manager.

Victoria Daily Times

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1928

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by
THE TIMES PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
COMPANY LIMITED
Offices, Corner Broad and Fort Streets

Business Office (Advertising) Phone 1000
Circulation Phone 345
Editorial Office Phone 443

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
To France, Belgium, etc. \$1 per month
City delivery \$1 per month
By mail (exclusive of city)—Canada, Great Britain and United States \$10 per annum

EMPIRE MARKETING

WHILE MR. HUXLEY OF THE Empire Marketing Board is in Canada with Colonel Amery's party he probably will make every effort to discover how Great Britain may sell Canada more goods than she is doing at the present time. The object of the body with which he is associated, of course, is the expansion of sales of Empire goods in the United Kingdom. Perhaps in time its activities will be extended to popularize Old Country products in the Dominions.

Canada's trading account with the United Kingdom indicates that the British exporter still has to send us a good deal more goods if the balance in our favor is to be materially reduced. It is true that in the year which ended last November our purchases from the Old Country were greater than in the year before, and our exports less; but the balance showed us on the right side to the extent of \$240,000,000 in a total account of \$600,000,000. In the previous year, moreover, a total turnover of \$648,000,000 gave this country an advantage of no less than \$322,000,000.

Mr. Huxley, of course, is aware that we buy an enormous amount of goods from the United States. Undoubtedly we could buy many of these commodities from Great Britain with equal or better advantage. It might be unprofitable for us to obtain some of them in the United Kingdom; but if the Canadian people were aware of the British product, they could be relied upon to give it the preference as long as price and quality were right. Mr. Huxley also is aware of the fact that the Canadian consumer is a keen buyer and a stickler for quality. He is accustomed to the high grade article. He knows all about Britain's reputation for quality. What he requires to know is the article. It is all a matter of education.

This is where the Empire Marketing Board might extend its operations. Our own Department of Trade and Commerce recently sent a Canadian newspaperman to Great Britain to take charge of the advertising of Canadian goods in co-operation with the Board. Many Old Country newspapers and magazines have been carrying the Board's advertisements for some time. These have urged the consuming public to buy Empire goods and reports indicate that the campaign is meeting with success. If, therefore, the educational work along these lines which is being done over there is having a beneficial effect, it ought to be good business for the British exporter to tell the people of this and other Dominions more about his goods than he has been doing in the past.

We in Canada feel that the producer in the Old Country has benefited by the preference which this Dominion extends to his goods. It is a concession which we gave willingly. It has no strings to it. There is little room for sentiment in business; but no damage will be done if this arrangement is called a sentimental one. We appreciate the preference which Britain gives to our tobacco and if at any future date further concessions shall be offered, Canada would be glad to accept them. On the other hand, however, this newspaper is of the opinion that we should make it still easier for Britain to broaden her markets in Canada by extending the preference already in operation. In the meantime, one method of more nearly balancing the account between the two countries would be for the British exporter to advertise more extensively on this side.

COUNCILLOR ANDERSON RETIRES

COUNCILLOR ROBERT ANDERSON has closed his public career in Esquimalt after twenty years of fine service which began before the community was organized. First as school trustee and then as councillor he has watched the progress of the Township with more than ordinary interest. The fact that he was elected from year to year in itself is a striking tribute not only to his ability, but also to his popularity with the citizens as a whole. He has decided that he should take a rest; but the councils of the future may be sure that Mr. Anderson will retain his keen interest in civic affairs and be ready at all times to give of his wealth of experience and judgment. The Times expresses the hope that he will be spared many more years of useful life in the community which he has served so faithfully.

OTHER THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

WE ARE TOLD BY TRUTH OF LONDON that "the idea of a war does not seem to worry the Dominion." It has reached this conclusion after noting that three years will be consumed in the construction of the two destroyers that are to replace the Patriot and the Patrician.

Truth never misses an opportunity of being rude to Canada. It seems to have a knack of distorting facts and obviously never takes the trouble to make

inquires about any Canadian subject which it chooses to discuss. This is not new of course. It dates back to 1881 when it warned investors that to find money to build the Canadian Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast would be like pouring it into a bottomless pit.

We can tell Truth that "the idea of war" is by no means uppermost in the minds of the Canadian people. They are concerned with the pursuits of peace. They are developing a great country, enjoying standards of living unbeatable anywhere, and generally making their contribution to the welfare of civilization in the New World.

Truth would be a greater force in British journalism if it would preach more of that doctrine and succumb less to silly sneering.

BEWARE OF WORDS

FRANCE HAS ADVISED SECRETARY Kellogg that she is willing to invite all nations to join in a treaty to be signed by herself and the United States for the abolition of all "war of aggression." Washington does not know why "war of aggression" has been inserted, since the Kellogg note implied a desire for a declaration against war in any form to renounce it as "an instrument of national policy."

Until France has explained what she means by "war of aggression" comment naturally must be guarded. It should be remembered, however, that every nation at war puts the blame on the other fellow. Germany still maintains that she fought "in defence of the Fatherland." She contends that other nations, not she, were the aggressors. These other nations just as steadfastly deny the impeachment.

To the layman Mr. Kellogg's proposal was the essence of simplicity and directness. He held out the hand of friendship in behalf of his country. There ought not to be any quibbling about the manner in which it is grasped. This is not a time for phrases that may be twisted. It is a time for plain talk and straightforward action to outlaw war in all forms.

TAXING GASOLINE

CANADIAN PROVINCES ARE NOW collecting approximately \$20,000,000 a year from automobile owners. According to The Monetary Times about \$6,000,000 of this is secured by gasoline taxes, which have supplemented rather than supplanted licence fees. Of course, had these taxes not been levied, licence fees would have had to be greatly increased, if revenue was to be in any reasonable proportion to highway expenditures, the journal continues.

Gasoline taxes collected in the United States during the first six months of 1927 have been at the rate of over \$200,000,000 annually. During the first six months of this year these gasoline taxes totaled \$101,250,841. This represented an increase of 19.2 per cent. over the total taxes for the same period of the previous year. A gasoline tax was imposed in all but four states of the Union during the first six months and two of these states have since enacted a law so that at the present time only New York and Massachusetts are without taxes on gasoline. The revenue collected on gasoline during six months indicates consumption amounting to 4,919,000,000 gallons or 11.4 per cent. in excess of the first six months of 1926.

Rates in this country are from two cents to five cents a gallon. The tendency is still upward, but probably a limit will soon be reached. The gasoline tax proves to be a fair and productive source of revenue for highway charge, and The Monetary Times concludes, with the number of cars mounting rapidly from year to year it should be an important factor in provincial finance.

Science Slips the Halter

By GLENN FRANK
Former editor of the Century Magazine
(Copyright)

A tragic parable comes out of a London laboratory. A frayed, pressed clipping has been lying among my papers for a year or more, packed with significant symbolism of the human mind that comes when science slips the halter.

Professor Harold Maxwell-Lefroy was found in his laboratory in London, overcome by the fumes of an insecticide he was testing. Five days later he died without having regained consciousness. Physicians were powerless to save him because they did not know the gas from which he was suffering. Scientists suspected that the gas was some form of lewisite; but this helped them little, for lewisite was invented by an American professor only in the last few weeks of the World War, and no antidote had been found for it.

It was also possible that Lefroy had manufactured some new poison gas in which lewisite was only an element.

This note, tucked away in an obscure corner of a London newspaper, is a vivid reminder of what may come, after all, the central issue of the future, an issue that may best be stated as a question: Will mankind's conquest of new knowledge in the natural sciences mean salvation or suicide?

The restless curiosity of the scientist flitting with the unknown on the far frontiers of knowledge, brings back plunder of two kinds. New insights that spell wisdom. New inventions that spell power.

Scientists are always minority men, and minority men always have produced and always will produce both the wisdom and the power that mean life or death to the majority.

The problem of the minority is the discovery of wisdom and power. The problem of the majority is the use of wisdom and power.

The majority is ever inclined to accept the inventions and reject the insights. The minority men of science throw up, and this means death. The central problem of our generation, the problem in which all other problems root, is to see to it that our wisdom keeps pace with our power, for this means life.

At the moment the insight of our spirit is seven leagues behind the inventions of our science. The natural sciences, concerned with the creation of power, are working hand in hand with the social sciences, concerned with the control of power, are handicapped by a late start.

Is our civilization to go down, like this London scientist, overcome by a power it could create, but could not control?

DO YOU KNOW—

That the typewriter made its first public appearance in the town of Lion, Herkimer County, N. Y. in the fall of 1873. The inventors were Carlos Glidden; Samuel W. Soule and Latham Sholes, and it was Sholes who gave the machine its name of "typewriter."

Life's Niceties Hints On Etiquette

1—If you receive a gift from someone whom you overlooked, should you try to excuse your oversight when you send thanks?
2—What is the best attitude to take towards such overights?
3—If you really feel badly about it, how could you make amends?

THE ANSWERS

1—No.
2—Try not to attach too much importance to it.
3—You may send a book, flowers or some other gift later in the year as a birthday remembrance or "just because." Or you may invite the donor to lunch, tea or the theatre.

Bridge Me Another

By W. W. WENTWORTH

(Abbreviations: A—ace; K—king; Q—queen; J—jack; X—any card lower than jack.)
1—When you hold K X X in player's hand, and small cards in dummy, how do you finesse?
2—State two reasons why Boy Scouts should become good bridge players?
3—When you hold A J X in dummy and K X X in declarer's hand, how do you finesse?

THE ANSWERS

1—Lead small from dummy.
2—They learn to signal and to give truthful information.
3—First, then lead small to finesse Jack.

The WEATHER

Daily Bulletin Published by the Victoria Meteorological Department

Victoria, Jan. 7, 5 a.m.—The barometer is falling on the Northern Coast and unsettled, rainy, mild weather is general over this Province. Fine mild weather prevails in the prairies.

Reports

Victoria—Barometer, 30.30; temperature, maximum yesterday, 51; minimum, 43; wind, 8 miles E. rain, 1.36; weather, cloudy.
Vancouver—Barometer, 30.30; temperature, maximum yesterday, 46; minimum, 44; wind, 22 miles E. rain, .25; weather, raining.
Kamloops—Barometer, 30.40; temperature, maximum yesterday, 54; minimum, 34; wind, 4 miles E. weather, cloudy.
Barkerville—Barometer, 30.15; temperature, maximum yesterday, 34; minimum, 20; wind, 19 miles S.W. weather, cloudy.
Prince Rupert—Barometer, 29.82; temperature, maximum yesterday, 50; minimum, 40; wind, 22 miles E. rain, .25; weather, raining.
Kaslo—Barometer, 30.10; temperature, maximum yesterday, 46; minimum, 40; wind, 12 miles E. rain, .18; weather, raining.
Tatoosh—Barometer, 30.20; temperature, maximum yesterday, 50; minimum, 46; wind, 24 miles E. rain, .25; weather, raining.
Portland, Ore.—Barometer, 30.38; temperature, maximum yesterday, 42; minimum, 40; wind, 4 miles E. weather, cloudy.
Seattle—Barometer, 30.32; temperature, maximum yesterday, 52; minimum, 44; wind, 4 miles E. weather, cloudy.
San Francisco—Barometer, 30.35; temperature, maximum yesterday, 54; minimum, 46; wind, 4 miles E. weather, clear.
Nelson—Temperature, maximum yesterday, 40; rain, .14.

| Temperature | Max. | Min. |
|--------------|------|------|
| Victoria | 49 | 44 |
| Vancouver | 46 | 44 |
| Penikese | 38 | 36 |
| Grand Forks | 36 | 26 |
| Berlin | 36 | 26 |
| Calgary | 42 | 24 |
| Edmonton | 38 | 26 |
| Qu'Appelle | 38 | 26 |
| Winnipeg | 36 | 12 |
| Montreal | 36 | 12 |
| Toronto | 47 | 26 |
| Ottawa | 38 | 26 |
| St. John | 28 | 26 |
| Halifax | 32 | 26 |
| Dawson, Y.T. | 4 | 26 |

JOTS FROM GEOGRAPHY

THE JORDAN RIVER, in Palestine, is the only river worthy of the name in the little country. It originates in Lebanon and Hermon and flows 200 miles in a winding course into the Dead Sea. While very tortuous in places, the Jordan is not particularly wide or deep. Many times during the dry season the river all but dries up.

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Other People's Views

Letters addressed to the Editor and intended for publication must be short and clearly written. The longer an article the shorter the chance of insertion. All communications must be sent to the Editor of the paper, not to the publisher, unless the writer wishes. The publication of letters is at the discretion of the Editor. No responsibility is assumed for the return of letters or communications submitted to the Editor.

MOTHER VERSUS FATHER

To the Editor—Prompted by the question put forward by the Boy's Parliament, I am asking through your paper, that if anything is arranged on behalf of "Mothers" it should be of the simplest description. I am speaking of those, like myself, to whom Christ-mas or any other event, means just a little more effort, more obligation, and whose resources are taxed to the limit and beyond to meet the needs and demands of the children, if they are to keep pace with the rest.

We have dozens of organizations in the city who work hard to relieve us of this responsibility at times, but if the "Home" is to be regarded as the Hub of the Universe, the mothers must not be left out of the place. They constitute a larger majority of our voters, and I should like to see an evening set aside in each ward, for teen age children, where they could have games, folk dances and instruction in the simple dance steps they are longing to imitate, and where mother under the pretence of helping could revive her. Children require action, the money spent on movies, the money spent on amusements, could be contributed more profitably. The buildings would not require overheating to pander to fashion, and it could be made a source of great enjoyment, at the same time, to the mothers and prospective Liberals.

"ONE OF THE FIRM"

THE WAR DRUM
To the Editor—I thank you for your editorial on "Is War Inevitable?" also I thank your correspondent, Mr. Wm. Elliott. It is a shame that the dismal prophecies heard on all sides from many Christian sects and they prove it from the Book of Books—War tribulation and desolation. They also measure out by inches the time for the pyramids. Surely we have had enough war and broken homes. I remember as a child reading a poem, one verse of which burned itself into my memory for life although the rest of the verses and all are forgotten. It was "Tell me about the war and what they killed each other for. Ever since, I have wondered what it is which arises in the heart of two men who have never met before and never done anything wrong to each other and causes them to rend each other to pieces, or to worse than death, to cripple each other for life. We call it patriotism. Also in the last war most of the nations involved were Christian and what seems to have happened was that the fact that both sides prayed to the same God for victory and the children of both sides prayed for the safe return of relatives or friends at the same time, and the result was a war of blood—what was strange irony. Prophets are still beating the war drum. I read by reading old records that these prophecies of disaster were prophesied 500 years ago straight to the present time. Evidently they have the wrong key to unlock the Scriptures. Let us hope they never find it if it is to be a source of trouble to the English only. They sing "Peace on Earth and Mercy Mild," and then they prophesy war and bloodshed to one of another faith. Some Christians seem a strange mixture of contradiction. They can't even agree upon their foundation stones but have rent their Bible into some forty sectarian ribbons. Even the numerous sects have their standpoints and progressives. It is any wonder the stranger looks over the walls of the Christian fold and turns away in disgust—where there is more unity and less quarrelling.

MRS. E. WHALLEY

630 Toronto Street

"HOKEY POKEY!—BUY A LOT"

To the Editor—The thanks of the citizens of Victoria are due to you for the effective manner in which you put the lid on the "Hokey Pokey" campaign in your editorial of January 4. The proposal can be completely dismissed as silly, and let us hope, forgotten.

The Mayor was quite correct in pointing out our insular position, and the great necessity in bringing on to Vancouver Island a fair percentage of tourists who are now coming in ever increasing numbers to the mainland of the Pacific Coast. We are by no means getting our quota yet, and we should redouble our efforts this year in order to inculcate the germ of the "Island Habit."

Shrewd business men would wisely advocate doubling the publicity of the tourist Association, and now we are getting a comparatively slight movement our way, let us make a real effort to lay the foundation for a regular and steady flow.

As far as we have gone, we know it can be done. This being so, why not get out and do it properly. Instead of a "Buy a Lot Campaign" we put Victoria in the "Hokey Pokey" class at a country fair, why not advertise a grand tombola and raffle off cheap a number of our old peasmits and moss-bags.

The Mayor was again right when he pointed out we now badly needed more high-class hotel accommodation. The city is missing much of its most profitable tourist business by our shortage in this respect.

There is much still to do to make Victoria more attractive, by fixing up our gardens, and painting our houses, and seeing to it that our parks and

open spaces are properly laid out; and even our little white bear should get a wash and a brush up. Now and then. What a wonderful change could be effected at small cost if an active committee of the Gardener's Association made public a series of schemes and gave the citizen the benefit of their advice and experience. Victoria could then be rightly called "The City of Flowers."

All could do their bit to help Victoria make 1928 the banner year, if they would only make up their minds and try to learn to sing the old song, "Go When the Going is Good."

An ounce of practical work is worth a ton of rainbows. "Looking forward" should be our slogan, remembering that a nasty mess let's wife got into by looking backwards.

"1928 SPIRIT"

Victoria, B.C., January 5, 1928.

SUNDAY GOLF

To the Editor—Our Province presents no more glorious spectacle than the athletic field on which educated youth contest for the laurels of physical prowess. Victoria's welcome to the brawny students of the University of British Columbia, who are to-day is of boundless cordiality. The programme outlined for their visit is abundant proof that both they and their competitors are possessed of the first requisite of success in life—abundant energy. I am sure that both guests and hosts will greatly enjoy this friendly, if noisy, invasion. But, Sir, I wish to express my regret that, under the auspices of our Provincial University, it should be deemed necessary to invade the sanctity of the Lord's Day and to stage a golf contest on Sunday morning. The "Epitaph" Golf Course. It will be protested that golf is played on all our courses every suitable Sunday of the year. Quite true, and all the more to be regretted. The argument, if upheld, would probably be long. The Sabbath is too valuable an institution to be flouted by any organization that can fly the colors of the prestige of the Provincial University.

With great reluctance I yield to the compulsion of uttering this word of disapproval.

W. LESLIE CLAY.

Victoria, B.C., January 6, 1928.

YOUTH OF CANADA HAS FINE HERITAGE, SAYS MR. AMERY

High School Students Hear Stirring Address on Dominion and Empire Traditions

Compelling them on the great heritage they share as people of the youth of this beautiful Province of British Columbia, on their inheritance to the fine traditions of Canada, and, in common with the boys and girls of other Dominions, to share in the magnificent traditions of the British Empire, Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, Secretary of State to the Dominions, delivered a rousing address yesterday afternoon to the assembled students of the Victoria High School. Greeted by prolonged applause, the British statesman, here for a tour of Canada after spending several days in the West, addressed the students on the privilege of custom and asked Dr. S. J. Willis, superintendent of education in British Columbia, and Mrs. Dilworth, principal of the High School, for a half holiday for the students to be given at some time when the authorities deemed it wise.

Touching upon his tour of the Empire, Mr. Amery observed that he found the youth of each Dominion surrounded by institutions and traditions conducive to the highest type of citizenship. In British Columbia, he said, he was particularly struck by the beauty of their surroundings, a history of pioneer achievement of which they might well be proud, and as a background, the splendid traditions of Canada. Added to all these privileges, they shared with the other boys and girls of the Empire in its priceless heritage of such buildings as Westminster Abbey, and the other tangible and intangible evidences of a great tradition. This common inheritance formed a great bond of unity, Mr. Amery declared.

Of the boys and girls of the Victoria High School, some would perhaps be so successful, the statesman continued, but all would share alike in the privilege of citizenship in Canada, and as such in the wider citizenship of the Empire. No matter where the makers of Empire had some, they had sown the seeds of success in political, educational and social institutions. In every Dominion, while each was a different nation in itself, he had found similar institutions and similar conditions prevailing, constituting a great bond of Empire.

Dr. Willis introduced the distinguished visitor to the gathered students. Principal Dr. Dilworth voiced the thanks of the students and the staff for Mr. Amery's inspiring and helpful address.

Among those who sat upon the platform with the distinguished visitor and Mrs. Amery, were His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Helen Mackenzie; Dr. S. J. Willis, who introduced the speaker; George Jay, chairman of the City School Board; Professor P. H. Elliott, principal of Victoria College, and Mr. Dilworth.

How to Avoid INDIGESTION

Keep clean inside!

This advertisement is addressed to people who have constant indigestion! That kind of indigestion can't be blamed on one or two indigestible meals or a chill. No, it comes from constipation. So don't attempt to end indigestion by loading your stomach with useless tablets and fluids. Get down to the cause—an infected colon—by taking the famous J. B. L. Cascade.

Bathe internally with the famous J. B. L. Cascade. Rout out all impurities with pure, antiseptic water. Mrs. Lucie Cassidy, 35 Farrington Street, Vancouver, writes: "I was suffering from indigestion and had spent a small fortune on 'cures'—but since using the 'Cascade' I feel like a different person—the pains have disappeared."

The famous J. B. L. Cascade gives a "bath" to the complete end-to-end cleansing of the colon. This infection, or any other ailment caused by constipation, must disappear when the poisons are expelled. Free booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," is obtained at Vancouver Drug Company, who will be pleased to show and explain to you the J. B. L. Cascade, or write to J. B. L. Cascade, Inc., 131 Colosseum Street, Toronto.

(Adv.)

A Gentle Drift of Snow

Ice Foliage; Winter in Two Poets

By ROBERT CONNELL
NOTED ISLAND NATURALIST

BRING the past week or so country excursions have been completely ruled out by the weather-clerk. Yet even to those shut up within doors the days have not been without their consolations. One of these has been the beauty of the frost leaves on the windows. The close resemblance between these forms of ice crystals and the most graceful plant foliage is, of course, no mere chance one; it is rather the expression of similar laws operating in the growth of crystals and of plants. Just as the leaf results from the interplay of life and surroundings, so the frost-leafage is the effect of crystallising forces under certain atmospheric influences. So close is the resemblance between crystal foliage and vegetable that some kinds of the former were long interpreted as being forms of plants. Only a week or two ago a friend brought me a specimen of arborescent crystallisation, hydrous oxide of manganese in all probability, coating the side of a fractured rock. Such mineral forms are called "dendrites," from the Greek "dendron," a tree. In one of his lectures Tyndall talks of an expert in the study of the effect of lead through which an electric current is passed. "The lead is liberated and its free atoms build themselves together to crystals of marvelous beauty. They grow before your eyes like sprouting ferns, exhibiting forms as wonderful as if they had been produced by the play of vitality itself." And he goes on to say that "from the processes of crystallisation you pass by almost imperceptible gradations to the lowest vegetable organisms" and from these through higher ones up to the highest.

POETS AND WINTER

While we sit by the cheerful fire and smoke our evening pipes, we recall two very different presentations of the winter scene by poets. The first in order of time finely describes what happened the other night when the light fall of snow in still air left everything gently and smoothly blanketed. It is Cowper in "The Task," under the "Winter Evening" section, who sings:

"To-morrow brings a change, a total change which even now though silently, and slowly, and by most unobtrusive means, is at work. The face of universal nature undergoes. Past falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes descend, and with never-ceasing lapse softly alighting upon all below. Assimilate all objects. Earth receives Gladly the thickening mantle, and the green And tender blade that feared the chilling blast Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil."

And now hear Tennyson as he tells of the last hours of Arthur on that Winter evening when there came

"A bitter wind clear from the north, and blew."

The mist arose . . .

Then Sir Bedivere

"drew forth the brand Excalibur."

And over him, drawing it, the Winter moon, Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And twinkled keen with frost against the hill;

But to leave Excalibur concealed, There in the many-knotted water-lilies That whistled stiff and dry about the mare."

Then come those fine lines which picture the knight bearing the dying king upon his shoulders to the margin of the lake:

"But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge. Clothed with his breath and looking as he walked like a giant on the frozen hills. He heard the deep sea roar beneath him. Before him, his own thought drove him like a road."

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NEW METHODS FOR MENTAL DEFICIENTS

Vancouver, Jan. 7.—"Legislation must be put into force to segregate or sterilize both male and female morons and I feel confident in saying that when the Mental Hygiene Commission presents its report to the British Columbia Legislature at its coming session in Victoria, some such legislation will be put into effect," declared Dr. J. G. McKay, superintendent of the New Westminster Mental Home and a member of the Canadian National Mental Hygiene Commission, speaking before the Vancouver Institute last night.

SUCCESSFUL IN CALIFORNIA

To segregate morons of both sexes, he said, enormous expense would be incurred by the provinces, and cases would have to be kept in constant custody. On the other hand, by sterilization they would be protected from themselves and would be safe to go into the world alone. Such legislation, continued the speaker, had been put into force in California and had proved very successful. Though there was no law against sterilization, he said, there was not in British Columbia a law enforcing it in necessary cases, and this was a vital necessity.

Dr. McKay claimed such things must not be regarded from a moral standpoint, but purely from an economic point of view. The persons concerned were not immoral, but simply unmental, he said.

PENITENTIARY METHOD

"The penitentiary," stated the speaker, "is utterly useless in the case of morons who have committed punishable offences. The four youths recently convicted and landed in Vancouver for holdups, I am fully convinced, were morons, and at the end of the five-year term they will be free and will commit some such offence immediately they are released."

Dr. McKay urged more homes for mentally deficient and insane people should be built throughout the country. Proper care must be taken of these human beings, he claimed, and he cited some cases where mental deficient who were no better than animals had been admitted to such homes already existing in the province and had, with the proper training, become of some use, both to themselves and to the home.

PERCENTAGES COMPARED

"From one and a half to two per cent of the population of British Columbia is mentally deficient," said the speaker, "while in Nova Scotia in certain sections the percentage rises as high as nine per cent. These people can not be allowed to roam about, and, of course, are kept in confinement, but all mental deficient and morons can not be segregated without enormous expense. The only answer to the problem therefore is sterilization."

Brentwood

Brentwood, Jan. 7.—Miss Madeleine Sluggett has returned to Vancouver after spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Sluggett, West Road.

Edwin Maber has returned home from Simlakan, where he spent the holidays with relatives.

Claude Creed, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Creed, has returned to Vancouver.

The pupils of the Anglican Sunday school held their Christmas party on Saturday afternoon in the Institute Hall. The afternoon was spent in merry games and contests under the direction of their teacher, Miss Guy, assisted by Mrs. Guy, Miss Maber and Miss Ruby Haddon. A dainty supper the guests were distributed from a prettily-decorated tree.

A jolly social evening was enjoyed in the Institute Hall on New Year's eve. Military five hundred was played in the early part of the evening. Those winning prizes were, first, Mrs. Lacouriere, Mrs. Guy, H. Parker, A. Hydes, second, Mrs. Lee, Mrs. H. Hall, A. Lacouriere, S. Lee; third, Mrs. Hydes, C. Gosselin, E. Bourgeois and E. Rochon. Dancing and games were enjoyed until 11:30, when supper was served from a table decorated in seasonal colors of red and green. With toasts and songs the New Year was given a hearty welcome. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. T. Haddon, Mr. and Mrs. Hydes, Mr. and Mrs. Hettes, Mr. and Mrs. Lacouriere, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Guy, Miss Guy, Miss Ennor, Mrs. Hall, Miss H. Maber, Miss Ruby Haddon, H. Gilbert Harold Ennor, E. Rochon, C. Hume, C. Gosselin, E. Bourgeois, H. Parker, A. Rochon, Miss M. Hull and Gordon Maber.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins and children of Seakachewah are visiting for several weeks at the home of Mrs. Wilkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Snider, West Road.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Heyer, Verdier Avenue, have as their guest J. McArthur of Carstairs, Alta.

The first card party of the Spring series of the Mount Newton social club was held on Wednesday evening in the club room. Military five hundred was played at nine tables, and the winners of first prizes were, Mrs. Overton, E. Bourgeois, G. Michell, J. Roberts, with twenty-seven discs. Second prizes were won by table nine, with twenty-four discs. Players at this table were Mrs. T. Gold, L. Overton, E. Starling, G. Caldwell. Refreshments were served after the game by the ladies of the club and a social time enjoyed. The next party will be held on January 18, at 8:30 p.m.

The West Saanich Women's Institute will hold their regular monthly meeting on Tuesday, January 10, in the Institute Hall.

St. Mary's and St. Stephen's W.A. will hold their first meeting of the new year on Wednesday, January 11, at the home of the president, Mrs. Cary-Wood, Keating.

The West Saanich W. I. will hold the first card party of the Spring series on Wednesday, January 11.

ONTARIO VERDICT

Toronto, Dec. 7.—Errol Baycroft of New Toronto, driver of the ambulance which on the night of December 31 crashed into a touring car on the Hamilton Highway, causing the death of one occupant, Edith Harbour, was cleared of blame last night by a coroner's jury. Evidence was produced to indicate there were no lights on the touring car when the accident occurred.

January Sale Bargains for Monday

Great Reductions in Women's Dresses, Coats and Knitted Suits

Girls' Broadcloth Slips Each, \$1.25

Colored Broadcloth Slips, with lace-trimmed opera tops. Shown in pink, blue, peach, mauve and green. On sale for **\$1.25**
—Children's Wear, First Floor

Children's Two-piece Wool Suits, \$2.50

Smart little Suits, comprising Jersey with turn-down collar and knee pants with elastic at waist. Shown in fawn and pink only, for 2 and 3 years. Real bargains, at **\$2.50**
—Children's Wear, First Floor

Girls' Blue Overall Smocks Each, \$1.00

Smocks of good quality blue chambray, with long sleeves and fancy crotone trimming on collar, cuffs and pockets. Sizes for 9 to 13 years. On sale, each, **\$1.00**
—Children's Wear, First Floor

Spun Silk Bloomers \$1.69

Bloomers of good quality Spun Silk, in shades of pink, peach, orchid, rose and tan; regular \$2.50 a pair. On sale, for **\$1.69**
—White Wear, First Floor

Habutai Silk Slips \$2.75

Habutai Silk Slips, made with opera top and shadow skirt. Shown in peach, pink and white. On sale, **\$2.75**
—White Wear, First Floor

Rayon Figured Corsettes \$2.95

Corsettes of Rayon Figured Cotton, made long over the hips with wide panels of elastic down sides, boned down back and across abdomen. Really exceptional value, at **\$2.95**
—Corsets, First Floor

Stripe Flannelette A Yard, 25c

Extra strong Flannelettes, in stripes of pink, blue, mauve, etc. For nightgowns and pyjamas. On sale, a yard **25c**
—Staples, Main Floor

Fine Broadcloths

Reg. 50c a Yard. For 29c 36-inch Fine Quality Broadcloths for men's shirts, etc.; regular 50c a yard. On sale, for **29c**
—Staples, Main Floor

Men's Flannelette Pyjamas, a Suit, \$1.95

Flannelette Pyjamas, patterned with wide bar stripes. Designed with kite front and finished with pockets and silk loops.
—Men's Furnishings, Main Floor

Smart Dance Dresses At Greatly Reduced Prices



Dresses of Georgette, Taffeta and Net Sequin. Most attractively trimmed with flowers, ribbons and laces. Many dainty shades. Sizes 16 to 38. On sale for **\$12.90**

Dresses of Georgette, Taffeta and Chiffon, in floral designs. Trimmed with flowers, ribbons and metallic laces. Sizes 16 to 38. On sale for **\$16.90**

Dresses in Bouffant or straight-line effects. Made from popular fabrics. Neatly trimmed and in favorite colors. Sizes 16 to 40. On sale for **\$18.90**

Evening Gowns in beautiful fabrics, attractive styles and leading colors. Trimmed with laces, flowers and ribbons. Sizes 16 to 42. On sale for **\$25.00**
—Mantles, First Floor

Women's Knitted Suits

Bargains For—
\$9.90 and \$13.90

Suits of Knitted Silk and Wool, fashioned in several neat styles. Popular colors, and skirts with bodice tops. Each **\$9.90**
Very fine quality Knitted Suits, including several imported styles. Dressy costumes, suitable for street or sports wear. On sale for **\$13.90**
—Mantles, First Floor

Best Grade Fur-trimmed Coats

All our best Fur-trimmed Women's and Misses' Coats, including fine needlepoint and Duveltyne materials. They are trimmed with sable, moleskin, electric seal and wolf furs. All popular shades, and sizes 16 to 40. Regular prices \$79.00 to \$125.00. On sale for **\$49.75 to \$79.50**
—Mantles, First Floor



Boys' Long Pant Suits, \$7.95

Well-made Suits of good-grade tweeds, in neat styles. Neat-fitting Suits in popular colors and patterns. Sizes 30 to 35. A great value. Each **\$7.95**

Boys' Two-bloomer Suits, \$9.95

Tweed Suits in attractive patterns and colors, plain or belted models. Each suit with two pairs of full-lined bloomers or plain knickers. Sizes 23 to 33. **\$9.95**
—Boys' Store, Lower Main Floor

Men's Broadcloth Shirts, \$1.95

Fine Broadcloth Shirts, patterned with fancy stripes on a white ground. They have separate collar to match, and are great bargains for **\$1.95**

Men's Twill Work Shirts \$1.59

Heavy Twill Khaki Work Shirts, with collar and pocket. Coat shape shirts in all sizes. On sale, at each **\$1.59**
—Men's Furnishings, Main Floor

Wool Dress Fabrics

31-inch Check Flannel
Unshrinkable and very durable quality. Fuchsia shade only. for **69c**

60-inch Wool Check Fabrics
Reg. \$1.00 a yard. On sale. Imitation of hand-woven tweed. Good weight. Reg. \$3.98 a yard. On sale for **\$1.59**

54-inch Plaid Tweed
All-wool Novelty Plaids. Very striking and attractive for coats and skirts. Reg. \$4.50 a yard. On sale for **\$1.59**

54-inch Wool Repps
Nice quality for dresses. Inexpensive yet durable. On sale, a yard **\$1.98**

31-inch Wool Flannel
All-wool quality, wears and washes splendidly, makes a most useful dress. Wide range of shades to choose from. On sale, a yard **\$1.00**

54-inch Italian Cloth
Heavy quality, with a very lustrous finish for smocks, coat linings, bridge cloths, etc. Shown in black, white, taupe, brown, fawn, rose and jade. On sale a yard **\$1.50**
—Dress Goods, Main Floor



WOMEN'S HOSIERY

Bargains at
69c and 98c

Silk and lisle ribbed-toe Hose, of smart appearance and durable quality. Shown in six leading Fall shades and black and white. On sale, a pair **69c**

Wool Cashmere Hose, full-fashioned and seamless, broken sizes and colors; regular \$1.50 and \$1.25 values. On sale, for **98c**

Silk and Wool Hose, full-fashioned and well reinforced at all wearing points. On sale, a pair **98c**
—Main Floor

Women's Full Fashioned Silk Hose

On the Bargain Highway, at
\$1.39

Service-weight Silk Hose, full fashioned, reinforced at heel and toe, with special fashioned foot and wide hem top. On sale, a pair, **\$1.39**
—Lower Main Floor

Lingerie Cottons

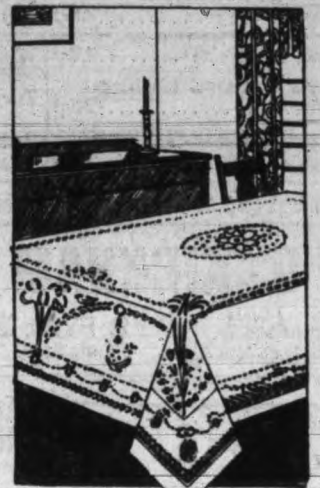
Bargains for Monday
Excellent mill ends of fine nainsooks and longcloths for lingerie and children's wear; regular 65c a yard. On sale, for **23c**
—Staples, Main Floor

January Sale Of Fine

TABLE LINENS

At Bargain Prices

All Pure Linen Damask Cloths, in maple leaf, rose and chrysanthemum design—Size 70x70. January Sale, each, **\$3.50**
Size 70x90. January Sale, each, **\$4.50**
Napkins to match, per dozen **\$4.50**
All Linen Damask Cloth, good heavy quality, ivy leaf design; size 72x72. On sale, for **\$6.75**



Exceptionally fine all pure Irish Linen Table Cloth, in many designs; size 72x72. Each **\$7.50**
Size 22x22 Napkins to match. Per dozen **\$9.75**

Irish Linen Damask Table Cloths, in very handsome poppy design; size 71x89. On sale, each **\$7.50**

Oddments in Linen Lunch Sets of all pure linen, in colored striped border designs; size 45x45-inch and 51x51-inch, with four napkins to match. On sale, a set, **\$1.50** and **\$1.95**

Better Grade Linen Cloths, with napkins to match. Specially priced for January Sale.

—Linens, Main Floor

Towels and Toweling

January Sale Bargains

85 dozen Linen-finish Huckaback Face Towels, very special value. 3 for **\$1.00**

Typed Kitchen Towels, also some Striped Kitchen Towels. Excellent value. Each **19c**

Russia Crash Toweling, lengths of 2 1/2 yards. Good for long, hard wear. Each **39c**

All Pure Linen Roller Toweling, with red border. On sale, yard **23c**

WHITE TURKISH TOWELS

Very absorbent texture, direct from the mills. Three sizes. Priced for January Sale at **25c, 35c** and **49c**
—Staples, Main Floor

Down-filled Comforters on Sale Each, \$12.95

Down-filled Comforters, with floral and Paisley coverings, with sateen panels in plain colors. 34 only. On sale Monday, each **\$12.95**
—Staples, Main Floor



Battle Creek Health Foods

Have Wonderful Records Behind Them of Bringing Health and Happiness to Thousands

Battle Creek Health Foods have all been Scientifically Prepared, and each is a simple road along which you may escape from the gloom and despair of ill-health. Take them if you are ill. Take them to keep you well.

| Regulating Laxative Foods | Blood Making Foods | Diabetic Foods |
|--|--|--|
| Fig Bran Laxa (a Biscuit) Branola Sanitarium Cooked Bran Bran Biscuit Bran Vita Bits Zo Agar Farnels Parafin Oil Paylla | Food Ferrin Savita Zo Malted Nuts Cooked Whole Wheat Gluten Meal Protose Almond Butter Vita Wheat Greens of all kinds Ask for Our Booklet "100 Per Cent. Blood" | Gluten Flour Gluten Meal Gluten Biscuit Savita Soy Bean Biscuits Diabetic Laxa Diabetic Parafin Diabetic Bran Unsweetened Canned Fruits Almond Butter Parafin Paylla Unsweetened Food—Ferrin |

Laxa Biscuits are crisp as toast—appetizing, too. You taste the bran with agar in an inviting cracker form. Restores intestinal activity. Enjoy them with fruit at breakfast.

—Health Food Section, Lower Main Floor

DAVID SPENCER LIMITED

PHONE 7800

Store Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.; Wednesday, 1 p.m.; Saturday, 6 p.m.

PHONE 7800

French Seamless Axminster Rugs

Size 6.0x9.0. Each **\$18.50** Size 9.0x10.6. At **\$28.75**

Size 9.0x9.0. Each **\$25.00** Size 9.0x12.0. At **\$32.00**

—Carpet, Second Floor

IN OUR CHURCHES

'THE TWO MASTERS' AT BAPTIST CHURCH

Congregation Will Hear Rev. James Strachan at Both Services

"The Cry the Church Must Answer" will be the Rev. James Strachan's theme for his sermon on Sunday morning. Is there a great recognized need among the peoples of the world to-day that the church can meet? Is the church prepared to face her obligations? These are questions that will be answered. There will be the usual period of Bible study for the children

and adults in connection with this service. The choir will render the anthem, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," at this service.

In the evening, one of humanity's most general and most perplexing problems will be discussed, "The Two Masters" being the title of the sermon. The anthem, "Great Is Jehovah" will be sung by the choir, and Mrs. B. Leferre will sing Lewis Carey's "Nearer My God to Thee."

The mid-week meeting of the church will be held on Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, and one week hence the annual business meeting of the church will be held.

St. John's Guild—The annual meeting of St. John's Guild and the election of officers will take place on Monday, January 9, at 2:30 p.m. in the guild room of the church. All members are especially requested to attend and new members will be welcomed.

Weekly Sunday School Lesson

JESUS AND THE SICK



Text: Mark 1:21-34

And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the Sabbath day He entered into the synagogue, and taught. And they were astonished at His doctrine: for He taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes. And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit; and he cried out, saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with Thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to destroy us? I know Thee who thou art, the Holy One of God. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him. And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? What new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth He even the unclean spirits, and they do obey Him. And immediately His fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee. And forthwith, when they were come out of the synagogue, they entered into the house of Simon and Andrew, with James and John. But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever; and anon they tell Him of her. And He came and took her by the hand, and lifted her up; and immediately the fever left her, and she ministered unto them. And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door. And He healed many that were sick of divers diseases, and cast out many devils; and suffered not the devils to speak, because they knew Him.

The International Uniform Sunday School Lesson for January 8: Jesus and the Sick—Mark 1:21-34.

By WM. E. GOLROY, D.D.

The public ministry of Jesus is characterized in this first chapter of Mark with a quality that shows the great discernment of this writer of the simplest and most directly expressed of the four Gospels. Mark says that the people were astonished at his teaching, "for he taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes." Consider that statement for a moment and one realizes the real nature of the authority exercised by Jesus. The scribes were the people who professed to have authority and who possessed it so far as the conventional organization of religion was concerned.

Yet here is an unofficial teacher who comes without the sanction of any organization or school or official, and by the sheer force of his personality, the truth of his words, and the beauty of his actions impresses the people as one who has real authority.

What an ideal it presents to the Christian ministry for those who would exercise it either in its ordained or in its lay aspect! In actual life, both in the church and in the world, we are always trying to bolster up things with an authority which is largely artificial, to influence the thought and faith and conduct of people more by outward and psychological forces than by the power of sheer conviction.

This is one reason why in so many quarters to-day there is a decadence in the sense of authority and a falling away from standards of faith and conduct. We shall not recover lost ground until we come to follow more closely the way of Jesus, placing the supreme authority in right and truth them-

REV. R. W. LEE WILL PREACH AT FAIRFIELD

"Renewing the Covenant" Will be Subject Sunday Morning

The services in the Fairfield United Church to-morrow will be conducted by the minister, Rev. R. W. Lee.

At the morning service at eleven o'clock Mr. Lee will take as his subject, "Renewing the Covenant." Miss Marjory Watson will be the soloist.

At night at 7:30 o'clock Mr. Lee will speak (by request) on "Four Square Christianity." F. Wright will sing; and Mrs. Georgina Watt will also sing "Nearer My God to Thee."

The annual meeting of the Fairfield Ladies Aid was held on Thursday in the church vestry, the minister, Rev. R. W. Lee, presiding.

Splendid reports of the work of the society were given. The past two years have been the most successful in the history of the organization. During the year the society raised the sum of over \$800. In addition to the raising of money, the society has been active in many other ways, contributing much to the welfare of the church.

The election of officers resulted in Mrs. G. Piercy being re-elected for the third year. Mrs. A. C. Charlton, Mrs. R. E. Hopkins, Mrs. A. Schroeder, were elected vice-presidents; Mrs. H. Roberts, secretary; Miss Armstrong, assistant secretary; Miss Fullerton, treasurer.

LT.-COL. AMERY TO SPEAK AT TEMPLE

"The Meaning of Empire" Will be Topic of British Statesman

Lieut.-Colonel the Rt. Hon. L. C. M. S. Amery, Secretary of State for the Dominions in the British Cabinet, will address the congregation of his fellow-townsmen, Rev. Dr. Clem Davies, at the Victoria City Temple, on Sunday evening. His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor will attend with a number of distinguished guests, including Mrs. Amery, who is traveling with her husband in his Empire-wide tour.

The British statesman has for many years represented the home town of Dr. Davies in the British House of Commons, formerly representing the Edgbaston, Birmingham, division, and at present the Sparkbrook division of Birmingham. Colonel Amery's subject will be "The Meaning of Empire," and he will give some of his impressions gained from his present trip in the Colonies. The right honorable gentleman is a statesman of wide experience and a speaker of ability, and it is expected that the Royal Victoria, where the City Temple Sunday services are held, will be taxed to capacity by the great throng which will wish to hear the Dominions Secretary on Sunday evening.

At the morning service of the City Temple Dr. Davies will speak on the subject "Cafeteria Christians," special music in preparation for the Sunday services and both band and choir will render some splendid music at Sunday evening gathering. Frank H. Partridge, popular soloist, formerly of Victoria, has kindly consented to make the special trip from Vancouver to sing at the Sunday evening service.

The ending of the Times of the Gentiles" will be the subject of an address by Rev. Richards, under the auspices of the Victoria branch of the British-Israel World Federation in the King's Hall, Yates Street, on Monday at 8 p.m. The meeting is free to all.

At the Universal Church of Christ held on Sunday the usual services, a song service at 7:15 and evening service at 7:30. Mrs. McDowell will be the speaker and there will be a healing meeting at the close of the service.

The series of sermons of "The Second Coming of the Lord," given by the pastor of the Central Baptist Church, are being well attended. On Sunday Pastor J. B. Rowell will speak on the third of this theme, viz., "Scoffers at the Second Coming of Christ." The morning subject will be "God All-sufficient."

Young Hickman was a model Sunday School boy, according to discharges. Which probably will bring a renaissance of the overwhelming logic that all model Sunday School boys are bad at heart.

CONGREGATION AIDS TO IMPROVE CHURCH

Many Changes Consummated in St. Alban's Oaklands Anglican Church

Owing to the inclement weather last Sunday the Bishop kindly consented to postpone his visit to St. Alban's, Oaklands Anglican Church until to-morrow. His Grace was to have preached and dedicated the new work which has been done recently in the roof and porch of the building.

As a result of labors by men of the congregation, the roof is now lined, the porch closed in and a double doorway added. The Ladies' Guild has taken a part in the improvement work by presenting a new carpet for the aisle.

These improvements add greatly not only to the appearance but also to the warmth and comfort of the congregation. The minister desires greatly to recognize the work of E. Andrews, J. Baron, E. Bridges, G. Bridges, G. Bridges, Jun., W. Clare, J. Comber, A. M. Davis, M. Davis, W. Farmer, W. R. Gibbs, G. Mayo, H. Paver, D. Swan and H. Varney, all of whom gave of their best in this labor for their church.

SPECIAL MESSAGE TO B.C. STUDENTS

Challenge to Rising Generation by Rev. Dr. Sipprell

Rev. Dr. Sipprell, of Metropolitan Church, has been asked to give a special message to the students of the Provincial University who are visiting the city, and he will do so on Sunday morning. The theme of the message is to be "Canada and Christ" and it will constitute a challenge to the rising generation to build a Christian nation, and the Kingdom of God. "Canada never presented such opportunities as she presents to the youth of today," he says. "Canada never had a rising generation so capable and promising as she has to-day. The church never needed the young people of the world more than she needs them now. She never had such great enterprises launched as she has to-day and she never had a generation more able to carry on these enterprises than she has at this hour. The opportunity presented to the youth of Canada will set forth at Metropolitan to-morrow morning the meaning of the message. Dr. Sipprell will tell of the man who gave us all a start. The man who gave us Eden and who lost it. Many striking and suggestive things will be told about the man on Sunday night. On Monday at 8 p.m. the young people of the church are holding a grand New Year's opening, when they will offer something to see, to hear, to do and to eat. The mid-week service on Wednesday night will prove of great interest to all.

This church has gone "over the top" in all its enterprises of the year and will present to the press in the coming week an interesting statement of the work of the year.

TO CONSIDER NEEDS OF NEW SETTLERS

Services at Cathedral Devoted to Missionary Work

At the evening service at 7:30 o'clock at the Cathedral the Dean will continue his expositions of the Book of Revelation, dealing with chapters 13 and 14.

Holy Communion service will be held at 8 a.m. and 9:30 a.m. In accordance with a canon of the diocese, all open offerings at all services to-morrow will be devoted to the work of the Missionary Society, with special reference to the needs of new settlers in Western Canada as well as to carry on Christian work in other lands.

At the morning service at 11 o'clock the Dean will preach on "Are the Missions of Our Grandparents Good Enough For Us and the Non-Christian World To-day?"

PASTOR WINS PRIZE FOR BEST CHURCH AD.

New York, Jan. 7.—Dr. W. Russell Bowie, rector of Grace Church, received a fountain pen as a luncheon of the Church Advertising Committee of the New York Advertising Club for winning a contest for the best statement or advertisement on "What the Church Has to Offer Men." About forty advertising and church men attended the luncheon at the club building, 23 Park Avenue.

Addresses were made by Dr. Christian F. Reiser, who spoke on "The Use of Motion Pictures in Presenting Religion"; Albert B. Barnard, of The Sun, on "The Use of Newspapers in Church Advertising"; George Weston, of the General Outdoor Advertising Company, on "Outdoor Advertising," and Frank Arnold, of the National Broad-

casting Company, on "The Value of the Radio in Religious Work." Dr. Bowie's prize-winning statement follows:

"Without ideals life is mean. Without purpose it is flat. Without inspiring power, it will fail. The church can give to men ideals, purpose, power. In the lives of prophets and heroes, and in the life of Jesus Christ, the church holds up the ideals by which character and achievement must be measured. In the call to help build the Kingdom of God on earth, the church presents the purpose which can give new common faith, and in co-operation of purpose, the church releases through human lives the transforming power of God."

'BAPTIST HERITAGE' WILL BE SUBJECT

Rev. Henry Knox to Preach at Emmanuel Baptist Church Sunday

The Rev. Henry Knox will conduct both services to-morrow at Emmanuel Baptist Church. His message at the morning hour of worship will be on the subject, "The Baptist Heritage."

The Baptist people, now numbering between eleven and twelve millions, have a glorious heritage, says the pastor. Canadian Baptists will be particularly reminded of this during the present year, when representatives from all parts of the world will meet in Toronto in June next for the meetings of the Baptist World Alliance.

At the evening service Mr. Knox will speak of a few things for which Baptists are distinguished. The choir will sing "Ariste, Shine" (Elvey). At the evening service "Star of the East" will be sung by a chorus of ladies, and the full choir will sing "Adeste" (Novello). "The Keys of the Kingdom" will be theme of the evening service. The sermon theme will be "The Ministry of the Sea."

In the evening at 7:30 the soloist will be Mrs. W. C. Williams, member of the Victoria Welsh Choir, who will sing "O Rest in the Lord," and the evening choir will render the anthem, "I Will Lift up Mine Eyes," by Carson.

The subject of address of the annual congregational meeting on January 12 will be "A Progressive Programme." The minister will be the speaker at both services.

Knox Church Choir To Give Concert

On Thursday, January 12, at 8 o'clock, a concert will be given in the Knox Presbyterian Church, Stanley Avenue, under the auspices of the choir. Appearing on the programme will be Mrs. W. H. Wilson, soprano; Mrs. S. M. Morton, contralto; Miss cuttison; Miss Barbara Fraser, pianist; Guy Guy, tenor; J. J. Matheson, baritone; Stanley Wakeman, pupil of Ernest-Semple, violinist.

NEW THOUGHT TEMPLE On Sunday at the New Thought Temple Dr. Arthur F. Barton will speak at both services. In the morning at 11 o'clock he will speak on "The Gospel of Wholeness" and in the evening at 7:30 he will speak on "The Quest." In response to requests Dr. Barton has consented to give a health lecture every Wednesday evening instead of alternate Wednesdays as formerly. On Wednesday next at 8 p.m. Dr. Barton will speak on "Inside Information," using oil painted charts to illustrate the talk and to describe iridology, the science of diagnosis of disease from observation of the eyes.

A lecture by W. B. Pease of this city will be given Sunday evening at 8 o'clock at a public meeting of the Victoria Independent Theosophical Society in the rooms, 204 Jones Building, Fort Street. Mr. Pease's subject will be "Worship and Ritual," and at the close of the lecture time will be given to discussion and questions.

St. Barnabas Guild—The annual meeting of the Guild of St. Barnabas will be held in the schoolroom on Thursday, January 12, at 3 p.m. As the election of officers for the coming year will take place, a full attendance of members is requested.

TALK TO CHILDREN ON 'STUPID CLOCK'

Interesting Studies Listed at Oak Bay Church

Owing to the stormy weather which came with the New Year, Oak Bay Church will give the boys and girls who missed the rally a talk on "The Stupid Clock." For the Sunday morning following Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" will be reviewed. This will be popular this year, since 1928 marks the 300th year since the author was born.

In the evening at Oak Bay United Church on Sunday next, a group of character studies under the general theme, "Men Who Lost Their Way," will start. The first is entitled "The Man Who Spoiled His Record." These studies, it is hoped, will have a vivid moral and gospel appeal, especially in the hearts of the young people.

At the morning service a group of studies on the great thoughts of the Sermon on the Mount will be continued. The principle of external and internal religion will be next dealt with, relating to aims and prayer in the thought of the Master.

OLD RULE BEST FOR MARRIAGE, PASTOR INSISTS

New York, Jan. 7. — Condemning companionate marriage, free love and eugenics, the Rev. Christian F. Reiser told his congregation in the Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church that "old fashioned falling in love," with perhaps an automobile in place of the traditional horse and buggy, is the only insurance of a happy marriage.

Dr. Reiser drew up a few rules for "sweethearting," which follow:

Keep your heart clean, rejecting excuses for loose morals, so that it can send out rich love as a spring does pure water.

Practice building an affection capacity by loving your enemies, seeing values in the hateful, and picking beauty out of the ugly.

Avoid wasting and cheapening love by permitting liberties, the careless use of sacred tokens of affection and all excesses, however approved by "experts," falsely so-called.

Look upon sweethearting, when safeguarded as above, as perfectly normal, and ignore critics and objectors, even though they be selfish parents, and then expect the blessing of the Master, who dignified a wedding feast with his first miracle.

Trust God, dispelling all doubt by renunciation of his love and believe in folks in spite of faults, and guard against pessimism as florists do against frost, and so keep young in spirit.

Allow no disappointment in love" to sour or crush, but find a value in sad experiences and be assured that somewhere there is a mate who will help to sweeten your days, and then determine to find him or her.

Excuse no repellent grouches nor accept a weak dog about being "peculiar," but insist on following the required discipline and exorcism, mixed with faith and determination that will give you a sweetheart and that will insure results.

Practice sweethearting always, everywhere, paying the full price and preserving the healthiness belonging to God's folks, and life will stay bright, friends will multiply and youth abide.

Hollywood Ladies Aid—The annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid of the Hollywood Presbyterian Church and School was held on Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Grant, 258 Wolsley Avenue, Foul Bay. Mrs. J. Kyle reported that arrangements were now complete for the concert to be held in the hall, Wildwood Avenue, on Tuesday evening, January 10. The election of officers resulted in the re-election of Mrs. Urquhart as president, Mrs. F. W. Baylis as secretary and Mrs. W. Hyslop as treasurer. Mrs. C. Greene was elected vice-president. Mrs. J. Kyle will be hostess to the Ladies' Aid for the February meeting at 242 Wildwood Avenue.

The Irish harp was originally quadrangular instead of triangular, as at present.

The largest flower grows in the island of Sumatra, a Dutch possession in the East Indies. Its botanical name is Amorphophallus.

FIRST THOUGHT OF CATHEDRAL BORN SIXTY YEARS AGO

Erection of Present Structure Is Materialization of Old Residents

Sixty-eight years ago yesterday the first Church of England bishop arrived in Victoria. January 6 is a church festival, and in a letter written from Victoria at the time to friends in England, the bishop, the Right Rev. George Hills, stated:

"I arrived here on January 6, the Epiphany of our Lord. May my humble efforts be blessed indeed for the manifestation of Christ to the varied people in this interesting land." In the same letter he added the words: "I trust we may, by a faithful exhibition of the truth as it is in Jesus, draw hearts and win souls to Christ."

Five years after his arrival, the bishop made the original Christ Church, built in 1856, the cathedral of his diocese, which then extended over the whole Province of British Columbia. In 1869 that pioneer church was destroyed by fire, and three years later the present Christ Church Cathedral was erected.

GERM OF PROGRESS It was at that time, nearly sixty years ago, that a proposal to build a stone cathedral was first seriously entertained. When the foundation stone of the present cathedral was laid, the Lieutenant-Governor, J. W. Trutch, said that church people had been long "clinging to the hope that we might yet be enabled to build such a stone cathedral as we all earnestly desire, yet after striving by all means in our power to accomplish that object, we have been reluctantly compelled to forego that design as unattainable."

Regarding this, the bishop said that church people had been long "clinging to the hope that we might yet be enabled to build such a stone cathedral as we all earnestly desire, yet after striving by all means in our power to accomplish that object, we have been reluctantly compelled to forego that design as unattainable."

It has remained for those living today to see the hopes of sixty years ago realized in the walls of the new Christ Church Cathedral now rising on Burdette Avenue.

PRIMATE'S PASTORAL IS SERMON THEME

Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick Will Preach at St. John's Church

A very interesting and important "pastoral" has been issued by the Most Reverend Archbishop Matheson, Primate of all Canada, and this will be made the subject of his sermon at St. John's Church on Sunday morning by Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick.

The Primate's "pastoral" deals with several of the most important issues of the General Synod, and he asks the clergy to bring these matters before the whole membership of the church.

At 8 a.m. there will be Holy Communion at St. John's Church, and at the evening service, commencing at 7:30 o'clock, the rector will preach on the subject, "The Modern Message of the Magi." The music at this service will be made appropriate to the great Epiphany theme. There will be an organ recital commencing at 7:10 p.m., when G. J. Burnett will render "The March of the Magi," by Varley Roberts, and "Pastorale," from "The First Symphony," by Guilemunt. The anthem will be "We Have Seen His Star in the East," by Clare, and the hymn, "We Three Kings of Orient Are," will be sung, together with other Epiphany hymns.

The seaweed collected along the British coast of France brings in the sum of \$5,000,000 annually. Most of this is used in the manufacture of iodine.

Christmas has been observed as a Christian festival since the fourth century, when it gradually superseded January 6, the Epiphany.

JESUS HEALS THE SICK

Sunday School Lesson—Mark i., 21-45

By Harlowe R. Hoyt and Walter Scott



One Sabbath as Christ taught in the synagogue at Capernaum, a man with an unclean spirit accosted him. "What have we to do with thee, Jesus thou Nazarene?" cried he. Art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, thou art the Holy One of God.

Raising his hand, Jesus rebuked the spirit. "Hold thy peace," he commanded. "And come out of him!" The unclean spirit was driven away while the multitude wondered.

When he left the synagogue, Jesus went to the house where Peter's mother-in-law lay fever-stricken. As he took her by the hand and raised her, the fever left the woman. She arose and began to prepare the evening meal for her guests.

News of the healings spread abroad and the whole city flocked to Peter's door. As the Sabbath ended, they brought their sick, and lame, and blind, and those possessed of unclean spirits, and Jesus healed them all.



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Talent Plus Hard Work Bring Success

By OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

There is a magazine published for men, to which I am very partial. What is good for the gender is usually good for the goose, and I can't see why the ethics applied to a man's life are not quite as good for a woman's.

In one particular number of this magazine given largely to biography, I found that except for unimportant details, when I had read one, I had read all. The motives and creeds that lie behind the success of great men, whether princes or peasants, are precisely the same. It may surprise you to learn that those who knew John Singer Sargent the best, assure us that he would have been quite as great a genius in music as he was in portrait painting. A master of languages, and possessor of a large vocabulary and facility of speech, as well as assiduous reader of the classics, who knows what genius he may have displayed as a writer also? As for his painting we are told, hark you: "He would have come less quickly to the front had his talent not been seconded by an indomitable habit of work, unceasing, unremitting, resulting in a definite almost magical."

Quite as fascinating is Mr. Schwab's account of Andrew Carnegie, "the world's steel master. It is an account of hard work almost beyond belief. Genius he certainly had, but his greatest genius was his genius for work. He never got to the place where he felt that he could quit. The attainment of one goal was the signal to try for another."

The summary of it all is this: Success is talent plus hard work. Nearly all of us have a talent for something—unless we are morose! It may be a talent for cooking or sewing or making

plants bloom. But it won't develop itself. Here is a line or two from Kipling: "If you can dream, and not make dreams your master, If you can think and not make thoughts your aim—"

And there is encouragement in the following. It is called "Opportunity," by Walter Maline. "They do me wrong who say I come no more. When once I knock and fail to find you in: For every day I stand outside your door. And bid you wake, to rise, and fight and win."

Please note the "every day."

Control of the Mentally Defective

Educators realize that the most pressing problem of to-day in relation to health is the control of the mentally defective.

There are to-day more hospital beds in the United States, more institutional rooms for persons suffering with mental defects, than for any other group in the population.

HEREDITY LEADS

An analysis of mental diseases indicates that bad heredity is responsible for about thirty-three percent of the cases. Alcohol and narcotics for anywhere from ten to fifteen per cent; the social disease, syphilis, for about ten per cent, and general causes, such as bad mental training, disturbances of the glands, injuries and infectious diseases, for the remainder.

On January 1, 1924, there were about 335,000 patients with mental diseases in American hospitals. This means about one person in every 300 in the United States was in a hospital for mental disease.

Each year more than 50,000 people are admitted to hospitals for the insane.

AVERAGE COST

When the figures are estimated, it is found that the average cost of maintaining such a patient per year is approximately \$244, making an annual cost of state hospitals about \$75,000,000 and the average loss of earning power about \$240,000,000.

In another manner of expressing of figures, it is pointed out that the cost is about as much to take care of the mentally defective as it is to educate persons in colleges and universities.

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Seacroft Apartments Overlook Scenes Of Most Striking Beauty

New and Luxurious Apartment House Stands Beside World's Finest Sea View and in Spot Where Romance of Old Days Weaves Spell of Mystery

Because a noted British admiral once declared at a state dinner that the view from the Oak Bay Hotel, looking over the Gulf of Georgia, was the finest in the world, Capt. William Ellis, who was present at that function in London many years ago, chose as a site for the Seacroft Apartment House that property where the new building has been erected on Marine Drive. Within a short distance of the Oak Bay Hotel, the Seacroft Apartments look out over an expanse of water and island scenery which so many hundreds of visitors here have declared is a more beautiful scene than any which the world can offer elsewhere.

Capt. Ellis is the manager and representative of the interests behind the Seacroft Apartments. He himself a man who has sailed the seven seas for many years, agrees with the noted British admiral from whom he first heard of the marvelous scenery of the waters adjacent to Oak Bay.

STRIKING SCENERY

He came there first in the middle of Spring, when the day was near its end and the water was a rich purple, the islands dark, mysterious and slumbering in their deep shadow. Capt. Ellis stood spellbound and gazed across the Gulf. Catching the last glint of the setting sun the crest of Mount Baker was ruddy in the half light, like a beacon in a sea of dreams. Capt. Ellis watched the night come, heralded by a few timid stars. The rare beauty of the scene was unforgettable, and when he sought a site for an apartment building for which a view was an essential he could find no finer spot than that upon Beach Drive.

The Seacroft Apartments were built to suit just such an admirable view.

No Bridesmaids At Most Fashionable Wedding of Year

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times (London, By Mail).—The marriage of Lord Nunburnholme and Lady Mary Thynne, who was bridesmaid both to Princess Mary and the Duchess of York, in the old grey church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, was the most fashionable wedding of the year.

Lady Mary made a very stately bride in her rather severe gown of ivory ring velvet, adapted from an early fourteenth century picture, long skirted and touched with embroidery, which gleamed in the grey lights. Her magnificent train, several yards in length, was also of velvet, inlaid with silver in Gothic arch design and lined throughout with silver lame, while her auburn hair shone through the veil of old family lace which was held in position by close-set sprays of orange blossom.

There were no grown-up bridesmaids, just half-a-dozen children—three boys and three girls—the latter being the Hon. Cynthia Keppel, Miss Lavina

Constructed with the paramount consideration the Summer visitor to Victoria, the suites are furnished with luxury and with good taste. There are bachelor suites there as well. Throughout, the place is modern, with electric vacuum cleaners, washing machines, refrigerators, radio connections and special lighting effects which add to the air of refinement and distinction in the spacious rooms.

McDowell & Mann installed the heating plant. The oil furnaces are set to keep the apartments at an even temperature at all times. In each flat, too, is an electric stove, disappearing beds, showers and built-in baths, mosaic tiled kitchens.

The halls are richly carpeted and the decorations are quiet, but tasteful.

Every apartment is distinctive in type and furnishings and provides the sort of home which the most exacting and comfort-loving housekeeper demands. Seacroft will be the "last word in apartment houses," Capt. Ellis declares.

ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS

The apartments stand in the heart of a romantic country, where before the white man came to Vancouver Island—Indians of the "lower coast" lived in peace and happiness, save when they were battling the fierce Haidas from the North. Out in the Gulf on little rocky islands, the cairns which mark the burial places of tribes even older than the Indians, for the relics of human life there, while few, do not indicate that they belonged to the race of copper-skinned men, whom the white man found first on Vancouver Island. They are of a prehistoric type.

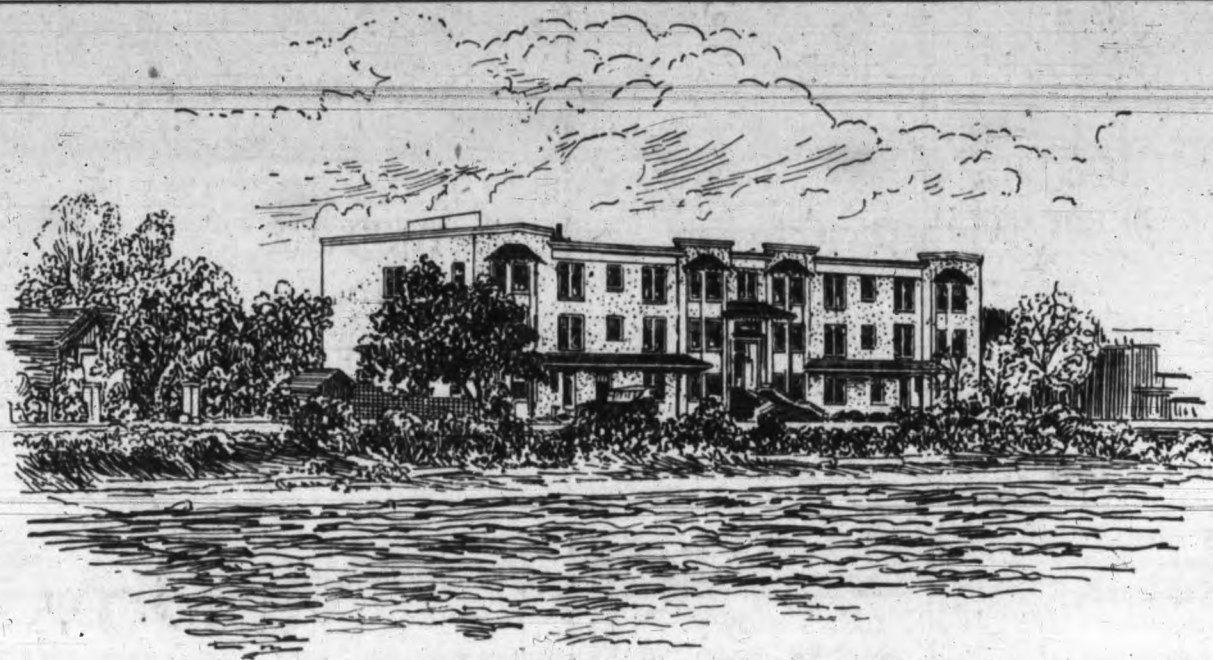
Farther along the coast line there are signs of the old defences of the Indians, who lived always prepared for invasion from the ferocious red men of the North. Seacroft stands on the very site of ancient encampments.

Shaw-Stewart, and Miss Marie Wilson, who wore old-world long frocks of silver lame with wreaths of forget-me-nots and crystal leaves on their hair. The small boys—Martin Stanley, the bride's nephew, Petter Rollo, and Lord and Lady Plunket's son, Patrick—were dressed as hermits in white silk trunk hose, with silver tabards bearing family crests.

The white and silver simplicity of the wedding group was well set off inside the church, with its masses of golden-hearted lilies and glittering lights. Princess Mary and the Duchess of York were both out of town, otherwise they would probably have attended the wedding. Their gifts, with that of the King and Queen, were among the many presents on view in one of the long reception rooms at Grosvenor Square, where the Marchioness of Bath held a reception. The King and Queen sent a ruby and diamond pendant with the royal cipher, Viscount Lascelles and Princess Mary sent an antique white lacquer clock, and the Duke and Duchess of York's gifts were a diamond circle brooch and a shagreen inkstand.

The nematode, or the eel worm disease, has cut the production of sweet potatoes in North Carolina considerably. This worm is very active on sandy soil.

SEACROFT APARTMENTS



Luxurious apartment building just completed on Beach Drive, Oak Bay

ACTIVE CAREER OF SEACROFT MANAGER

Business Interests in England Covered Wide and Varied Field

Captain William Ellis, manager of the Seacroft Apartments has had a wide and various business experience in England, especially in shipping interests. He has been in Victoria since 1924, having sold out his interests in the Old Country to come and live in this city.

Captain Ellis is a master mariner by trade and has in addition managed several shipping firms of the Old Country. He was educated in St. Mary's Higher Grade School at Scarborough, England, rounding his education off with four years of technical training as an apprentice in foreign going sailing ships. In 1892 he took his apprenticeship, entering the service of Messrs. Thos. Law & Company, of Scotland, then operating the Shire Line of ships.

In 1901, Captain Ellis became a third mate and the following year passed his second mate examinations. Within two years he had successfully taken his first mate tests and in 1906 secured his papers as a master mariner. For three years he continued to actively follow the sea, serving as first and second officer on the Prince line steamers and several other vessels.

He became fairly well-known in the shipping world and in 1909 retired from his sea-going life to enter the firm of Ellis & Company, merchants and brokers at Scarborough. He acted as the junior partner in this firm for three years, carrying on business as a shipbroker, later becoming the managing partner of the firm of Ellis & Company. His interests also were connected with the Alliance Steam Trawling Company Limited, of which he became the managing director in 1914.

Captain Ellis has a creditable war record, his field naturally lying along sea-faring lines. He received a commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve in March, 1915 and commanded several fast minesweepers in the North Sea, one of the most arduous tasks allotted to the sea-going men of England during the world conflict.

After the conclusion of the war, Captain Ellis again entered business life and was on the directorate of the



CAPT. W. ELLIS

following companies: The Gleaner Fishing Company, The Albatross Steam Fishing Company, The Lapwing Fishing Company, and the Cuckoo Steam Fishing Company, and he also retained his former interests in the Alliance Steam Trawling Company and W. Ellis & Company.

His wartime knowledge was called upon when the British Admiralty formed the Hull Convoy Committee, controlling the movements of shipping in mine strewn areas, he being appointed a director of this organization. He also secured directorship in the Humber Shipwright & Engineering Company of Hull, the Hull Steam Trawler Owners Association, The Aberdeen Theatre at Scarborough and became managing director of the new firm of Ellis Bros. & Company Limited at Hull.

The Government again called upon him in 1920 when he was engaged by the British Board of Agriculture and Fisheries to equip a vessel and

make preparations for an expedition in search of new fishing grounds. He was also employed by the British Admiralty to direct operations of five of its largest steam trawlers. In all his dealings Captain Ellis is reputed to have a fine business sense and expects to add another achievement to his long series of successes with the Seacroft Apartments.

PICKS MUSIC FROM AIR

Berlin, Jan. 7.—An entirely new kind of musical instrument has been developed in Germany which some believe will soon gain a place in orchestras. By moving his hands back and forth before a highly magnetized metal pole and brass ring, the operator "pulls out of the air" a tone which rivals a band of stringed instruments.

Travel Purse

A new large envelope purse of wine and purple kids, has a separate flap for cigarettes, compact, railroad tickets and passport.

Glance Bag

A jade green-black sharkskin in two tones combines effectively with matched kidskin for an oblong pouch purse. Its clasp is marcasite.

Pink Bag

Pink velvet fashions a new evening bag. It has a studded handle where pearls and synthetic gems gleam. White bags are good too.

Flounced Undies

New underwear takes godets and flounces for fullness. An ibis crepe de Chine set has deep flounces of accordion pleated georgette, lace edged.

Princes or Pugilists, Men All the Same Says This Woman

It is a far cry from White House receptions and life amidst the splendors of diplomacy to the company of prize-fighters. But Mme. Ranoush Bey has made the change with dignity, and with considerable business success.

Mme. Ranoush, with her husband, Sidky Bey, who for many years was first secretary of the Turkish Embassy at Washington, now conducts a training camp for pugilists at Summit, New Jersey. Sidky Bey and Mme. Ranoush during pre-war days had many friends in governmental and diplomatic circles at Washington.

But Mme. Ranoush finds pugilists and princes very much alike.

"It makes no difference," she declares, "whether men are kings or tramps, princes or pugilists. I have learned a few rules and I apply them to all men. The rules are: Feed them well, give them comfortable quarters, and leave them alone."

At her training camp Mme. Ranoush has autographed photographs of almost all the famous prize-fighters of today. Jack Dempsey excepted.

"If you must mother men, and often men expect it, do it unobtrusively," she said confidently. "To most of these boys I was a mother, but I never followed them around with goloshes and mufflers."

A LOST FORTUNE

Sidky Bey in 1909 declined to leave his Washington post when he was ordered to transfer to the Berlin Embassy. His wife applauded his resolution. He was approached by his government and agreed to accept the Consul-Generalship at New York for a period of five years. Later, however, he resigned. Sidky Bey, with his waxed moustache, precision of manner and charm, entered business as a dealer in Oriental art works. In 1920, however, a consignment of rugs ordered by him and valued at \$80,000, was confiscated by the Soviet Government. Sidky Bey was then living with his wife at a beautiful hillside estate. One of their neighbors was Freddy Welsh, former lightweight champion, who, after defeat at the hands of Benny Leonard, was unsuccessfully attempting to run a training camp.

Mme. Ranoush went to Welsh and suggested that he should engage her as

manager. The idea was novel, but Welsh gave her the keys and departed for New York. Later she took complete charge of the camp.

Artificial Silk Industry Shows Tremendous Gain

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times (London, Jan. 7).—The rapid growth of the silk industry is truly amazing, and the provisional estimate of production this year is 240,000,000 pounds.

America has the biggest percentage of production, and an astonishing fact is that Italy, which had a percentage of 13.5 last year, has now outstripped England and Germany, and has obtained second position in the ranks of producers.

Production in France and Holland has progressed in a remarkable degree. Canada and Japan have entered the field, and the portents are that their production will become important.

The consumption of artificial silk has increased with the production. At the head of the consumers is the United States, with a proportion of 31 to 32 per cent of the general total. Far behind America are Germany, England and France. Last year Germany exported 80 per cent of her production, but she had to import still more. Great Britain and France consumed what they produced. Italy and the Netherlands were the greatest exporters. British India and China have become great consumers of English artificial silk and recently of Italian also. Up to now, the countries of South America have not used much artificial silk.

The new conquests of artificial silk on the textile markets will depend largely on the improvement of quality. The growth of the industry points to the danger of over-production; and, in this connection, it is noted that last year there were difficulties of sale, though of a temporary character. The formation of cartels and groups, the exchange of patents, the attempts at improvement at the common expense of the producers, and the adaptation of production to consumption are considered important portents of what may follow. At least 80 per cent of the production is under the dependence of cartels and financial combinations, and it is thought probable that it will be necessary to count on grouping of all the producers of artificial silk.

Bolero Theme. Daytime dresses employ the swathed hip-line to emphasize the boleros they affect. A midnight blue satin one has its bolero edged in cut steel in intricate design.

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**Many Hands Are Turned To
Building New Apartments**

Luney Bros. handled the general contract for the construction of the new Seacroft Apartments and their figure for this work was \$65,000. Luney Bros. have finished their work. When the contractors' men were still on the job, however, experts from other firms came into the building to put the finishing touches to the place—to fit the modern electrical appliances and heating and plumbing necessities.

The B.C. Electric and Murphy Electric contributed to the wiring and electrical fitting of the establishment. McDowell and Mann installed the heating plant. William O'Neill contracted for special glass work in the apartment house.

When the sub-contractors were finally finished, their work in the building amounted to approximately \$100,000.

**NEWS AND NOTES
OF BOY SCOUTS**

The first four parts of the second class test: one month's service, first aid, signalling and tracking, have already been described. The next two, scout pace and fire lighting, will be outlined this week.

Scout pace consists in walking and running alternately a certain number of paces. Twenty is suggested. Running and walking use a different set of muscles and it is found that by alternating the two a great distance can be covered more quickly than by walking alone and with less fatigue. The test requires that a mile be covered in twelve minutes. Thirty seconds latitude is allowed either way and to ensure that luck does not enter into it the test has to be repeated a number of times before a pass is granted. It is not an athletic feat, but a means of judging distance by time. A scout has to practice it until he can regulate his speed so that he covers a mile in between eleven and a half minutes and twelve and a half minutes. Then if he wants to find the distance between two places he knows that each twelve minutes represents one mile. Or if he knows the distance he has to go he knows exactly how long it will take him.

The fire-lighting test requires the laying and lighting of a wood fire in the open, using not more than two matches and without the use of paper. Although not explicitly stated, it is usually understood that this test may not be passed during "the" summer months, as it presents no difficulty when the bush is dry. In winter it requires a certain amount of woodcraft. The scout has to know where to look for dry wood, which woods burn best, and how to lay a fire. Scout service co-operates with the Forestry Service by teaching the proper precautions in fire lighting during the danger months. Special emphasis is laid on the superiority of the small "Indian fire" over the "Pale Face" bonfire for cooking purposes. The only time a large fire is used is for the evening "council fire" in camp. This is always lighted on a very carefully prepared site, a bucket of water is kept by in readiness, and as far as possible woods such as cedar, which throw out sparks are avoided. After the closing of the council fire, the fire is thoroughly extinguished with water.

LOCAL ASSOCIATION
The annual meeting of the local association will be held at District Headquarters, 1189 Yates Street on Monday, January 9, at 8 p.m. All interested are urged to be present.

SCOUTS COUNCIL
The January meeting of the Scouts Council will be held at District Headquarters on Wednesday at 8 p.m. After the business meeting V. Shoemaker will speak on the boys' work of the Y.M.C.A.

TROOP NOTES
St. Mary's—Jack Holden has been invested as a tenderfoot. Harold Clowes has passed his tenderfoot law and

signs. Godfrey Archbold, George Beveridge and Will Marshall passed their second class first aid. All the tenderfoot scouts are well advanced in second class work.

Third Troop—The troop last week entertained the Wolf Cub Pack at a bun feed.

Fairfield—The troop makes a point of making as far as possible their own uniforms and equipment. At the last meeting they spent a part of the time making green wool garters. A boy naturally has a much greater interest in a thing he has made himself than in one he has bought, at the same time he learns thrift, which is the ninth scout law. A first aid observation game was played. Demonstration bandaging was carried out with the scouts observing. They withdrew to their patrol corners and each patrol drew up suggested improvements. The patrol competition for December ended in a dead heat between two patrols so it was carried into the first week in January.

Oaklands Troop—The meeting was devoted largely to a review of tenderfoot work. A question relay was played. A question on tenderfoot work was asked to the number one of each patrol. When they thought they knew the answer they stood up. The first up with the correct answer scored one to his patrol. The number ones then dropped behind and the two had their turn.

WOLF CUB NEWS
On Wednesday, January 4 at the Yates Street headquarters the Akela's council meeting was held. Those present were Island Commissioner, Ravenshill, District Cub Master, Hilliard, Akela, Miller, Sherwood, Duncan, Spurr, Goddard, Slater, Baloo Stark and Cub instructors A. Sharp, J. Gornall, R. Hoard. The meeting opened with the grand howl taken by the Island Commissioner.

Akelas were asked to see that their cubs took advantage of the swimming facilities offered them at the Crystal Garden. The Commissioner asked for the toys to be collected for next year, also for Christmas cards and calendars with large numbers. The last part of the meeting was spent in playing games and closed with the howl.

St. Mary's North Pack—Second. Stanley Britt passed the tests for his second star and was promoted to sixer. At the last pack meeting five prospective cubs for St. Paul's Pack, Esquimalt with their leader, Mrs. Label, visited this pack.

North Quadra Pack—On Friday the pack held its first meeting since the Christmas holidays.

Oaklands Pack—The pack entertained their mothers to tea at their last meeting and scout J. Duncan, received his cub instructor's badge. The following is a list of tenderpads and first star cubs for last year, the pack having been formed about a year. Tenderpads: D. Chisolm, J. Coutts, A. Coutts, B. Anderton, V. Varney, R. Oavis, J. Sharpe, J. Reade, B. Duncan, D. Bosence, R. Randall. First star cubs: J. Anderton, A. Davis, J. Sharpe, J. Reade, B. Duncan, D. Bosence, R. Randall.

Royal Oak Pack—The first meeting of the year was held this afternoon at the headquarters of the pack.

Collegiate Pack—The pack will start meetings again on Wednesday, January 11.

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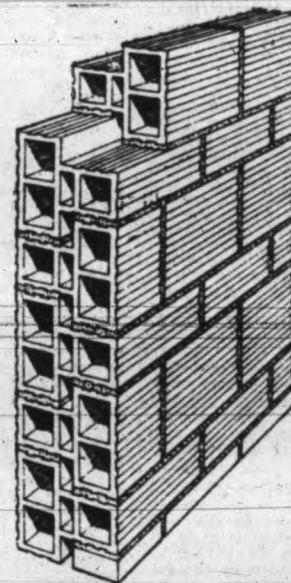
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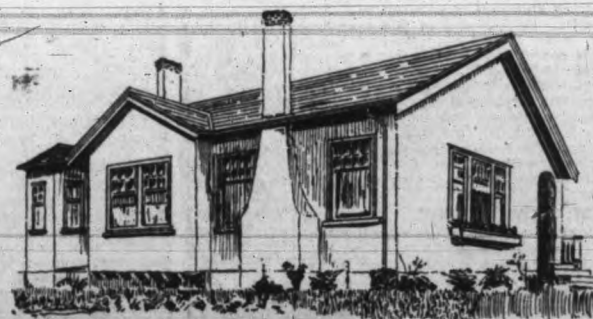
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CANADIAN HOCKEY RECORD

Surpass Ottawa's Fine Winning Streak In '27

One Loss in Fourteen Games for Total of Thirty Points Is Outstanding Performance in History of National Hockey League; Failure of Bill Cook to Score

One of Reasons Why Rangers Are Now in Third Place, Lowest They Have Ever Been; Attendance in All Towns Ahead of Last Year

By ED. BAKER

Ottawa, Ont., Jan. 7.—Canadians, known as the Flying Frenchmen, have now surpassed the record set by the Ottawa Senators last year in their march on the National Hockey League championship. Last season at this time, the Ottawas had won twelve games, lost two and played two tie games for a total of 26 points. Including Thursday night's victory over the Cougars in Detroit, the Montreal Frenchmen have won thirteen games, lost one and tied four for a total of 30 points.

The remarkable showing of the Habitués is due not only to the superb work of Hainsworth in the nets and Herb Gardiner and Mantha on the defence, but also to the wonder scoring feats of their star line. Aurel Joliat, the leading scorer of both sections of the league, has already accounted for seven goals. Howie Morenz, sensational centre-ice player, has ten, and Art Gagne, right winger, nine. This Canuck trio is first, third and fifth among the goal getters. That seems enough to carry any team to the top.

OTTAWA FALL OFF
The Senators, in recent years, have not been known as a high scoring team. Their main forte has always been defensive hockey, and this season is no exception to, as Kileva, the youthful left wing star, is the only member of the world's champions who is running up to schedule in the way of scoring. Last season, the blonde left winger, accounted for a total of eleven goals with seven assists. Already this season, with the schedule not half finished, Kileva has scored the same number of goals. Cy Denneny, who led the local snipers last season with seventeen goals and six assists, is running away from last season's record. This, of course, is attributable to the fact that the veteran sharp-shooter is not getting as much action as he got last season.

While on the subject of goal scoring, it is significant to note that Captain Dick Irvin and "Babe" Dye, who are out of commission and lost to Barney Stanley's Chicago Black Hawks, were among the leaders of the Montreal section goal getters last season. Irvin was second to Bill Cook with twenty-eight goals and seven assists, while Dye was fifth on the list with twenty-five goals and five assists. Last season the Hawks were the highest scoring team in either section of the league, due to the performances of Irvin and Dye. Thus, it can be easily seen that the Chicago team is trailing this season. It is absolutely impossible to replace goal-getters of that caliber.

RANGERS ARE DOWN
There has been considerable change in the National Hockey League standing during the week past, for the first time since the New York Rangers broke into the premier pro hockey circuit, they are below second place. It is true the Madison Square Garden club is but one point behind Boston and Detroit, but they are third just the same. The failure of Lester Patrick's team is accounted for by the casualty list. Abel and Bourque being out of commission, but there is also another reason. The league's leading scorer of last year, to find the proper range. Last year Bill led both sections of the league with thirty-three goals. With the present season nearing the half way mark, the famous Western Canadian farmer has accounted for only seven goals, a long way behind schedule.

CANADIENS CERTAIN
From this distance, it would seem that nothing but a miracle can keep Canadiens out of a play-off berth in the international section, but the fight for other positions and Toronto Maple Leafs is just as keen as the battle between the three leading teams in the American section of the league. Just how Detroit, Boston and Canadiens look absolutely certain to make the playoffs, regardless of the fact that Pittsburgh Pirates have shown considerable improvement, since they obtained Martin Burke from Canadiens, and played him along with Bert McCaffrey, formerly of Toronto, on the defence. That team appears to be outclassed and the Chicago Hawks, handicapped as they are, through injuries, have little or no chance.

The hockey war, threatened over the Hugo Harrington case, has again loomed up. President Calder of the National Hockey League, who is also high commissioner of hockey, had decided that Harrington belongs to the Boston club. The latter, immediately the decision was given, announced that the player in question had been sold to Providence, in the Canadian-American League. President Clapp of the minor league recently made a ruling that no player recalled from his league by a major club could return to the minor league the same season. Now if Harrington is not allowed to remain with New Haven, where he has been starting until the season of 1928-29 opens, he should be independent.

High Commissioner Calder may be correct in his ruling, but whether he is or not, the impression prevails that a man occupying the position of high commissioner should not be connected with any particular hockey league—major or minor.

Reports from nearly all cities in the N.H.L. indicate increased patronage this season which, of course, is necessary on account of increased salaries, and there appears no reason why the attendance should fall off.

The Ottawa hockey club, which had a comparatively lean season last year, from a purely financial standpoint, is

Local Swimmers Carry Off Honors At Swimming Gala

Audrey Griffin and K. Darbyshire Main Point Winners Against Varsity

Collegians Put up Greatest Fight of Years; Tom Smith Breaks Tank Record

Swimmers and divers from the Y.M.C.A. and again demonstrated their superiority over the aquatic stars from the University of British Columbia by carrying off the honors at the annual gala staged yesterday afternoon at the Crystal Garden pool. The local stars won by a total of eleven points, the final score being: Victoria, 68 points; Varsity, 57 points.

The students made the best showing in history against the Victorians. In past years the locals have won out by a fairly large margin, but yesterday the collegians put up a splendid exhibition, their representatives carrying off a fair share of the honors. Audrey Griffin and Ken Darbyshire were the two bright lights of the Victoria team. The former won both the 50 and 100-yard events, while Darbyshire was the winner of the 50-yard event, while in 100-yard sprint he finished on a dead heat with Reg Wilson, of the Varsity, for first place.

Varsity Cut Down Lead
At the half-way mark, when seven of the fourteen events had been run off, Victoria was leading by 9 points to 24, but Varsity cut this down by four points before the finish.

One feature of the gala was the breaking of the tank record for the men's plunge for distance by Tom Smith of Victoria, who was credited with sixty-four feet, seven and a half inches. The former mark was made by the late Harry Wilson, a local swimmer, who was forced to the limit to retain his laurels in the 100-yard event, Rita Tingley, Varsity girl, keeping neck and neck with her until the last twenty-five yards.

RELAYS EVEN
Victoria lost out in the women's relay, but came back to take the men's event. Ken Darbyshire, the last man holding a lead, obtained it for Victoria in the women's event. Audrey Griffin, Victoria's premier lady swimmer, was forced to the limit to retain her laurels in the 100-yard event, Rita Tingley, Varsity girl, keeping neck and neck with her until the last twenty-five yards.

WOMEN'S GAME
The second game was considerably slower than the first and the shooting steadily kept even until the third quarter. At the end of the first half the score was 4-4. Varsity raised their count to 9 and then 12 in the third quarter. At the end of the first half the score was 4-4. Varsity raised their count to 9 and then 12 in the third quarter.

ONLY LOCAL VICTORY
Gaining a lead in the opening part of the game, the Ex-College boys kept a good eight to ten points ahead of the Varsity "A" men. From the start, Victoria had the best of the play and, with tricky combination plays, gained most of their baskets.

At the end of the first half the score was 17-6 in favor of the local team. The second half, although Varsity substituted several times, they were unable to halt Victoria's rushes. They gained, however, seven points themselves, while their opponents succeeded in bringing their total to 30.

Victoria-College-Little (6), LeMarquand (1), Johnson-Rose (6), Chapman (2), Knott (10), Thomas (7), Y.M.C.A. (2), Lanigan (1), Akerly (1), Gavin, Danbar, Williams (5), Horton (2).

HAVE RESPECT OF RACING WORLD



MRS. WHITNEY AND CHERRY PIE, LEFT, AND MRS. HERTZ

Not so many years ago when horse racing was just horse racing, fashionable women did not boast of their interest in the track. But since horse racing has become a method of "improving the breed of horse" it has become a fad of society.

Two of the biggest money winning stables of 1922 were owned by women. The first was the Jolly Roger, which won six races and \$63,076.

Fourth on the list of winning owners was Mrs. John D. Hertz of Chicago, who won \$11,905. She has in her stable a highly regarded Derby entry in Oh Say and War Flier, a Man o' War colt.

Mrs. Payne Whitney of New York led the owners in winnings on the New York tracks with \$172,469, her biggest winning individual being the Jolly Roger, which won six races and \$63,076.

Fourth on the list of winning owners was Mrs. John D. Hertz of Chicago, who won \$11,905. She has in her stable a highly regarded Derby entry in Oh Say and War Flier, a Man o' War colt.

While Anita Peabody was the outstanding filly of the year and one of the biggest winners, Reigh Count, her stablemate, is given a better chance in the Derby because of sex and endurance.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt of New York is also a prominent owner and she also has a highly regarded Derby entry in Oh Say and War Flier, a Man o' War colt.

First Win Comes On Toronto Grads Win Opener of Series For Amateur Title

Goal in Third Period Breaks Tie and Victoria Hockey Team Gain First Decision of Year With Ex-King George as Their Victims

Stan Stanyar's shot from a difficult angle which struck the leg pad of Hope, goalie of the Ex-King George, and bounded into the net sent the stock and spirits of the Victoria Hockey Club, and also the enthusiasm of the local fans, soaring to new levels at the Arena last night. Stanyar's goal salted down the first victory of the season for the Capitals by the scant margin of 3-2.

Although Stanyar mounts the pedestal reserved for heroes the fact that the Victoria club was in the game with a real fighting spirit was due almost entirely to the return of Hughie Burnett. Burnett, although he looks like a terrier alongside an elephant in comparison with some of the other defence men, has all the courage in the world, knows his body, and can stick-handle and shoot. Burnett, unfortunately, came under the eye of Referee Meeking twice during the game and was sent to the bench. Burnett's return was a great help to the team. He was forced off to the side of the rink after a hard fight with the referee. His shot, however, had the right "English" to use Hope's pads for a cushion and slip into the pocket. Right afterwards "Officer" Meeking was quite a feature. He missed a pass right in the goal-mouth with the cape wide open.

SETTLED THE ISSUE
Stanyar's goal settled the issue in the third period. He was forced off to the side of the rink after a hard fight with the referee. His shot, however, had the right "English" to use Hope's pads for a cushion and slip into the pocket. Right afterwards "Officer" Meeking was quite a feature. He missed a pass right in the goal-mouth with the cape wide open.

IN GAME ALL WAY
The Victoria team had plenty of fight, and although the visitors outclassed them in combination plays and in ability to shoot fast and on the net, the pleasing point of the local display was that they were in the game every minute, forcing the play. This King George outfit is just about as good as anything in Vancouver and held the Monarchs to a draw.

Things did not start any too well for Victoria when King George scored for the first time in the game. It was hardly a clean goal, but it counted, and left the Capitals in the hole. Then the locals showed their teeth, rolled up their sleeves and went to work in earnest. Knipfel scored his first goal since his arrival here from the prairies when he finished a solo rush with a hot shot that struck Hope's skate and went into the net.

A FINE GOAL
Tommy Shall, who turned in his best game of the season, teamed up with Burnett in the finest rush of the night. Shall beat two men, then slipped the puck to Burnett, who went around a defence man and picked a corner. The fans went wild after this goal, but their enthusiasm was dampened when Henderson, the heavyweight defence man of the visitors, ran dizzy in front of the Victoria net and scored.

The teams entered the third period in a deadlock, neither succeeding in scoring in the second period, which, however, was lived up by some high feeling. Mummy, who played his first game here for some time and seemed a little strange at the surroundings, knew what a slap in the face meant from a stranger. Clarke and Mummy came together and when they went apart Clarke's right hook grazed Mummy's chin. In one jump the local lad was aboard Clarke and they went to the ice, with Knipfel trying to take a hand. Referee Meeking had the last say and sent all three players to the ice-house. Although under severe pressure with only four men on the ice Victoria held out Vancouver.

Lomski Twice One Count From Title

Coast Fighter Had Loughran, Light-heavyweight Champion, on Floor Twice in First Round for Counts of Nine; First Time in Five Years That Loughran Has Been on Floor; Fierce Fight Sees the Champion Win on Ring Mastery and Courageous Heart

New York, Jan. 7.—Tommy Loughran continued to hold away over the light-heavyweight field to-day, but only after a fierce struggle in which the challenger, Leo Lomski, at one time had the pride of Philadelphia biting the rosin dust.

Two battering fists packed with dynamite knocked Loughran down twice for the count of nine in the first round of a fifteen-round title bout in Madison Square Garden last night, while a packed house of 15,000 roared at the prospect of crowning a new champion.

But a courageous heart and ring mastery served the Philadelphia well, tiding him over the bad spot and enabling him to wear Lomski down in ten of the remaining rounds to take the decision and retain the title.

MOST VICIOUS OF ALL
As Loughran said afterwards it was the most vicious battle of his career and he had to call upon all the science of his trade to pull him through.

The knockdowns were the first scored by Loughran since he was floored by Gene Tunney in Philadelphia some five years ago.

Lomski, a Polish scrapper from Aberdeen, Wash., waged a furious combat, tiring somewhat in the closing rounds. Loughran ripped a solid right to Lomski's head in the eighth round, which opened a cut under Lomski's eye.

The wound bled freely and slowed up the challenger's attack. Loughran who won the light-heavyweight title last fall, defeating Mike McTigue last fall, successfully defended it against Jimmy Slattery, of Buffalo, about a month ago.

ROUND ONE
Loughran measured his opponent carefully, sticking two lefts to his face by way of introduction. A right smacked Loughran down to the count of eight. Lomski came back and almost from nowhere Tommy came on cautiously and fell into a clinch where Lomski crashed a dozen rights to his right high to Lomski's temple and the Coast boy wavered.

Under fire but Lomski battled him fiercely to the ropes. Tommy worked clear and slashed to Lomski's head. A right to the chin floored Loughran for a minute. Lomski was badly dazed. He was backing away at the bell.

ROUND TWO
Loughran's seconds spent a busy minute during the rest period. The champion seemed very carefully backing away and ducking each time Lomski cocked his deadly right. A glancing right jarred Lomski to the heels. Tommy whipped a right high to Lomski's temple and the Coast boy wavered.

The champion whipped both hands to Lomski's head but only one succeeded in pushing Leo halfway down the ropes. Lomski stood Lomski with a left and right to the head but took two swift left hooks to the chin as the bell rang.

ROUND THREE
Loughran's left was carried very high and carefully guarded his chin. Tommy stabbed the challenger a dozen times with his left before Lomski again crashed his right to Tommy's head. The blow sounded like a hammer. Lomski's head came back but he came back punching furiously. Lomski appeared over-anxious and missed frequently with wild lunges as Loughran coolly stabbed him with his right hand.

Loughran's left jab continued to annoy Lomski's wicked right out of gear. The champion sent Lomski to his corner with a pat on the shoulder as the bell rang.

ROUND FOUR
Lomski dug a deep right to Tommy's heart. Another right to the ribs shook the champion and Lomski ripped in with a left and right to the head. Tommy poked with his left while Lomski provided himself with a valiant opening. A left hook drove Loughran's lips but Tommy drove over rights to chin and body. Lomski was surging in with a wild body attack as the bell sounded.

ROUND FIVE
Lomski just grinned as Tommy opened up and crashed two rights to the chin. Two stiff rights drove into the champion's ribs as Lomski began to play steadily for the body. Tommy buried a right hook in Lomski's stomach and the challenger's knees sagged. Tommy boxed him carefully, however. Lomski's driving right clicked high on Loughran's cheek before the bell.

ROUND SIX
With his title in the balance, Tommy still fought carefully, jabbing for openings and holding frantically when Lomski storm blew up around his body. The crowd yelled derisively each time Loughran grabbed the aggressive, free-punching challenger.

Tommy badly about the head. Lomski flailed Loughran into the ropes and was hammering him severely about the body at the bell.

ROUND SEVEN
Warily the champion worked his left to head and body, while Lomski worked about him busily but without effect. Tommy bent under a driving right to the heart. Refusing to save himself by retreating, he kept steadily punching and the champion and challenger mixed strenuously in a two-fisted exchange at the ropes.

Lomski's body kept coming in, with Tommy retreating as the round ended.

ROUND EIGHT
Lomski came out cautiously saving his strength, and danced with Tommy to the tune of left jabs. A right to the chin bounced Lomski into the ropes. Another as he came off, drove all the cautiousness from the Coast boy and he ripped frantically for Tommy's body sharp right cross cut Lomski's right eye badly. Blood

WITH THE BOWLERS
The Colonist won all three games from the Eagles last night in the City League.

COLONIST
H. Pickup 136 178 189-503
G. Motz 180 154 148-426
J. Matson 161 151 187-499
H. Buckle 152 175 167-494
C. Chislett 124 167 141-522

EAGLES
W. Fairall 146 146 143-435
F. Moore 176 159 141-478
A. Potts 140 144 188-478
H. Moulton 132 140 144-416
A. Harness 130 155 139-424

HUDKINS WINS BY K.O.
Omaha, Neb., Jan. 27.—The Nebraska "Wildcat," Ace Hudkins, knocked out Mike Rosagall, Omaha, in the fifth round of their ten-round bout here last night.

TO-DAY'S GRAIN MARKETS

(By Branson, Brown & Co. Limited)
Winnipeg, Jan. 7.—Wheat: The wheat market opened 1/2 higher to 1/4 lower, and the market was so dull that prices remained within this range until the close. There was no export business or any buying outside of a little spreading, but at the same time there was no selling, offerings being extremely light. Buenos Ayres, open to-day after the holiday yesterday, closed 1/2 cent lower. Liverpool was steady. The usual Saturday dullness prevailed in the export wheat market, and nothing of any consequence was sold overnight. In the local cash market there is a demand for all offerings which are very light. Spreads were unchanged.

Country markets continue large and are still running above last year. Stocks in Canada are very heavy, but they are being strongly held in anticipation of a broader demand later in the season. The wheat market to-day was the quietest in months and absolutely without feature.

Winnipeg futures closed 1/4 to 1/2 lower.
Coarse grains—These markets were easier, oats closing 1/4 to 1/2 lower and barley 1/4 lower. Trade to-day was small. There is a good demand for all grades of oats for domestic use, and all grades of barley are going for export. Rye was steady but very dull. The flax market displayed a firmer tone and feeling toward this market is a little more friendly, but crushing demand is very moderate. Closing figures were 1 cent to 1/2 higher.

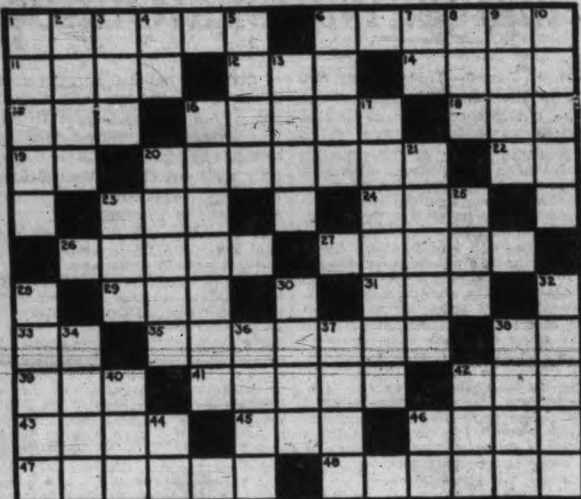
Chicago, Jan. 7.—Our market was heavy and extremely dull, although the tone was firm throughout. Bulk of the trade was local. There was selling at times by houses with western connections. No export business of consequence was disclosed and seaboard reported bids at about one cent out of line. The principal markets continue to rule steady. Week-end statistics may give color to price movements Monday.

Corn—Corn was irregular but the close was a fractional advance over yesterday's final. The cash market held firm, country selling is not increasing and Eastern demand a little better. Argentine corn market, however, the visible will probably show a fair increase Monday. Still favor a trading position.

Oats—Oats were drags, despite the moderate strength in corn and closed at a decline of a fraction. Cash demand was checked by shippers advancing their asking prices with North-western reports low. Think oats a purchase on breaks.

Liverpool due unchanged to 1/4 lower. Wheat—Open 129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-1043-1044-1045-1046-1047-1048-1049-1050-1051-1052-1053-1054-1055-1056-1057-1058-1059-1060-1061-1062-1063-1064-1065-1066-1067-1068-1069-1070-1071-1072-1073-1074-1075-1076-1077-1078-1079-1080-1081-1082-1083-1084-1085-1086-1087-1088-1089-1090-1091-1092-1093-1094-1095-1096-1097-1098-1099-1100-1101-1102-1103-1104-1105-1106-1107-1108-1109-1110-1111-1112-1113-1114-1115-1116-1117-1118-1119-1120-1121-1122-1123-1124-1125-1126-1127-1128-1129-1130-1131-1132-1133-1134-1135-1136-1137-1138-1139-1140-1141-1142-1143-1144-1145-1146-1147-1148-1149-1150-1151-1152-1153-1154-1155-1156-1157-1158-1159-1160-1161-1162-1163-1164-1165-1166-1167-1168-1169-1170-1171-1172-1173-1174-1175-1176-1177-1178-1179-1180-1181-1182-1183-1184-1185-1186-1187-1188-1189-1190-1191-1192-1193-1194-1195-1196-1197-1198-1199-1200-1201-1202-1203-1204-1205-1206-1207-1208-1209-1210-1211-1212-1213-1214-1215-1216-1217-1218-1219-1220-1221-1222-1223-1224-1225-1226-1227-1228-1229-1230-1231-1232-1233-1234-1235-1236-1237-1238-1239-1240-1241-1242-1243-1244-1245-1246-1247-1248-1249-1250-1251-1252-1253-1254-1255-1256-1257-1258-1259-1260-1261-1262-1263-1264-1265-1266-1267-1268-1269-1270-1271-1272-1273-1274-1275-1276-1277-1278-1279-1280-1281-1282-1283-1284-1285-1286-1287-1288-1289-1290-1291-1292-1293-1294-1295-1296-1297-1298-1299-1300-1301-1302-1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303-2304-2305-2306-2307-2308-2309-2310-2311-2312-2313-2314-2315-2316-2317-2318-2319-2320-2321-2322-2323-2324-2325-2326-2327-2328-2329-2330-2331-2332-2333-2334-2335-2336-2337-2338-2339-2340-2341-2342-2343-2344-2345-2346-2347-2348-2349-2350-2351-2352-2353-2354-2355-2356-2357-2358-2359-2360-2361-2362-2363-2364-2365-2366-2367-2368-2369-2370-2371-2372-2373-2374-2375-2376-2377-2378-2379-2380-2381-2382-2383-2384-2385-2386-2387-2388-2389-2390-2391-2392-2393-2394-2395-2396-2397-2398-2399-2400-2401-2402-2403-2404-2405-2406-2407-2408-2409-2410-2411-2412-2413-2414-2415-2416-2417-2418-2419-2420-2421-2422-2423-2424-2425-2426-2427-2428-2429-2430-2431-2432-2433-2434-2435-2436-2437-2438-2439-2440-2441-2442-2443-2444-2445-2446-2447-2448-2449-2450-2451-2452-2453-2454-2455-2456-2457-2458-2459-2460-2461-2462-2463-2464-2465-2466-2467-2468-2469-2470-2471-2472-2473-2474-2475-2476-2477-2478-2479-2480-2481-2482-2483-2484-2485-2486-2487-2488-2489-2490-2491-2492-2493-2494-2495-2496-2497-2498-2499-2500-2501-2502-2503-2504-2505-2506-2507-2508-2509-2510-2511-2512-2513-2514-2515-2516-2517-2518-2519-2520-2521-2522-2523-2524-2525-2526-2527-2528-2529-2530-2531-2532-2533-2534-2535-2536-2537-2538-2539-2540-2541-2542-2543-2544-2545-2546-2547-2548-2549-2550-2551-2552-2553-2554-2555-2556-2557-2558-2559-2560-2561-2562-2563-2564-2565-2566-2567-2568-2569-2570-2571-2572-2573-2574-2575-2576-2577-2578-2579-2580-2581-2582-2583-2584-2585-2586-2587-2588-2589-2590-2591-2592-2593-2594-2595-2596-2597-2598-2599-2600-2601-260

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1. In what sport is Helen Wills a star performer?
2. Bobby Jones is at the present time ranked as the world's greatest what?
3. Hodepodee.
4. Native metal.
5. Pertaining to air.
6. Venomous snake.
7. Quiet and inconspicuous.
8. To bow.
9. Point of compass.
10. Student who in absence of the teacher keeps track of the class.
11. Used instead of "it".
12. Of what organ in the human body is the auricle a part?
13. Period.
14. Iniquity.
15. Killed.
16. Stir.
17. Before.
18. Above.

POSTAL PLANTS
EVERY PAIN RE
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SLED THREE EN
ACOR TRIPLANE
BAT LOOP LUTE
EL DEST METER
TENETS ERRORS

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

35. Those who shoot at detached men of an enemy's force.
 36. Behold.
 37. To wander idly about.
 38. Fluid in a tree.
 39. Tiny particle.
 40. Unit of energy.
 41. To hop.
 42. In what city was a famous cathedral partly destroyed during the World War?
 43. To lure.
- VERTICAL
1. To brown over a fire.
 2. Otherwise.
 3. Frost bite.
 4. Negative.
 5. Early.
 6. What theatrical producer brought Eleanor Duse over to America for her last tour?
 7. Sixth note in scale.
 8. Moor.
 9. Who is the god of love in the Greek myths?
 10. What sculptor originated the statue, "The Thinker"?
 11. Destruction.
 12. What people built Salt Lake City?
 13. Warblers.
 14. Orla.
 15. Below.
 16. To bind.
 17. What is made from maple sap?
 18. To soad.
 19. Who is a long recognized champion of billiards?
 20. Footway.
 21. Frodo.
 22. Border.
 23. Secular.
 24. The female of the fallow deer.
 25. Type of a snowshoe.
 26. Third in scale.
 27. Abbreviation for street.

door is open wide. I'll let you Times go inside. If you have never been underground, you have a lot to learn." Wee Coppy took the key in hand because he seemed to understand just how to work it in the cool. Then came a happy sigh! The door swung open. Scouty cried, "We're ready now to go inside." And so the Times gathered 'round, and bid Jack Frost good-bye.

(The Timesites explore the underground passage in the next story.)

Monday's Horoscope

MONDAY, JANUARY 8, 1928

Again threatening aspects are read in the skies by astrologers, who warn inhabitants of earth to be wise in all their human relations.

Many distorted ideas will be entertained by people who think super-

cially, for there is likely to be interest in radical theories under this government of the stars.

The seers point out that the new generation just maturing belongs to an era of globe-enriching achievements which is out of harmony with old-time ideas, because the young belong to a higher plane and are subject to new forces.

Conflict between those accustomed to think locally and provincially and

those who think in terms of the universe is inevitable, it is pointed out. Practical and material ambitions are well directed under this rule, which encourages dealings in real estate and return to the land.

In the new year the forces of nature probably will be hostile to many things that concern humanity, for fire, floods, earthquakes and cyclones will be more widespread even than they have been in the past.

Although the stars seem to presage a

feeling of unrest and uncertainty, because of the national political campaign, business will be slightly affected, it is foretold.

Art is to flourish in 1928, when it will be applied more generally than ever before to common, useful things.

Taxation becomes a more urgent problem for legislators to solve, and Parliament is to have many heated word battles, the stars indicate.

Politics will arouse criticism to future agitation in the coming year, when

women will initiate reform movements. Increase in pleasure-seeking at a time when there is much suffering from poverty in the cities will be marked, astrologers declare.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a fairly fortunate year, but they should avoid all forms of speculation.

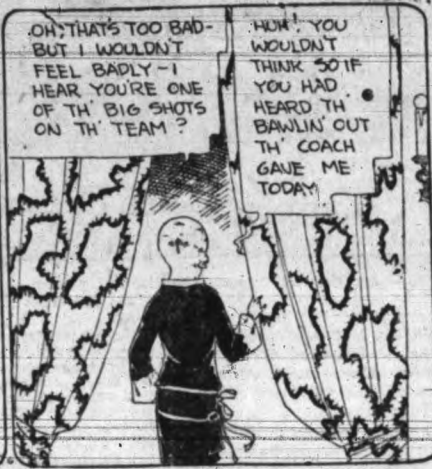
Children born on this day probably will be honest, industrious and ambitious. Real estate, forestry and horticulture should be lucky.

ELLA CINDERS—Who Is This Man?



—By BILL CONSELMAN and CHARLIE PLUMZ

ROOTS AND HER BUDDIES—Horace Is Learning Fast



—By MARTIN

THE TINYMITES

STORY BY HAL COCHRAN - PICTURES BY KNICK



(READ THE STORY, THEN COLOR THE PICTURE)

The doorway to the underground which, in the snow, had now been found was closed, of course, and Coppy said, "How can we make it swing?" Jack Frost replied, "That's up to you. The thing that you will have to do is keep on shoveling snow away until you've cleared the thing."

"Oh, my," wailed Clowzy. "This is tough. I think I've shoveled quite enough. In fact my arms are very tired. I really need a rest." Then, as he sat down in the snow, Jack Frost looked up and said, "I know just what it is that ails you. You're too weak to stand the test."

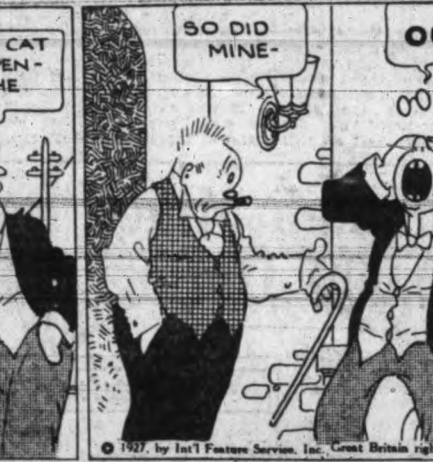
It seemed this hurt wee Clowzy's pride. He jumped right up and loudly cried, "Oh, no, I'm not. I'm good and strong. Just watch me for awhile." And as the minutes drifted past, he worked real hard and shoveled fast.

LITTLE JOE



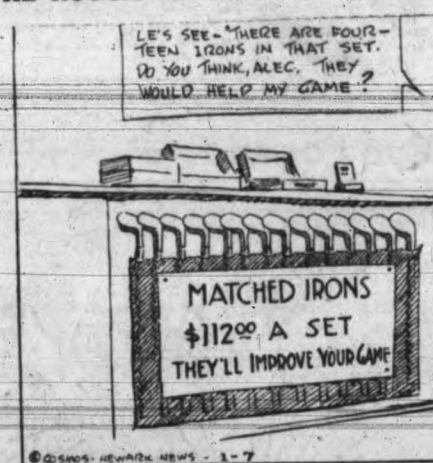
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BRINGING UP FATHER



—By GEORGE McMANUS

IN THE ROUGH—It's the Thrust That Hurts



—By HOWARD FREEMAN

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Horns in on Jeff's Former Sweetie



(Copyright, 1927, by H. G. Fisher, Trade Mark Reg. in Canada)

SCHOOL DAYS

—By DWIG



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By AHERN



OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



THE STRANGE COUNTESS

By EDGAR WALLACE

Author of "The Missing Millions," "The Hairy Arm," "The Sinister Man," Etc.

"Are you going to put me there?" she asked, her courage almost failing her.

"You? My dear, you're the last person in the world I should put there." Again the hateful encouragement of his caressing hand. "Go ahead, your own handsome apartment is ready for you."

He took up the lamp that was waiting in the passage and showed her to the landing. Glancing at the room opposite, she saw that a new staple had been fixed in the doorway and guessed that the other woman was now her neighbor. Tappatt followed the direction of her eyes.

"You'll have company," he said. "The old home is filling up rapidly. All you require in any mental establishment is a start. Satisfied clients are the best advertisement."

"Where is Mr. Dorn?" she asked as he was leaving the room.

"He has gone back to London with a flea in his ear. That fellow won't bother me again in a hurry."

"Do you ever speak the truth?"

"For some reason the question infuriated him and his manner changed in an instant."

"I'll tell you the truth one of these days, my young lady, and it won't be pleasant to hear," he stormed.

With that he slammed the door and turned the key on her.

Earlier that day somebody else had asked for the truth. As a rule, Mr. Chesney Praye had little use for that quality, but as he explained to the Countess over her protracted meal, he wanted to know "exactly where he was." He knew a lot more than she guessed, for he was a keen man with an instinct for hidden facts. He was a professional opportunist, as she was to learn.

"You're going to marry me, Leonora, as soon as this business is cleared up. But before we go any further, I want all your cards on the table. And first I want to know what you are doing. Blind obedience is all right in a soldier, but I'm not a soldier. I've made my hands pretty badly over this business and I can see myself getting five years' imprisonment if Dora gets on to my trail. But there is a lot that you haven't told me and I'd rather like to know where I stand."

The Countess took the cigarette from her mouth, blew a cloud of smoke, following it with her eyes until it disappeared, and then, slowly extinguishing the cigarette in the ash-tray, she made her revelation and Mr. Chesney Praye listened without interruption for half an hour. All that he heard he sorted for his own advantage.

She paused only once, and that was when she saw her son, piloting the girl into the palm court.

"Never mind about her," said Chesney impatiently. "What happened after?"

The Countess told him, concealing nothing, and when she had finished, he sat back in his chair, hot and limp.

"My God!" he breathed. "You're wonderful! And that the 'why' of Galloway Farm, eh? I confess I was puzzled."

"That is the why of Galloway Farm," said Lady Moran, lighting another cigarette.

Chesney Praye left the hotel alone; the Countess was going down to her place in the country, and when she invited him to accompany her, he had invented an appointment on the spur of the moment, for Chesney was a quick thinker, and on the occasion of which Michael Dorn never grew weary of reminding him, he owed his immunity from arrest to this quality.

He glanced up at the street-clock. There was time to carry out one essential of his scheme, and if his plan was not entirely worked out when he picked up a taxi, it was complete in all details when he reached St. Paul's Churchyard.

From the top of a plebeian bus Lord Moran and his companion saw the cab flash past.

"My stepfather!" groaned the lordship. "You wouldn't think a horrible, common boulder like that would attract a woman like her ladyship, Elizabeth?"

But Lizzy pressed her lips tightly together and expressed no opinion.

Other than the noncommittal one that "likes attract likes," which may or may not have been as complimentary as she intended.

There was no telegram for her in Charlotte Street when they arrived. "And there won't be," said Lord Moran with satisfaction. "I'll bet you doctor has got away with it. He's had his skinny legs under my mahogany, and whatever you may say about me, I'm a judge of character."

"I think you're clever," admitted Lizzy. "And I've always said so. What is your mother going to say about going to lunch at that posh restaurant?"

Lord Moran expressed his complete indifference.

"From to-day I am on my own. I won't start too soon," he said. "The ladyship doesn't mind being seen in public with that perfectly impossible Chesney Praye—the bird of prey, as some of the ladies call him—? He waited for me about half as fast as he had planned. It is believed that this was due to his interest in various observations being made, particularly tests of radio."

This belief is supported by Capt. Gray's log, found intact in the basket of the balloon, the larger part of which was devoted to entries dealing with his radio observations.

TESTED ON OTHER FLIGHTS

As on his previous altitude flights, Capt. Gray's balloon had been equipped by A. Atwater Kent with a radio receiving set for testing conditions of reception at high altitudes. Following the former flight on which, oddly enough, his barograph recorded exactly the same altitude as that on the tragic flight of November 4, Capt. Gray wrote to Kent:

"I am happy to inform you that the set supplied by you has been to a greater height than any other in the world. In spite of the hard knocks the set received, it functioned perfectly. Reception was excellent at 42,470 feet. Static, which I am informed interfered with sets on the ground, was entirely absent in the air."

Since both the flights of May 4 and November 4 ended at a height of 42,470 feet—fact that officials regard as something more than a coincidence—it is suggested that that height may be the absolute ceiling for air craft.

EXCERPTS FROM CAPT. GRAY'S LOG SHOW HOW KEENLY INTERESTED HE WAS IN RADIO RECEPTION. THE MORE SIGNIFICANT ITEMS ARE:

"KMOX Kashmiri 27-37 Sympathy 2 bags and A C 300 to 500."

"KED symptoms of rickets 91 over Okaw east of Massachusetts."

"KMOX Markite—228 clock in Bar 14 stopped 1,500 left glass foggy, 2.50 pm red schoolhouse 4V Gogi partly clear 16,500."

"23,000—210—snow (gloves) -3 degrees. KMOX Thinking of you."

"WHO Sunset by Ole Gleason—313-24,000 snow."

"WLW-Chicago—Just another day wasted away—27,000-3-15, -35 F."

"44—Sta telling about dying and gliding leaves. 29,000 -29. 317."

"37-WLS Chi. Cowhide. 317 Fied Piper tune. 30,000-Ice Sun clock frozen -35."

"34,000—eyl off, broke antenna no more music. -40. Too much heat. 2V 34,000 -33 getting warmer."

"39,000 feet vacuum in mouth, -28."

"Sky ordinary deep blue sun very bright and all gone. 40,000."

What that entry the log ends. What happened then is supplied by the story of the barograph as interpreted by the scientists who studied its record.

"The barograph records show," the official report states, "that he used about two tanks of oxygen in going 40,000 feet. He leveled off, as originally intended, at 42,000 feet for fifteen minutes, to find the effects of the altitude."

He cut loose his radio storage battery and parachuted it at 42,000 feet, which gave him the higher noted official altitude. He valved shortly after this and reached the altitude of probably 30,000 feet on the descent at the time his oxygen supply ran out.

"Death was due to lack of oxygen in the tissues of the body. Twenty-five minutes more oxygen supply would have brought him down safely."

Dodge Bros. Weekly Programme Broadcast From 9 to 9.30

Dodge Bros. weekly radio programme will be broadcast every Thursday evening from 9 to 9.30, Pacific Time, over the Pacific Coast Network of the National Broadcasting Company.

GRAY'S DEATH IN ASCENT AScribed TO "FAN" INTEREST

Washington, Jan. 7.—Captain Hawthorne G. Gray sacrificed his life in an attempt to further knowledge of radio reception at high altitudes, in the opinion of army officers at Scott Field, Belleville, Ill., who constituted the board of inquiry which investigated his death while on his record-breaking balloon flight November 4.

Capt. Gray was found dead in the basket of his balloon when it landed near Sparta, Tenn. His barograph, calibrated at the Bureau of Standards, showed he had reached an altitude of 42,470 feet.

"Study of the barograph record," the report states, "shows that the rate of ascent between 12,000 and 40,000 feet was about half as fast as he had planned. It is believed that this was due to his interest in various observations being made, particularly tests of radio."

This belief is supported by Capt. Gray's log, found intact in the basket of the balloon, the larger part of which was devoted to entries dealing with his radio observations.

ON THE AIR

SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1928

CFCT (475.5) Victoria, B.C.
6.30 p.m.—What's doing in town.
7.10 p.m.—New York stock quotations from the B.C. Bond Corporation; weather reports and forecast.
7.28 p.m.—McClure Observatory time signal; West Coast information service and news broadcast.
National Broadcasting Company
8.9 p.m.—R.C.A. hour.
9.10 p.m.—Philo hour.
10.12 p.m.—Saturday dance period.
KFMI (267.7) San Francisco
5.30 p.m.—Brunswick concert.
6.7 p.m.—Dinner hour programme.
8.9 p.m.—Ozzy Trio.
9.10 p.m.—Dance music.
10.10 p.m.—Police reports.
10.12-12.30 p.m.—Surprise reception.
KFLA (535) Los Angeles
4.30-5 p.m.—The Air Castle.
5.4 p.m.—Educational programme.
7.8 p.m.—Sunshine frolic.
8.9 p.m.—Strut quartette.
9.10 p.m.—Dance music.
10.11 p.m.—Palate de Dance.
KJLH (270.3) Spokane, Wash.
7.30 p.m.—Educational programme.
8.15-9 p.m.—Concert orchestra.
9.15-10 p.m.—Daily travelogue.
10.10 p.m.—N.B.C. programme.
10.12 p.m.—Dance music.
12 p.m.—Clubs.
KJLH (24.6) Seattle, Wash.
5.30 p.m.—Junior hour.
5.30-5.45 p.m.—Studio programme.
6.30-7 p.m.—Sports, news items.
7.30-7.45 p.m.—Dinner hour concert.
8.9 p.m.—Vodvil programme.
9.10 p.m.—Dance orchestra.
KJLH (24.6) San Francisco, Cal.
5.30-6 p.m.—Mac and his gang.
6.30-7 p.m.—Mac and his gang.
7.30-8 p.m.—Mac and his gang.
8.9 p.m.—Studio programme.
9.10 p.m.—Dance orchestra of the Balconette Ballroom.
10.11 p.m.—Dance orchestra.
11.12 p.m.—Dance orchestra.
KJLH (24.6) Portland, Ore.
5 p.m.—Chit Mittenford.
5.30 p.m.—Chit Mittenford.
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11.30 p.m.—Chit Mittenford.

FEDERAL COMMISSION MAY FACE OPPOSITION OF STRONG RADIO BLOC IN CONGRESS

Washington, Jan. 3.—The present "farm bloc" in congress may have a running mate in a "radio bloc," if the threatening voices of some representatives from the south and west are heard above the din of political wrangling.

The South has been grossly and illegally discriminated against, says Congressman Ewin L. Davis of Tennessee, and his western colleagues raise a similar protest for the West. Cries of protest have already been heard in the capitol, and the Radio Corporation of America seems to be the goat.

As one of the framers of the radio law, creating the Radio Commission, Davis' criticism has special significance and bears ominous bodings for a fight on the commission. The Tennessee representative is almost solely responsible for the division of the United States into five zones for administration of the new radio law.

"Being from the South," he emphasizes, "I made this zone one of the largest so as not to invite the criticism that I was favoring my section. Yet, both in the allocation of wavelengths and in the distribution of allowable units of power, the south has been discriminated against."

MAY PROTEST AGAINST

"There are only two 5000-watt broadcasting stations in the South and these

Radiotics By Joe King



UX-201-B
Filament
Current
.125 Amp.

Radio Insurance

GUESTS are coming! A program they want to hear! A single vacuum tube worked too long will mar the evening's pleasure.

Equip your set with new Westinghouse radiotrons. Keep one or two in reserve to insure against disappointment.

MADE IN CANADA BY
Westinghouse
PIONEERS IN RADIO TB

E. G. Prior & Co.
Limited Liability
Victoria and Vancouver, B.C.
Wholesale Distributors for B.C.

ADVERTISE IN THE TIMES

VICTORIA, B.C., SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1928

Victoria West's Wonderful Schoolmother

Romance and Adventure in Crowded Life of "Ma" Kennedy

FOR over twenty-three years Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy has been caretaker of the Victoria West school and to thousands of scholars who have passed through the school since she took over her duties she is known affectionately as "Ma Kennedy," the busy woman who keeps the school spotlessly clean and who in the cold winter mornings is early on the job to have the fires blazing and the classrooms warm by the time the young pupils arrive an hour or two later to start studies for the day.

Romance and the duties of a janitor may be considered far apart. Janitors are usually known as the ferocious individuals who can reply with enthusiasm to the story of criticism that reaches them when they are slow with the heat Monday mornings after the shut-down over Sunday. Unless they be singing janitors like the harmony twins who take care of The Times Building, they are often unknown to the occupants of the building they take care of. There are exceptions to every rule and this applies to Mrs. Kennedy.

CROWDED WITH ADVENTURE

Before she took over her duties as caretaker of the Victoria West school her life was crowded with adventures which, if she began to tell in detail, would thrill the scholars whose comfort she is responsible for, as much as any of the books they read. Even now she is adding chapters to her series of adventures, but the duties of the school house make those adventures farther apart.

Her adventures will not cease as long as she lives, for Mrs. Kennedy is a prospector. Her duties as caretaker keep her busy, but the gold fever is in her veins, where it was planted when she was but a child, and where it will stay until she dies. She has been in on strikes. She has found gold. She knows the prospector's hopes, joys and disappointments. But, like every real sough or desert rat, she has never known despair. The Cariboo and the Leach River have called her in British Columbia and, like every prospector, she has never given up hope. In these days she cannot shake the dust of the city and work her claim, or claim, (for she has more than one staked) as she would like to do, but the Summer vacation calls her nearly every year to the land where the gold is to be found.

Like scores of other prospectors, Mrs. Kennedy mainly pins her faith on the Cariboo. The oldtimers who recall the days of the Cariboo gold rush shake their heads sadly to indicate the scorn they feel for those who have youth, yet stay away from that great gold mining district of British Columbia, where once the old-time gold mining camps flourished. Mrs. Kennedy, however, does not shake her head. She packs her kit and goes there. "Mum and Her Bottle of Gold" have become a legend of the Cariboo, and Jack Campbell, an old-time fur-trader of the Horsefly Lake, although he lays no claims to a poet's laurels, was inspired by her enthusiasm to grab his pencil and pay the following tribute to the veteran woman prospector.

"MUM'S BOTTLE OF GOLD."

The holiday season was coming
And people were packing their grips,
There were some who were going on picnics,
While others were out for long trips.

I will tell you of one who is surely a sport,
And built on the pioneer plan,
Of one who can fill up a sluice box,
And juggle a pick or a pan.

She can hustle a meal for a tourist,
She can sing you a bit of a song,
Also dance you a jig or a hornpipe
Till the days don't seem quite so long.

Now, before I go any further,
I suppose you will all want to know
The name of this pioneer lady—
The one who is heading this show.

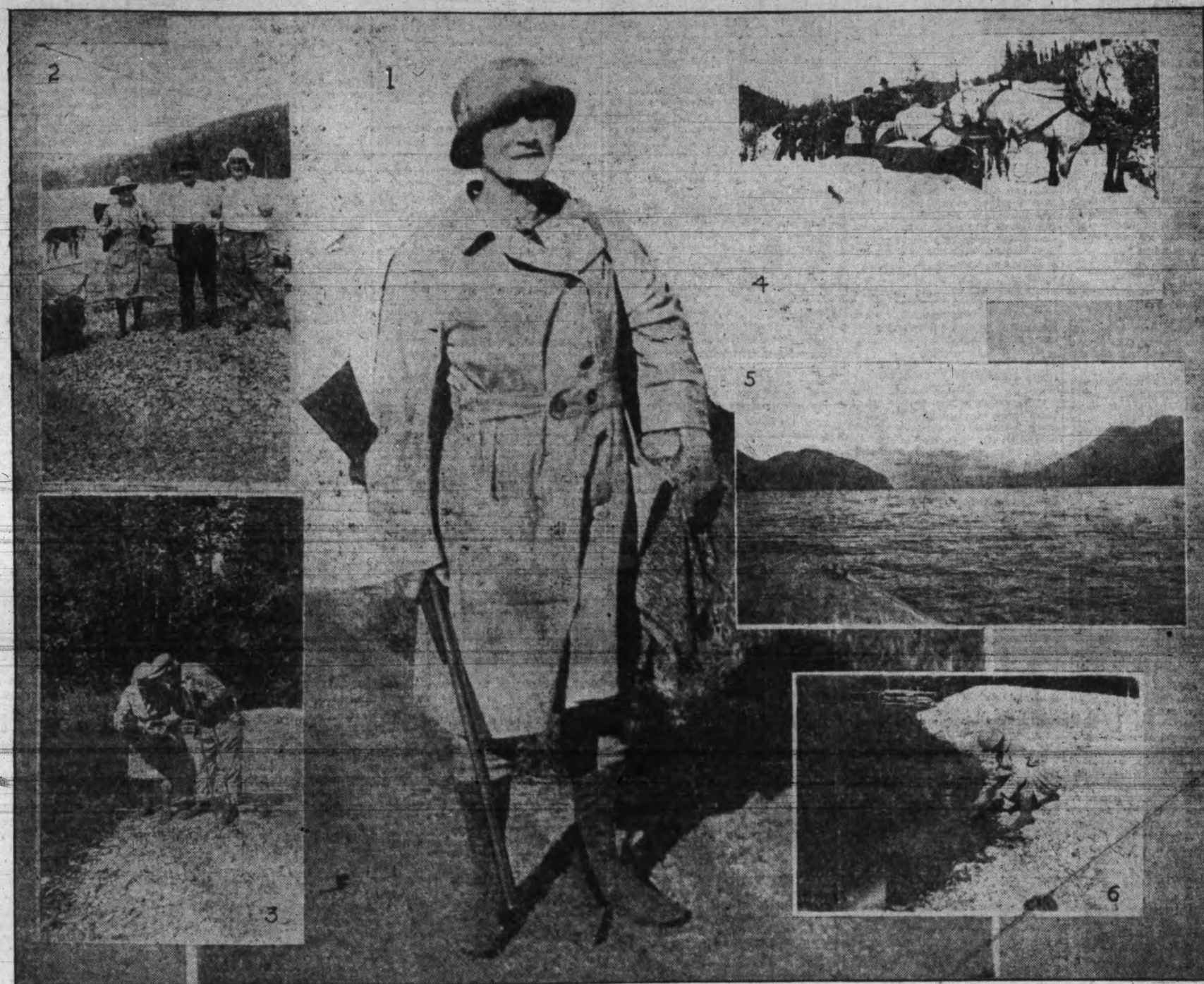
When I tell you, you'll surely all know her.
She is neither blind, deaf nor dumb.
For she's worked twenty years in a schoolhouse,
And everyone calls her "Dear Mum."

Now we all have our faults and our failings,
And more so as time makes us old,
But I think that Mum's greatest failing
Was tearing up mountains for gold!

She would mix in and dig with the miners,
Get lost in a pair of gum boots.
But the way she could handle a muck-stick
Made some hole, mid't the rocks and the roots.

She has cleaned all the rocks in the lowland
Till the water is muddy for miles,
And each night when she lays down her shovel
Her face is all covered with smiles.

She is now heading straight for the mountains,
Any place where she hears there is gold;
On her back hangs a pick, pan and shovel—
And some bacon and beans, I am told.



1, Mrs. Elizabeth "Ma" Kennedy; 2, Cedar Point at Cedar Creek; 3, "Ma" Kennedy with the Mayor of Leechtown; 4, Freighters in Cedar Creek; 5, Head of Horsefly Lake; 6, In action.

She jumps from the boat at the head of the lake,
And hits up the trail through the pass.
O'er windfalls and muskeg she mashes,
Through the moss and the tall mountain grass.

Across the divide she lands at the Forks,
Where she heard that the gold lay thick.
Her pick and her pan she chucked on the sand,
And grabbed for the old muck-stick.

Then into the stream, quite up to her knees,
With muck-stick she tickled the rocks.
She puffed and she blew, and the chicken-feed flew
As some of it cleared the tree-tops.

Old Bob sat down by the side of the stream,
And his eyes stuck out of his head,
While Mum, in the creek, sang "Old Bill Jones,"
Till Bob wished he was in bed.

When the sluice was cleaned, they all looked wise,
And wondered how much was there.
At the end of the box, with pan in hand,
Stood Mum, to get her share.

Mum shouldered her sack, her pick and pan,
She did not need a guide.
With her bottle of gold, the story is told,
She is on her way outside.

LIFE WITH THE COVERED WAGON

Mrs. Kennedy's life of adventure started long before the gold fever gripped her. Born in the United States of Old Country parents, she was but a slip of a girl over fifty years ago, when her father secured a grading contract over the Rockies for the Canadian Pacific Railway. With her mother she accompanied her father, and was the only child among the construction gang that faced the hardy task of blazing the trail through the great mountains. Her mother was the only woman. From their home they started out in covered wagons, of the kind which most people

of to-day have only seen in moving pictures or history books. A covered wagon was their home for many adventurous months.

The attitude of the Indians, whether they were supposed to be friendly or not, was always a matter of doubt at that time. Every man of the band of pioneer roadmakers was armed, but for protection only. Their business was to carve out the bed for the railroad. Often the Indians would watch them silently, thoughfully, and the little band of whites wondered what their thoughts or intentions might be. Sometimes they would make great circles around them, and there may have been reasons for the fears the white people entertained. They were, however, when attacked. When the construction camp was pitched for a day or two on a reservation, the Indians would mingle with the white people, and showed great curiosity over the tools and supplies. Presents of crackers and pork would make friends of them. Sometimes, before the construction men left a reservation, the Indians would insist upon searching the camp equipment. Frequently they would insist that the gang should not leave the reservation with one thing that they did not have when they came. Perhaps their resentment at the intrusion of the white man was behind it, for they were anxious that their reservation should not be one bit poorer by the encroachment. Even they insisted that the kindling and the wood which had been gathered for the fire which would be lit as soon as the new camp was struck, should be left on the reservation on which it had been gathered.

Mrs. Kennedy was but ten years of age at this time, but can still visualize the life of the construction camp, the hardships of pioneering over the mountains, the bitter cold, the snow and ice, and the great fires around which tired workmen gathered at the end of a long, hard day.

EVENTFUL CHAPTERS IN HER LIFE

Eventful chapters in her life, however, had

been lived even before these experiences. She had lived in the coal-mining district of the Black Hills of Wyoming when Wyoming was a far more unsettled state than it is to-day. Houses were few and far between in those days. Like most of the residents of the district then the home her family occupied was built underground, after the style of a great root house. This was mainly for protection from the bleak storms which would sweep the wild unscattered district. Coyotes were numerous and roamed at night unmolested. Frequently they would stand on the roof of one of these underground homes and disturb the occupants for hours with their doleful howls through the dead, still night.

One incident stands out vividly in Mrs. Kennedy's memory. There had been a death in the settlement. Some of the settlers had laboriously dug a grave out of the frozen earth, and in it they had placed the body. Darkness coming on, they had been unable to complete their task. Grim curiosity led the little girl to look in the direction of the grave later in the evening. From it she saw a shadowy form slowly emerge. She watched for a few horror-stricken moments. Any talk of ghosts and spectres she had ever heard, flashed through her mind. Then she saw the form speedily disappear. It was a coyote.

MET BUFFALO BILL

It was here that she met the great Buffalo Bill, the hero of scores of true stories, and the central figure of thousands of fiction stories in a class of wild Western literature, fast disappearing. Her father, who was a great hunter, took her to see the king of all United States scouts. Her father was a great hunter himself, but hunting alone in those days was dangerous, as Indians found it hard to resist seizing any effects they could secure from a lone white man. On one occasion, she recalls, her father went out hunting, and was missing for several days. Then he staggered back into camp, robbed of his rifle, his food, his horse and most of his clothing.

She was only twelve years of age when she first became infected with the gold fever. The camps of Colorado beckoned her father, and his wife and daughter went with him. He had the usual prospector's luck. Pay dust often, sometimes in quantities that covered all expenses, sometimes in quantities that promised affluence if it kept up, often on the verge of a fortune. He never made that great strike which all prospectors dream of. "That is for me to do yet," says Mrs. Kennedy.

It was thirty-seven or thirty-eight years ago that Mrs. Kennedy came to Vancouver Island. The Cariboo lured her, and once she thought fortune was within her grasp. One time her claim was close to where a big strike was made. As is so often the case, the claim near to the rich one yielded nothing. She has been there since and tried her luck with varying success, but no outstanding success. Making for Horsefly Lake, she was accompanied by her son, Jack Campbell and Bob Campbell. Taking a launch, they traveled twenty-seven miles to the head of the lake and then, with Mrs. Kennedy carrying her forty-pound pack, like any other sough, they mushed it over the pass—twenty-seven miles of hard going that few women would tackle and thousands of men would shun. They prospected for a week or two with some reward, but the big strike that she eventually believes she will make was not realized on that occasion.

CARIBOO LURES HER

She has been to the Cariboo many times since then. When schools close for the long vacation she often seizes the opportunity to throw aside the duties of caretaker and turn prospector again. It does not leave her all the time she would like, but it rests her roving spirit lured by the call of gold.

Leechtown has also called her. Like many prospectors she believes that when Leechtown blazed as a mining town and then faded out, it faded too quickly. She believes there is gold

there yet. In 1914 she put in six weeks in Leechtown and since then has made many shorter visits. Though there have been no big finds in the Leechtown district for years there is always just enough show of color to keep the fever in the blood.

Mrs. Kennedy talks interestingly of the early days of Nanaimo. The miner's love of sport is a matter of tradition, and as a girl she figured in a big sporting event that created excitement in the coal city for weeks. She had proved her ability as a runner and had frequently run a hundred yards in eleven seconds flat. With the loyalty of miners to the home champion they broadcast a challenge to any woman in the world. Eventually a reply was received. A lady, hailing from Boston, and claiming the championship of the United States, was her rival.

The little girl of Nanaimo, as she then was, was trained for weeks with the greatest of care. The crowds that watched her train were as great as some of the crowds that usually attend a sport meet. The miners were confident that their girl runner would beat anyone the United States could send. As is the way of miners, they were prepared to "talk turkey." A big purse was put up for the winner. Betting was heavy. When the Boston lady arrived with her party the miners were prepared to back their champion to the limit. The mine management declared no holiday, but all work stopped. There was hardly a resident of Nanaimo who did not turn out for the race. The suspense was great as the runners came up to the starting point. A bang of the starter's pistol and a flash of runners and the Nanaimo runner breasted the tape by a shade ahead of the Boston runner.

Although daily duties now call Mrs. Kennedy to Victoria West school her spare time sees her in the open. She is an enthusiastic hunter. She loves the woods and plunges through them in search of game as well as any man. Just now she is initiating her two grandsons into the art of hunting, from her cabin in the Highland district. The week-ends and the holidays see them tramping the woods together in all kinds of weather, and it is the young boys that are first to complain of fatigue. These young boys are no weaklings either. They are Jumbo and Albie Davies, athletes, starting in boxing and participating in many lines of sport.

The youngsters could not find a better tutor from whom to gather their experience, for Mrs. Kennedy likes young people almost as well as they like her, for all pupils past and present of Victoria West school have a soft spot in their heart for the cheerful, jolly school caretaker who goes about her duties whistling snatches of jolly old songs they don't know and the latest songs they all know. They look upon her as among the best friends. When they leave school they write to her and when they come home successful young men and women from other towns they call and see her. The girls when they get married send her pieces of their wedding cake. The boys at school bring their mouth organs to hear her play them and to learn how to charm the same music out of them that she does. She joins her sons, daughters and grandsons and granddaughters in the family orchestra. She plays the trapdrums with the skill of a professional and some of the schoolboys who have found it out are begging lessons in that art as they do in the art of playing a mouth organ. Although she is exclaiming as a drum major of the guards when she leads the family orchestra, her heart is not in it as it is in the outdoor life. "Sports, hunting, fishing—that is the life for young people in their spare time," she says. "I like music, but the boy who can tell me with twinkling eyes, in excited words, how he has landed his first trout in a mountain stream during the vacation is the boy for me every time."

Although she has a big school to take care of, and it is often claimed that it is the cleanest in the city, she finds time for those kind of boys. When she sees the shy young lad just starting school looking longly at the baseball game and doubting his proficiency to get into the game she takes him under her wing. First thing he knows he is taking lessons in pitching. A little tuition and a word from the instructor and he is a happy, shouting baseball player instead of a timid onlooker. Then every once in a while in that public-spirited community of Victoria West there is a class play or a school play or amateur theatricals, and again they call on her help. She will instruct them in their parts when it is the school children, or if it is the adults she will take a place in the programme. Then there are the children of kindergarten age, whose paths are made smoother by her kindly ministrations. To them she is a real mother. She will see them safely to and from school, chat to them, sing to them and entertain them generally, so that from their earliest schooldays they remember the schoolmother like a ray of sunshine in their lives.

Comments On Current Literature

More Details of the Busy Diarist Who Shocked Victoria

Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, Clerk of the Privy Council in Three Reigns,
Posted Up Court Gossip and Gay and Grave Doings in the London of His Day

By PROFESSOR W. T. ALLISON

THE best time of the year to talk about diarists is on January the first or within a day or two of that auspicious date.

It would be amusing to know just how many diarists have begun this week, born of a brave resolve to post them with pious care throughout the year.

Amusing, I say, for there is nothing in this world, so precarious existence, that has such a precarious existence. The entries go on bravely for a couple of months or so and then become shorter and shorter until the diary dies with some such laconic last phrase as "Very cold to-day" or "Had my hair cut."

The fact is that few persons have the patience to record their daily doings, much less their observations on life in general and their own meditations in particular. Lack of will-power, plus intellectual indolence—these are the infirmities that convert so many diaries into wastes of blank white paper.

DIARIES BETTER THAN NOVELS

So why should we wonder at the scarcity of the diary as a form of literature? A Peeps or an Evelyn is the rarest of rare birds and therefore all the more enjoyable reading. I had never read a diary than any romance, provided the man or woman who compiled it had a zest for life and moved in an interesting environment. Arthur Ponsonby, an English M.P. who is a collector of diaries, is not far from the truth when he says that diaries are "better than novels, more accurate than histories, and even at times more dramatic than plays."

GREVILLE WROTE OF THREE MONARCHS

This marvelous picture of life in the days of George IV, William IV and Queen Victoria was the result of a New Year's resolution, for on January 2, 1835, at Burlington, he prepared to "begin the new year by keeping a regular diary." Twenty years later, also in the season of good resolutions, he started "a fresh book." Like weaker mortals, however, he had several lapses and for months at a time did not write a word. The gout was responsible for some of these lapses in the later years of his life, but for forty years, off and on, he wrote copiously. Even previous to the 1835 New Year season, when he resolved to begin "a regular diary," he had been down to "journalizing seriously," he had made various jottings, many of which are reproduced by Mr. Wilson in these volumes. Greville died in 1865, but his diary was brought to a conclusion five years earlier with a humble apology for "the smallness of its value or interest," and with the regret that he did not make better use of his opportunities while he was clerk of the Privy Council and in close touch with the court life and political and social world of his day and generation. But no reader of this amazingly intimate chronicle of events big and little and of sprightly gossip will think that the complete anecdotal Charles Cavendish Fulke Greville, nephew of the Duke of Portland and connected with many of the ruling families of England, wasted any of the time that he spent on his diary, for it lets us into the life of the first half of the nineteenth century better than a galaxy of histories could do.

KING CHARLES'S HEAD DISCOVERED

A far better idea of this storehouse of fascinating personalities, however, can be gathered from a few of the entries than from any talk that I may make about the diary. I fill up the rest of my space, therefore, with specimens of Greville's entertaining writing:

July 20, 1831: Halford has been with me this morning gossiping (which he likes); he gave me an account of his discovery of the head of Charles I in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, to which he was directed by Wood's account in the "Athenee Oxoniensis." He says that he also found the coffin of Henry VIII, but

that the air had penetrated and the body had been reduced to a skeleton. By his side was Jane Seymour's coffin untouched, and he has no doubt her body is perfect. The late King intended to have it opened, and he says he will propose it to this King. By degrees we may visit the remains of the whole line of Tudor and Stuart kings, too, and see if those famous old creatures were like their effigies. He says Charles's head was exactly as Vandike had painted him."

WHEN THE KING WAS BLOODED

At the outset of the reign of George IV there were anxieties as to the King's health. In this entry Greville writes of the favorite practice of physicians in the days of our fathers. The wonder is that the King survived not the disease, but the cure:

"February 4, 1830: The new King has been desperately ill. He had a bad cold at Brighton, for which he took eighty ounces of blood; yet he afterwards had a severe oppression, amounting almost to suffocation, on his chest. Halford was gone to Windsor, and left orders with Knighton not to bleed him. Bloomfield sent, for Tierney, who took upon himself to take fifty ounces from him. This gave him relief; he continued, however, dangerously ill, and on Wednesday he took twenty ounces more. Yesterday afternoon he was materially better for the first time. Tierney certainly saved his life, for he must have died if he had not been bled."

ONE OF WORDSWORTH'S TALKATIVE DAYS

The following pen-picture of Wordsworth reveals him in a new light; he is usually described as being solemn in manner and reticent in speech:

"February 27, 1831: I am just come home from breakfasting with Henry Taylor to meet Wordsworth: the same party as when he had Southey—Mr. Elliot, Charles Villiers. Wordsworth may be boring on sixty, but he is a good deal more interesting than he seems. He is a little toothy and a few scattered grey hairs, but nevertheless not a disagreeable countenance, and very cheerful, merry, courteous and talkative, much more so than I should have expected from the grave and didactic character of his writings. He held forth on poetry, painting, politics and metaphysics, and with a great deal of eloquence; he is more conversable and with a greater flow of animal spirits than Southey. He mentioned that he never wrote down as he composed, but composed walking, riding, or in bed, and wrote down after: that Southey always composes at his desk."

ROBERT PEELE IRRITATES GEORGE IV

"February 23, 1830: After dinner Lady Bathurst began talking about the King, and told me one or two anecdotes. When the account of Lord Liverpool's seizure reached the King at Brighton, Peel was in the Pavilion; the King got into one of his nervous ways, and sent for him in the middle of the night, desiring he would not dress; so he went down in his bed-suit, and by the side of the King's bed. Peel has got an awkward way of thrusting out his hands while he talks, which at length provoked the King so much that he said, 'Mr. Peel, it is no use going on so (taking him off) and thrusting out your hands, which is no answer to my question.'"

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION

"August 30, 1837: On the morning of the King's death, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham arrived at Kensington at 5 o'clock, and immediately desired to see the Queen. They were ushered into an apartment, and in a few minutes the door opened and she came in wrapped in a dressing gown and with slippers on her naked feet. Conyngham in a few words told her their errand, and as soon as he uttered the words 'Your Majesty,' she instantly put out her hand to him, intimating that he was to kiss hands before he proceeded. He dropped on one knee, kissed her hand, and then went on to tell her of the late King's death. She presented her hand to the Archbishop, who likewise kissed it, and when he had done so, addressed to her a sort of pastoral charge, which she received graciously and then retired."

AT FIRST THOUGHT MACAULAY DULL

The first time Greville met Macaulay was at Lord Holland's dinner table on February 6, 1832. He noticed a stranger opposite him, "a common-looking man in black." From remarks this person made Greville thought him "a dull fellow." "Having thus settled my opinion," he says, "I went on eating my dinner, when Auckland, who was sitting opposite to me, addressed my neighbor, 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' I thought I should have dropped off my chair. It was Macaulay, the man I had been so long most curious to see and to hear, whose genius, eloquence, astonishing knowledge, and diversified talents have excited my wonder and admiration for such a length of time, and here I had

been sitting next to him, hearing him talk, and setting him down for a dull fellow." In another entry on Macaulay, Greville shows that he became accustomed to the famous writer's vast information and unflagging flow of talk, for under the date of November 13, 1833, he writes: "On Sunday dined with Rogers, Moore, Sydney Smith and Macaulay. Sydney less vivacious than usual, and somewhat overpowered and talked down by what Moore called the 'flumen sermone' of Macaulay. Sydney calls Macaulay 'a book in breeches.' I believe we would all of us have been glad to exchange some of his sense for some of Sydney Smith's nonsense. He told me that he had read Sir Charles Greville fifteen times!"

Literary Notes

"The Child is the Father of the Man," sang Wordsworth. Youth also often indicates the strength or weakness, mentally and physically, of later years. This was certainly true of Bismarck, Germany's man of iron. While at college he bulldozed his fellow students; he fought twenty-five duels in his first three terms and was only once wounded. Emil Ludwig gives us this and other interesting items of information about the youth of Bismarck in his new biography, "Bismarck: The Story of a Fighter" (Oxford Press, Toronto), which has already gone through five large editions in the United States. "Everything in the world," says Emil Ludwig, "makes him conspicuous in contrast to the ordinary students; his courage, his arrogance, his debauchery and elegance, the mingling of violence and kindness. 'Kindskopf,' 'Kassube' and 'Achilles' are his nicknames at a students' carouse; the eccentric, the Eastern and the inviolable, are one and the same in him. When in an apple-green frock with exceptionally long skirts, or in a velvet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, he displays an extraordinarily well-furnished wardrobe; instead of going about in ordinary plain and cap as was then the fashion among students, he wears a black frock coat with a high collar and a high waistcoat, and a pair of black trousers. He leaves the tavern and wanders down to the river in order to take a nocturnal swim; when he is again and again reproved for unauthorized smoking and bawling; when he dispenses the college authorities at night; he sleeps naked because linen irritates his skin; his fellow students hesitate to make fun of him, for he always challenges them when they do so, and is always victorious. He fought twenty-five duels in his first three terms, and was only once wounded. This made a great impression on his seniors, and in this way he speedily attained his end. He was feared."

Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, who paid the highest price on record, \$108,000 for a Gutenberg Bible, established another record in the book auction held at the Anderson Galleries, New York, November 25, when he paid \$14,000 for one of the six known copies of the suppressed Kipling book, "The Smith Administration." Dr. Rosenbach, who has just related his adventures as a bibliophile in "Books and Bidders," has thus paid the highest price for a Kipling item and also the highest price ever paid for the work of a living author.

William Lyon Phillips, the gentle little man to the defence of the little taste of the much maligned general public. He says: "Shakespeare was the most popular Elizabethan dramatist; Ben Jonson, the foremost present agent of his time, said that his friend, Shakespeare, had passed all the writers of Greece and Rome, and the foremost present agent of his time, said of his contemporary, Milton, Gray's 'Elegy,' Byron's 'Childe Harold,' Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' Kipling's 'Recessional' were popular two weeks after their publication, and they are popular in 1927. In the long run, the best books have had the largest sales."

Sir James Barrie did a graceful act not long since in applauding a young brother writer's first novel. He sent the following letter to Maurice Walsh, the author of a story which describes life in the Scottish Highlands: "Please let a fellow author tell you that he has been having some very happy hours over 'The Key Above the Door.' Indeed I could put it more strongly, for I lay a bed a semi-invalid, rather thrilled that such fine yarn should come out of the heather. I felt like a discoverer too, as I alighted on it by accident and without any anticipation of the treat that was in store. I am enamored of your book and stop to give you three cheers." This novel is published by W. & R. Chambers of Edinburgh.

William Prescott Bonbricht, banker, who died recently in New York, left a net estate of more than \$1,000,000. Among numerous bequests was one of \$100,000 to his "dear friend," Dr. H. R. L. Sheppard, the former vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London. Mr. Sheppard's book "The

English was partners in the partition of Arabia.

Survey Picks The Season's Best

OF the new novelists America has produced in the last few seasons we believe the most important to be Julia Peterkin, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Glenway Wescott, Thornton Wilder, Ernest Hemingway, and Marie de la Roche. "The Grandmothers" and "My Heart and Flesh" complete strongly for first place among the novels of 1927. Certainly young Wescott wrote a mighty fine story and so did Mrs. Roberts, though we cling to her first work, "The Time of Man," as being one of the contemporary classics.

The general selection seems to favor one or the other of these two books. But, with no intent to start any arguments, our taste leans toward Mrs. Peterkin's "Black April." This Southern woman started with these fine darkey stories, "Green Thunders," "Black April" is a particularly excellent novel of negro life. She can write and, one of these days, everyone will find it out.

Hemingway, perhaps, should not be listed with newcomers. He had already been known for his short stories before "Men Without Women" appeared, just as Louis Bromfield, author of

"The Good Woman," had been shouted over before. The name of Thornton Wilder is perhaps the least known in the collection of newcomers. Wilder created attention through abilities revealed in "Cabrera." This year he made a real contribution to the fiction of San Luis Rey. "We hear that in London, the ever zealous Arnold Bennett tossed his hat in the air and said something about this book being the finest in a generation, or something like that. We don't care to go quite that far. Wilder is a splendid artist of whom a great deal will be heard."

Two 1927 volumes which gave us more real enjoyment than anything from the fiction mills were "Trader Horn" and "Colonel Lawrence's Amazing Record," "Revolt in the Desert." Carl Sandburg was responsible for a collection, "The American Song," which has in it everything we like to sing. And then "George Bellows: His Lithographs" is our idea of something meriting the over-used word "magnificent." It was in a biographical sketch by Thomas Beer, who is quite our finest biographer. Out of the welter of "quick information," biography, and such, which has come in quantities hitherto unheard of, we select "Our Times," by Mark Sullivan; "Pages From My Life," by Chappin; "Henry Ward Beecher," by Paxton Hibben; "America," by Hendrik Willem Van Loon; "New York Nights," by Stephen Graham;

"That Man Heine," by Lewis Browne; "Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne," by F. J. Hudsonstone; "George Sand: The Search for Love," by Jessie Howe; and Judge Lindsey's much discussed "Companionship Marriage."

Edward J. O'Brien saves us each year the trouble of picking out the best short stories. He reads all the magazines and tells what was what in his annual "Best Short Stories of 19—."

Of interest in connection with his selections for 1927 is the inclusion of a tale, "Minstrels of the Mist," by Ben Lucien Burman.

Burman is the author of some popular newspaper serials, including "Jungle Breath" and "The Parrot Lady." His particular short story center in the telling of atmospheric tales of the Mississippi River folk.

Burman tried for two years before he could crash the magazines with writings of which he felt proud. It was almost that long after he had written it that he saw in print—in the Pictorial Review—the story O'Brien selected as one of 1927's most alluring.

Ben Burman sonally proud, it was almost that long after he had written it that he saw in print—in the Pictorial Review—the story O'Brien selected as one of 1927's most alluring.

A TRAGIC MONUMENT

In the interim had come the World War. Gertrude Bell had made her classic journey to Hayli in deep central Arabia where no European man or woman had ever been before, or since, and had returned to England. Through the first year she was occupied with hospital work, until, in 1915, she was called to Cairo, where she put all her knowledge, greater than that of any non-Arab, to the disposal of the Political Office and general headquarters in the difficult, almost superhuman task of composing the "Big Four" among themselves and lining them up on the Allied side against the Turks. But without qualms, for already in 1915, she writes her father:

"The dread difficulty is that we don't know, and I suppose can't know until the end of the war, exactly what we intend to do in this country. You are continually confronted with uncertainty. Can you persuade people to take your side when you are not sure in the end whether you'll be there to take theirs?"

"Well, she was there in the end, and she did take their side, valiantly. The armistice found her in Baghdad as Oriental secretary to Sir Percy Cox, High Commissioner. The old sheiks of the desert knew that she was their best friend next to Allah. They sent her gazelles and came in to Baghdad at her feet, while she wrote to her father. "The great love of the people is that I do love the people so much," at the same time finishing "four articles for the British press, which will run into seven," and which are "as good a plea as I can make for the Arab race, and I want people to listen."

For months, years it was work, work, work. "The truth is that one can't do without that narcotic. To be idle means having time to think, and no thoughts are bearable."

After the armistice she writes "a very long letter to Lord Robert Cecil," an "exhaustive criticism of the dealing of the conference with Western Asia." This letter was not included, but later Lord Robert "cast up against me my love for the horrible Easterns."

In the Spring of 1920, "we're on the edge of a pretty considerable Arab nationalist demonstration with which I'm a good deal in sympathy. The extremists are out for independence without a mandate."

I do not mean to build up an impression of these isolated quotations that Gertrude Bell, blinded by pure idealistic sentiment, was inimical to her own chief or saw in him an oppressor of the Arabs, or that she was ever, at any given time, with things out and leave them to work out their own destruction or salvation. She hoped and worked, rather, to bring forth the ultimate freedom, expediently and rationally, out of the distressing tangle.

And then what happened Gertrude Bell is not permitted to tell. Instead, wholly out of place in such a context, there are sixty solid pages of discreet political advice by Sir Percy Cox and Sir Henry Dobbs, purporting to tell her the dream of Arab freedom died, and in 1926 Gertrude Bell died too. Until the last she was loyal secretary to the High Commissioner, and loyal, too, to the Arabs whom she loved.

When she died, Hajj Najj wrote, and there are tears in it: "It was my faith always to send Miss Bell the first of my fruits and vegetables, and I know not now where I shall send them."

The brass plaque in Baghdad reads: "Gertrude Bell, whose memory the Arabs will ever hold in reverence and affection."

In the notification of her death, Sir Henry Dobbs wrote, and it had a meaning for the Arabs far beyond all that he meant in fine British sincerity and gratitude, "her friends are left desolate."

A great book, but an even greater woman.

By Prof. W. T. Allison
and Other Authorities

MAUROIS' "DISRAELI" IS DELIGHTFUL PICTURE OF THE VICTORIAN AGE

Reuter's Special to the Victoria Times: LONDON, (By Mail).—M. Maurois's "Disraeli," taught his readers what to expect from his pen, and Disraeli is an excellent subject for his grace of thought and phrase. But in Disraeli M. Maurois has not attempted to write a life.

He calls his book "A Picture of the Victorian Age," and that indeed is the canvas which he paints—in the foreground, a central figure, stands Disraeli. Of the great Tory statesman he makes a delightful theme. He plays on the surface of the politics of the day, Disraeli's character, his temperance, his tenderness, his amazing loyalty to his wife, to whom, on the eve of his accession to the premiership he said, "My dear, you are more of a mistress to me than a wife," (she was then seventy-seven) are perfectly designated and charmingly treated. Can anybody read Disraeli's letter to the Queen describing a new Chancellor of the Exchequer without pleasure?

"Mr. Disraeli ought to observe to her Majesty that Mr. Ward Hunt's appearance is rather remarkable, but is more than six feet four inches in stature, but does not look so tall from his proportionate breadth; like St. Peter's at Rome, no one is aware at first of his dimensions. But he has the sagacity of the elephant as well as its form." With Disraeli's attitude towards Gladstone M. Maurois sympathizes at the same time he weighs the scales with care. Each misread the other.

"Gladstone accepted as true all the cynical professions of faith which Disraeli made as a challenge; Disraeli put down as hypocritical the phrases by which Gladstone duped himself in all good faith. . . . Disraeli had the name of being frivolous, but was tactful in society; Gladstone, who was supposed to be grave, was so charming in company that he was able to go on hating him, one would avoid meeting him. . . . And finally, Disraeli would have been much surprised if he had known that Mr. Gladstone and his wife, when they had reason to be particularly merry would stand in front of the fire, clasped together, and swaying as they sang:

"A ragamuffin husband and a ranting wife,
We'll fiddle it and scrape it through the ups and downs of life!"

SOME UNCANNY STORIES

The avoidance of detail—which is always bound to be unsatisfactory to a mind attuned to mystery—is the first secret of a good ghost story. That is why Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw"—a most powerful and sinister tale—remains a model of that kind of work. Montagu James' "Ghost Stories of an Antiquary," brilliant as they are, are apt to be too concrete, and concrete details inevitably dissipate the terror. The point of the story is the terror, the thing which leaves every reader to the imagination and so has thing to the imagination in his masterpiece, "The Great God Pan," and, in a lesser degree in the volume "Dreads and Drolls," which appeared about this time last year.

The ghosts in Lady Cynthia Asquith's "Selected New Stories of the Uncanny," also published last Christmas, were not ghosts in the generally accepted sense of the word, and her new collection, "The Black Cap," does not indeed purport to tell us of ghosts at all, but of their immediate fore-runners—Murders. Judging by the mental disfigurement they produce in the reader these gruesome tales are eminently successful. They include Barrie's brilliant account, "The Macabre," "What We Join the Ladies," and a diabolically clever picture, entitled "Telling," by Marjorie Bowen, of a man who failed in everything but at last succeeded in committing a murder.

The wrapper of "The Ghost Train" by Ruth Alexander and Arthur Ridley, assures us that it is even more thrilling than the play, and although rare, that theatre-goers will probably receive the statement with open incredulity, they will be forced to admit that the melodrama in book form is a convincing piece of work. Murders and mysteries of the kind that thrilled the young ladies of Jane Austen's day are to be found in "Horrid Mysteries," translated so long ago as 1787 from the German original, and now reissued. Montague Summers, in his admirable preface, tells us that crime and mystery were then, as always, popular subjects for fiction, but that people were beginning to want their murders sugar-coated. An assassin in a velvet coat and lace ruffles made more pleasant reading than the ordinary "Bill Sykes" type of footpad who generally commits murders of an atmosphere of romance staged against a background of gloomy turrets and howling winds was agreeable. "The Horrid Mysteries" is a most "horrid" book in the most romantic sense of the word.

SNOBISH RECOLLECTIONS

A little mystery about the authorship is certain to enhance interest in a book, and if a piece of fiction can be so rendered as to make plausible a probable fact, it is not fiction, but history, so much the better for all concerned. When Miss Magdalen

King-Hall published, some two years ago, her "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion," she did so under the pseudonym of Clove Knox, and a great many people, including a distinguished legal luminary, were led to believe that the volume contained the authentic jottings of a young lady of a bygone century. The bubble evaporated in a frosty air of criticism, but the book was still popular for it contained much diverting and lively reading. And it is but right to say that Miss King-Hall's second book, "I think I Remember: The Random Recollections of Sir Wickham Woolcomb, an Ordinary English Snob and Gentleman," has also its amusing passages. Whether writing of court functions, or regimental joys, of distasteful incidents of the modern young people, or merely of himself, Sir Wickham manages to be consistently egotistical and consistently foolish. Almost any example of his fatuous complacency will serve:

"But another old pal of mine, 'Butter' Huddle, was a type of English sportsman and gentleman that, alas! is nearly extinct nowadays. He was a man if ever there was one! He was a confirmed drunkard, and one of the cheeriest chaps at a dinner-party that I ever had the good fortune to meet. He married Lord Peebles's daughter, and gave the good lady considerable umbrage by going up in a balloon directly after the wedding. The poor old 'Butter' never seemed able to regain his lady's good feeling after this, and later was obliged to run off with his wife's sister and generally come to awful grief. At least I think so, though to be sure, my memory is not what it was, and it may have been a gaily girl. . . . Anyway, dear old 'Butter' is still with us, as hale and hearty as ever, and I hope if he reads these lines that he'll kindly write and tell me if I've got the facts correct."

But a diet of fatuousness needs spice to help it down, and even though they range over a wide variety of subjects, the reminiscences of Sir Wickham Woolcomb are strongly marked by the quality of insipidity.

BOOKS AND WRITERS

No eminent Victorian has, I think, been more fully written-up during the last few years than Benjamin Disraeli. Some time ago, years ago, we had E. T. Raymond's "An Alien Patriot," followed by Sir Edward Clarke's full-dress "Disraeli." The present year has seen Mr. Murray's carefully considered study and, at its close, we have M. Andre Maurois' "Disraeli," of which a slight sketch is given above. The popular interest in Lord Beaconsfield's life and personality has, naturally, been extended to his works, and more than one new edition is now on the market.

The best of these is the Bradenham Disraeli, to which has recently been added "Lothair," Philip Guedalla writes a preface to say:

"An unknown boy," he says, "wrote 'Vivian Grey' and 'Sybil' to 'gratify Young England,' and completed the trilogy with 'Tancred.' But the author of 'Lothair'—more than twenty years later, was an 'ex-premier' of states with 'gout.'"

And Mr. Guedalla adds, "Few novelists are capable of twenty years' novels, but perhaps the literary silences of 'Disraeli' helped to the permanence of the novels he did write."

That permanence, however, is undoubtedly due in a measure to the permanence of Disraeli's personality, but that the books themselves contain some element which is sure proof against oblivion is amply witnessed by the notable demand of them today.

With the Spring will come a book from the pen of H. G. Wells, "The Way the World is Going." Mr. Wells has already written a successful history of this world, and he has sketched, in detail, in a series of fantasies, the plans for several improved worlds of his own imagination. Now, in a collection of essays and studies he asks the question, "Where is the world going?" His answer is based on contemporary evidence. The book is announced by Sir Ernest Benn, who will also publish "A Quartette of Comedies," by Mr. Wells as a companion to his recent volume of short stories.

Evelyn Nash has made a handsome contribution to the bibliography of Jane Austen, for he has just published an edition of her in a type similar to that used for the famous "Edinburgh Stevenson." This type, together with good paper and an elegant binding, provides a distinctive edition of "Jane" in five volumes at five shillings each.

In addition, each book, beginning with "Sense and Sensibility," has an introduction by John Bailey, one-time chairman of the English Association, who knows his subject well. "Fifty years ago," he writes, "she was Jane Austen. To-day she is always Jane." Mr. Bailey thinks that the extraordinary spread of her popularity would have astonished no one more than the author herself. Perhaps, but does he not suggest a reasonable explanation of her rise to fame when he adds, "She wrote her novels for the best of all reasons: the thing was in her and had to come out."

Connell Philosophizes On Lavengro, Traveling Tinker and Ulysses

By Robert Connell
Noted Island Naturalist

"THERE'S night and day, brother, both sweet things, sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things. There's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother, who would wish to die?"

So spoke Mr. Petulengro the Gipsy, and his words give the key to the book in which they occur. I seem to remember that someone has called "Lavengro" a "book of escape"; in any case, such it certainly has been and is. To more than to any book is due directly and indirectly, our love of the open places and of periodical "bolts" from conventional and custom, when our "modern conveniences" are exchanged for something like the nomadic life of our far-off ancestors, and we taste the "pleasures of the road."

What is this "Lavengro"? It is a book of life and adventures, "those adventures which upon the roads of England are generally as plentiful as blackberries in autumn." To use the words of the author. It is an autobiography in form and in spirit; the story of the contact of an imaginative man with a changing environment. The effect is as when one looks through a kaleidoscope and sees the bits of themselves in hundreds of different patterns and designs. Who shall tell where matter-of-fact truth ends and fiction begins, when men and women, adventures by day and encounters by night, wild landscapes of the west and busy city streets, are seen revolving in the mind of genius?

As we looked last week on the scenes of "The Beggar's Opera" it was difficult to realize that they once depicted on the stage the life that lay hard by the theatre. These thieves and rogues, rascally turnkeys and ladies of the town, were familiar characters of the streets outside. The piece was intended to ridicule the foreign operas fashionable at the time. Gay, in fact, in his own way was doing what Wordsworth did seventy years later when he sang of the "simple lives of the dalemen" of Cumbria. The satirist's object was different, but his mode was the same. In Boswell's "Johnson" you will find some remarks upon the "Opera" which was

"The Beggar's Opera" Recalls to Him Other Days; George Borrow, a Prophet's Child Among the Romanies; Long Melford and the Bruisers of England; Love and Respect of Horses

discussed then as now we discuss the effect on crime of a certain type of "movie." Dr. Johnson thought that no man "was ever made a rogue by being present at its presentation," but did not deny "that it might have some influence by making the character of a rogue familiar and in some degree pleasing." And Boswell quotes Gibbon as saying that "The Beggar's Opera" may have "increased the number of highwaymen, but that it has had a beneficial effect in refining that class of men, making them less ferocious, more polite, in short more like gentlemen."

All of which is ramblingly introductory to saying that in "Lavengro" we have a contemporary picture of life, in England chiefly, but with illuminating glimpses of Scotland and Ireland. It is not a reconstruction of the past such as the historical novelist gives us; it is a genuine study from life rather than a studio effect. In the preface the author says: "The scenes of action lie in the British Isles; pray be not displeased, gentle reader, if perchance you have imagined that I was about to conduct thee to distant lands, and didst promise thyself much instruction and entertainment from what I might tell thee of them. I do assure thee that thou hast no reason to be displeased, inasmuch as there are no countries in the world less known by the British than these selfsame British Islands, or where more strange things are every day occurring, whether in road or street, house or dingle."

"A PROPHET'S CHILD"
George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro," was the son of a Cornish army captain and a Norfolk farmer's daughter. She had Huguenot blood, and something of French vivacity is to be seen in the fact that she was appearing in a minor character on a country stage when her future husband first met her. George Borrow was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, and his proud boast, or at least the one next to

that of being an Englishman, was that he was a man of Norfolk, "where the people eat the best dumplings in the world and speak the purest English." He was born in 1803 in the days of the Napoleonic wars, and his early years were spent up and down the southeast counties of England as his father's regiment marched to and fro. As "the child-of-the-forest," so young George showed in his childhood the characteristics which were in after years to make him something of a man apart, whether on the road or in his books. "A lover of nooks and retired corners, I was as a child in the habit of fleeing from society, and of sitting for hours together with my head on my breast—ever conscious of a peculiar heaviness in me, and at times of a strange sensation of fear, which occasionally amounted to horror, and for which I could assign no real cause whatever. By nature slow of speech I took no pleasure in conversation."

It was in the first of the encounters he records that we find a strange old Jew using of him the title, "a prophet's child," and at a later date Jasper Petulengro the elder and his wife take him for "a goblin—a devilkin." But then that was partly at least because of the tame adder he carried. He was slow at learning, and even it would seem, at comprehension. At six he could not read imperfectly. "I loved to look upon the heavens, and to bask in the rays of the sun, or to sit beneath the hedges and listen to the chirping of the birds. I took no pleasure in books, whose use indeed I could scarcely comprehend." Then came the gift of "Robinson Crusoe." His vivid description of the event and his response is full of Borrowian spirit. In this manner he entered the paths of learning. He laid the foundations of his language knowledge in Lilly's Latin Grammar, in the acquiring of which by heart his father saw the surest guarantee of "success in life, correctness of conduct, and soundness of principles." At the High School of Edinburgh he began to construe, but what was perhaps of greater profit to the future

"Lavengro" he learned the Scottish tongue, shared in the bickers of Auld Toon and New, and "became a daring cragsman." Next he crossed to Ireland in the incessant perambulations of his father's regiment and while he learnt the Greek letters in an Irish school he also learnt the Irish Gaelic from one of his fellow-pupils, Murtagh, a farmer's son. The instruction was given in exchange for a pack of playing cards to whose use Murtagh was much addicted. The acquisition of the Irish tongue was by no means a pleasing discovery to his father who was a good Protestant and an Orange sympathizer to whom the Gaelic was "the language of Papists and rebels."

AMONG THE ROMANIES

It was among the gypsies or Romanies to which he owed his greatest interest. The title of his book, "Lavengro," is his Romany name, which means "word-fellow," from the rapidity with which he acquired the tongue of the gypsies. He was attracted to these strange folk partly by the mystery of their origin and partly by their outdoor wanderings. He gave an impetus to the study of them which is by no means exhausted. I read a short time ago a book on the American gypsies which owed its inspiration to Borrow, and one has but to recall Wait-Dutton's charming romance of the Romanies, "Aylwin," and its poetical sequel, "The Coming of Love," to see how fruitful "Lavengro" has been. Said Jasper Petulengro once: "I tell you what, brother, frequently as I have sat under the hedge in Spring or Summer time, and have heard the cuckoo, I have thought that we 'chals' and cuckoos are alike in many respects; but especially in character. Everybody speaks ill of us both, and everybody is glad to see both of us again." His first original book was about these people: "The Zingari or the Gypsies of Spain," and some of the happiest passages in "Lavengro" are those which tell of their modes of life,

their strange tongue, their views of conduct, their character, their secrets.

His relations with the Petulengro family, which included his narrow escape from death at the hands of Mrs. Herne, Jasper's mother-in-law, form one focus of his wandering experiences, but there is another, more charming still, his association with Isopel Berners in Mumpers Dingle "by the side of the Great North Road." She has been well described as "one of the great heroines of English literature," this six-foot-two girl whom he first met on the arrival of the Flaming Timman. "She was dressed in a tight bodice and a blue stuff gown; hat, bonnet or cap she had none, and her hair, which was flaxen, hung down on her shoulders unconfined." With all its queer mingling of characters and incidents, I recall nowhere in my reading a simpler, sweeter idyll than this. Without a trace of love-making their life centres round the common outdoor hearth where Isopel brings her tea-pot and cups from a little encampment and sits on her stool, while Lavengro occupies his favorite stone. Yet through the talk of the roads and the study of Armenian nouns you feel a deeper bond asserting itself. Isopel realizes it, but Lavengro, scarcely conscious of it, plays with it as a cat with a mouse, and Belle departs, never to return. With his customary simplicity and economy of words in dealing with human situations Borrow creates for a moment that same sense of tragedy we find in Thomas Hardy, as he puts the lock of her hair in the letter with which it had come and carefully stows them away, "resolved to keep both for ever."

LONG MELFORD AND THE BRUISERS OF ENGLAND

One charm of "Lavengro" is the infinite variety of its topics. Unlike the novel it has no plot to hamper it and it is as discursive as "Tristram Shandy." The hero met Isopel Berners in the company of the Flaming Timman and his wife, and scarcely had he met

that truculent personage when he became engaged in a fight which might have ended otherwise than it did but for the backing and advice of Isopel. "Long Melford" was her remedy for the violent onslaughts of Blazing Bosville, and with "Long Melford" in other words, with a right-hand blow, Lavengro sent his opponent to the ground senseless. "I believe there is not anywhere in English literature so fine a study of pugilism as in his twenty-sixth chapter. It is more; it is a eulogy of the 'Bruisers of England.'" Tom Cribb, Necker Belcher, Shelton, Randall, Ted Turner, Bulldog Hudson, Black Richmond, Purcell, Tom of Bedford. But his eulogy is also the swansong of pugilism. "Pity that ever corruption should have crept in among them." There are several accounts of fist-cliffs among the adventures, and one of the best is that in "The Romany Rye," where the bullying coachman meets his Waterloo at the hands of a "thin person of about sixty, with a white hat, rather shabby black coat, and buff-colored trousers, who held an umbrella and a small bundle in his hand." But "the hang-up coachman" found to his cost that the butt of his insolence had learned the "mobile art" under "Yod-Sergeant Broughton," the man who "first taught Englishmen to box scientifically."

According to Borrow the stage-coachman of England at that time "considered themselves mighty fine gentry of the realm . . . they were low fellows, but masters at driving." Although, as the pupil of Broughton, foretold, their vocation disappeared before the "roads of metal," a few lilliputian, humbled no doubt by their then comparative insignificance, no longer run after by lords and toadies to be untitled. In August, 1913, there appeared in The London Times a paragraph briefly telling of the death of Sam Colwell, "one of the last of the old stagecoach drivers in the West of England." Before the "iron road,"

in the days of which Borrow writes, he "drove the mailcoach between Barnstable and Ilfracombe." Then, when the railway had abolished that route, he was the "proprietor of a four-horse coach between Ilfracombe and Lynton," along the southern shore of the Bristol Channel.

THE LOVE AND RESPECT OF HORSES

By association of ideas we pass from stage coaches to horses, and while that is not the mode of passage in "Lavengro," Borrow's book is much concerned with that "noble and generous creature." Intended by the All-Wise to be the helper and friend of man." That this last was no empty phrase is evidenced by that scene in Mumpers Dingle when, in a paroxysm of the darkness and horror which at intervals came upon him from boyhood he found in his little horse his "only companion and friend in that awful solitude." "I put my hand to his mouth—he licked my hand. I flung myself down by him, and put my arms round his neck; the creature whinnied and appeared to sympathize with me. I clung to my little horse as if for safety and protection. I laid my head on his neck, and felt almost calm."

He shows us the wonderful horse-skill of the gypsies and takes us with him to Horncastle Fair, whether he goes to sell that steed which, by Petulengro's aid, he had picked up at the inn where sat "the wonder and glory of the neighborhood." His adventures on the journey are in the continuation of "Lavengro." "The Romany Rye." Included among them is that typically Borrowian one wherein he meets the man who, with infinite pains, had learnt Chinese, but who didn't know what o'clock; and that of the sleeper who had found an escape from insomnia in the reading of certain poetry or the upholder of things established. Wherever then read his pages they will feel the breath of heaven and behold the charm of common men and things,

and daffodils . . . interspersed with dialogue . . . from the mouths of peddlars and rustics . . . mostly on subjects moral or metaphysical, and couched in the most gentlemanly and unexceptionable language without the slightest mixture of vulgarity, coarseness, or plebeian grammar . . . Before I could form a very clear idea of the contents, I found myself nodding, and a surprising desire to sleep coming over me." This, of course, was the poetry of Wordsworth, which Borrow appears to have cordially disliked. But quite otherwise is the atmosphere of "Lavengro." Not the least of its attractions is that "wholesome smell of the stable, with which," as he truly says, "many of his pages are redolent." And after all it is to a lover of animals, a preferable atmosphere to that mingled one of gasoline and engine-oil which pervades a garage. Many years after the publication of the continuation of "Lavengro" Borrow got a letter from the American author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" in which Mr. Lealand speaks of the "incredible influence" of Borrow's books on him, and says that he can "never thank him sufficiently for the instructions he had given in 'The Romany Rye' as to how to take care of a horse on a thirty-mile ride."

I have tried to give some idea of the versatility of interest in "Lavengro," but the half is not told. There are a score of other episodes that crowd upon one, begging to be remembered. Of his theological and political notions I have said nothing. After all, however much one may disagree, they only add to the charm of the picture. In spite of his fulminations against Rome the sulphurous cloud has not obscured his light to members of the Roman Church, and his Scottish and Irish admirers forgive him for his genius' sake his petulance towards their peoples. His best known work, "The Bible in Spain," was the fruit of his work as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the Peninsula, and Borrowian one wherein he meets the man who, with infinite pains, had learnt Chinese, but who didn't know what o'clock; and that of the sleeper who had found an escape from insomnia in the reading of certain poetry or the upholder of things established. Wherever then read his pages they will feel the breath of heaven and behold the charm of common men and things,

Noted Psychiatrist Explains Why Youths Commit the Most Brutal Crimes

By ALLEN SUMNER

WHY do young men commit murder? Why is it that the most shocking crimes are so often committed by mere youths—young chaps who have hardly got the down off their chins?

The murder in Los Angeles of Little Marian Parker raises the question. Edward Hickman, a dapper young man of nineteen, was hunted throughout the country as the murderer. And his extreme youth has proved nearly as much of a shock to the country as the brutality of his crime.

MOST DANGEROUS TYPE

To science it is no surprise, however. For science knows that it is exactly the youth of Hickman's type—very young, very dapper, very much the "sheik" type—that is the most dangerous.

Dr. George Reeve, head of the criminal court psychiatric clinic at Cleveland, Ohio, and a nationally known psychiatrist, explains it.

"The most atrocious crimes are almost invariably committed by young people in the years of emotional instability—between adolescence and twenty-five," he says.

"Youth performs the most unthinkable crimes. When these critical years are passed, if the emotionally defective person is still alive and at large, he has generally calmed down until, if not actually normal, he is much less of a menace to society."

"Criminal types are conscious of their misadjustment to other social beings and have keen feelings of inferiority. In an attempt to save their wounds from this feeling they cultivate artificial effects of superiority, such as being

Hero, in the pictures of Edward Hickman, left, and Richard Loeb, right, you have the faces of two murderers who might be twin brothers. Both faces, according to psychiatrists, are the most frequent criminal type. Especially note the eyebrows. In each face the eyebrows are unlike, one being straighter and lower-placed than the other. This is known as a "stigmata of moral degeneracy." The sleek hair and general dapper appearance are characteristic, says science, of the defective person who seeks, by crime, to prove himself superior to his fellows.



very careful about their grooming, wearing slick clothes, vaselining their hair, manouevring their nails and so on." Hickman was what would be called a "personable young man," good company in a crowd, fairly popular and, in fact, seeming somewhat above the average youth of his age in ability and appearance.

Under strong repression "It is criminals of this very social environment who may run amuck the worst," says Dr. Reeve. "The very repressions of a high-class social group make their criminal desires accumulate all the more. If a criminal ran with a gang that indulged in offence against society he could gradually work off

this accumulated sense of repression by indulgence in minor vices.

"But if he is classed as 'a gentleman' he continues acting the part until some day the explosion comes with terrific results."

Hickman's crime is strikingly similar to the murder of young Bobby Franks by Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold in Chicago a few years ago, and between Hickman and Loeb there is also a sharp resemblance.

Both were about the same age when they committed their crimes. Each crime was startling, horrifying, and apparently senseless. Each was of the "sheik" type; and they have the same facial characteristics.

Dr. Reeve was interested in scanning photographs of the two young men.

Both are decided brunettes—big, flashing eyes, thick, black hair rising from high foreheads, prominent eyebrows, one eyebrow of which is at variance with the other; full, sensual lips and straight noses. Dr. Reeve quickly noted the variance in the eyebrows on each face.

FEATURES IMPORTANT

"A variance of one feature from a similar feature is technically known as a 'stigmata of degeneracy,'" he remarked. Then he added, with a smile: "However, one of the greatest psychiatrists I ever knew once told me that he could find on his own face every 'stigmata of degeneracy' of which the textbooks speak."

Dr. Reeve says that Hickman's milder crime of forgery, committed last Spring, may have been merely an earlier indication of his social maladjustment, and that the fiendish murder was simply a major offence developing from the same abnormality.

"The desire for revenge is rather common," he said. "But no normal person would carry it to such an extreme. Even desire for revenge on the part of an abnormal being could hardly account for the dismembering and mutilation of the child's body."

"I would be inclined, on the face of the evidence, to explain it as the work of a sadist—a person who obtains certain satisfactions in cutting and inflicting pain. The fact that the dismembered parts were so carefully wrapped might bear this out. A sadist might show a cherishing of them in such a way. Then again, merely an attempt at concealment might be the motive here."

A RELIGIOUS FANATIC

Hickman's interest in anatomy, Dr. Reeve believes, as revealed by his former cell mate, would indicate sadistic tendencies, and the frequent references in his ransom notes to "God" and "soul" and "hell" would indicate a religious fanaticism which is often found in the criminally deranged.

"By identifying themselves with Jesus Christ, who was also persecuted, defectives can explain their social maladjustment on the basis that they are misunderstood," he said.

In addition, the utter faith which Hickman's mother has in him, and her loyalty, intense even for a mother, indicate much, the psychiatrist thinks. He explains that intense mother love is lavished upon children whom even a parent recognizes as "different" and socially maladjusted.

The murder of Marian Parker was almost undoubtedly committed by a man, Dr. Reeve thinks. Few crimes of that nature are ever committed by women; partly because women haven't the necessary strength or knowledge, and partly because a woman's instincts would rebel at such a crime.



EDWARD HICKMAN IN BOYHOOD HOME—This picture, taken several years ago in Little Rock, Ark., shows Edward Hickman, alleged kidnapper-slayer, in his boyhood home. To the left is his mother, and sister Mary stands at the right. In the rear is one of his former teachers, Mrs. Mabel Bright.

Romantic Ace To Be Superseded In Aerial Warfare By Whole Squadrons Of Planes

By RODNEY DUTCHER

IN THE few short years since the war, the character of aerial warfare has been completely revamped.

The World War saw the birth and the virtual passing of the romantic ace, who operated alone in the air like the medieval knight fought before he became part of a well-drilled military unit.

In our next war, if any, instead of seeing the ace go out alone to "get his man," we will see our fighting planes operating in armadas under a commander in the air, exactly like a unit of troops on the ground or a squadron of destroyers on the sea. The lessons of the war and subsequent experiments are responsible for the change.

"Development of tactics since the war has demanded formation flying as a rule rather than the exception," says F. Trubee Davison. "From a military point of view formation flying is fundamental. In future wars, air units will

be led and fought by a commander in the air. It is also a proven fact that greater safety results to the individual flying in formation than is possible when an equal number of pilots flying at will in the same general country."

One important device remains to be perfected before the commander in the air can direct his planes as well as a commander can direct his ground troops. This involves plane-to-plane communication by radio to replace the present somewhat clumsy method of mechanical signs. Planes have had marked success in talking with the ground and vice versa, but the matter of noise has been the big obstacle in the way of good plane-to-plane radio. Air officers predict that whatever is necessary will be attained "in time for the next war," as it is only a question of mechanical progress.

There is no limit, theoretically, to the number of planes one man may command in the air during "the next war." Air fighting units are classified as flights, squadrons, groups, brigades

and divisions. One of the most striking demonstrations of group operation to date was the flight of the first pursuit group from Selfridge Field, Mich., to San Antonio. Between dawn and dusk, pursuit planes flew from the northern border of the United States and concentrated at the southern border.

Possibilities of future aerial warfare are to be seen in the fact that the new bombers fairly bristle with machine guns, one of them mounting eight, and that at least one is fitted for a 4,000-pound bomb.

The pursuit planes are the air's real fighting ships, being the fastest and the most maneuverable. They are small and light and most of them are single-seated and single-engined.

The observation planes are utility planes, designed to carry bombs, machine guns and other equipment as well as to observe. They are a compromise between the speedy light pursuit planes, and the large, slow bombers. They are used in national guard

and reserve flying with the idea that they can furnish the best all around education.

Attack planes carry machine-guns and bombs and are designed to attack ground troops.

The largest, heaviest and slowest of the fighting planes are the bombers. The new six and eight-gun planes are a vast step forward from the bombing planes used over the western front ten years ago. In those days, planes carried two machine-guns at the most, perhaps one in the front of the plane synchronized to shoot through the propeller and another in the rear cockpit.

Thus a plane was vulnerable from below or from the rear. The army's new bombers will be able to meet attack from any direction. One of the six new planes even has a machine gun way back on the fuselage. Some of them have guns on each wing to handle any attack from the rear or from below. Still another has a gun poking

down through the bottom of the plane. Each has two guns in front and others in the cockpits.

The bombers need so many more guns than the ordinary fighting plane because they are so heavy and slow. Their principal job is to bombard factory towns, supply bases, bridges or other large strategic objects of importance to the enemy. They have a cruising radius of 400 or 500 miles, and their speed is only 110 or 115 miles an hour as against 155 or 160 miles an hour for pursuit planes.

All the bombing planes are equipped with racks to handle either one or two huge bombs weighing from ten, twenty or more twenty-five-pound bombs or fewer intermediate sizes, according to the type of work required. "Development of modern bombers is our most important material problem to-day," says Davison.

Davison foresees the time when as many as 500 or 600 planes may participate in a single offensive, although expeditions of twenty or thirty ships will at first be more common.

Arizona Prospector Nears End of Trail

Denis O'Carroll, who may be the oldest miner in the world, is about to take a vacation that he doesn't want.

He will hardly admit that he is going to take it. For it is to be an enforced vacation. The muscles that have held up during fifty years or more of prospecting over Arizona's mountains are wearing out. Denis O'Carroll, who is so ancient that he has been called "Old Denis" for half a century, and who once said that he was born in 1810, has got to take it easy.

CANYON NAMED FOR HIM

In his cabin at the head of lonely O'Carroll's Canyon—yes, it was named for him, and Geological Survey maps make it official—O'Carroll sits and looks into the blue distance. He does not say much. Strange legends, vague tales that date back to the brave old days when Arizona and its prospectors were younger, cluster around him, but he will not discuss them. He will not tell, for instance, why he came out of the Flaked Plains fifty-odd years ago, and no one who knows him dares ask him about it.

Pioneer prospectors can remember seeing O'Carroll forty or fifty years ago, plodding over the mountains with his pack mule, pursuing a solitary path into remote canyons and along distant ledges. Even then he was thought an old man, with his gray hair and his weather-beaten, wrinkled skin.

If legend be true, O'Carroll "struck it rich" several times during his long career. He himself never has admitted it; but he obviously has enough cash to keep him in comfort for the rest of his days. When he dies his funds doubtless will revert to the state. For if any relatives are in existence, no one knows of them.

O'Carroll never married. "I never was the cause of sorrow to any woman," he says. "And I'm proud of it."

"But haven't you been awfully lonely?" a questioner once asked. The only answer was a sharp, burning glare from the old prospector's deep-set eyes. Of late he has found that he no longer has the physical strength for active prospecting. A few years ago he could take a sledge hammer by the end of the handle and hold it at arm's length as steadily as any stripling of twenty; but now he can't do it, and the task of digging for ore is no longer for him.

WON'T ADMIT HE'S OLD

He spends most of his time sitting at his desk looking out over the canyon that bears his name. Sometimes he pretends to be working; he will not admit, even to himself, that he is too old to be a prospector. But most of the time he seems to live in the past, watching phantom figures, long vanished, come and go down the path to his lonely cabin. So he sits—nearly always alone, for he discourages visitors—and waits for the vacation that he does not want.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

When Its Night Time In Toyland Many Things May Happen And Most Things Do

Midnight Is the Witching Hour That Sets the Toys in Motion, When Kiddies Are Asleep

Its chiming echoing the louder for the very stillness of the house, the nursery clock told the hour of midnight. Three little cots showed in the light of the waning embers of the fire, and its light played caressingly over the faces of three little heads that could be seen snuggled down in the blankets.

From the steady and quiet breathing of all three little figures it could be seen that each child was asleep. Nothing but the soft ticking of the clock and the occasional settling down of the embers in the fire now disturbed the silence of the room.

It was a cheery scene, a nursery, obviously much teased about after the gambols of the healthy young children on the day before. Toys lay strewn in almost every part of the room, where their small owners had left them when summoned to bed after a joyous day of play. Now with the soundness that comes from a happy day of play the children slept, dreaming perhaps of the treasures of new found toys.

Drums, tin soldiers, teddy bears, musical boxes, and dolls of every make and description lay in confusion on the floor. Paint boxes and books shared the depths of cozy armchairs, with a miscellaneous collection of apples, oranges, empty chocolate boxes, and other evidence of a joyous party. In one corner lay a heap of wooden painted blocks, and a model bridge set of metal rods for making bridges, cranes and whatnot.

The door, to the landing stood open, and through this space came the faint ticking of a cuckoo clock in another part of the house. No sooner had it finished calling the hour of midnight on its own behalf, than the cuckoo clock began to behave in a very irregular manner. The cuckoo flew open and out flew the little white bird in a great hurry, making straight up the stairs, and into the nursery through the open door of that room.

Straight to the pillows of the three sleeping children flew the cuckoo. At each bedside he listened for a moment and then flew on to the next. Satisfied that all were asleep he hopped down on the floor and marched sedately enough, as one fulfilling a most important mission, over to the drum. Pecking at the drum, as if he could awake it, too, from sleep, the cuckoo spoke:

"Give 'em a roll-drum," said the little white bird. Obeyingly the drum up-ended and its sticks beat a brisk tattoo on the sides. The effect of the drumming was surprising, for every toy in the room sat up and looked out of the window. Rising round and distinctly blue in color, the moon was climbing in the sky.

"The night of the Blue Moon" chorused the toys, and fell to such a succession of "hurrahs" and handclaps that the cuckoo had to call for silence, for fear of waking the children.

"One more shout like that, and back you all go," said the cuckoo. "Remember blue moons do not come every day, so make the most of this night."

It was funny to see the toys undebated from the positions which they had been

left by the children the day before. The teddy bear sat up and unbent a leg that had been twisted beneath his body, and rubbed it ruefully. Tin soldiers stretched their arms until they were grave danger of their enamel uniforms cracking, and yawned with great abandon.

A life-sized doll with a very brazen painted face sat up, and started putting her hair in order at a toy mirror on her lap. A toy doggie ran sniffing along the carpet and stopped to investigate a chocolate box, until he found it empty. Suddenly he was cuffed over the ears by a toy policeman. "None of that, young fellow, we must have the roll-outs first," said the policeman, taking a sideways look into the chocolate box himself.

The doll with the mirror, it developed, was the queen. Suddenly she put down the mirror and spoke sharply: "Trumpet, summon my chamberlain," said the queen. A tiny bugle call sounded, and the chamberlain could be seen hurrying across the carpet, brushing off the ashes of the fireplace, into which he had been thrown the day before.

"Chamberlain," said the queen, "see that the animals are moved back to their quarters, get the army into some thing more orderly than its present disgusting state, and above all, let the chocolates be brought to me. Better start with the chocolates, chamberlain, and make it fast," finished this pompous doll.

The chamberlain rose to do her bidding, but there came a roar from the ding, all around and about them. "We are not boys now," they said, "and you can order us around—we are going to play." Much put out the queen made a round of the room, looking carefully into each chocolate box, and in each empty. Then she curled up in her chair near the fireplace, and sulked in silence.

Joining hands, the animals, soldiers, dolls, golligows and every toy, save the sulky queen, played at musical chairs. The little bugler furnished the music, and he stopped playing always so unexpectedly that the game was a great success. Next followed blind man's buff, then ring-around-a-rosy, and many other games, while the blue moon climbed high in the sky. The toys were assembling for a final game of post-man, when the cuckoo flew with an alarmed squawk flew from the room, calling the hour of five even before he had time to reach the clock.

Struck motionless before he had even time to regain the positions in which they had been left by the children, the toys dropped asleep where they were. At the moment. As the last notes of the cuckoo died away in the house, the moon passed behind a cloud, and the first faint rays of daylight could be seen coming through the eastern sky. The revels of Toyland were over for the night.

It was Mary Jane, one of the three little heads of the row of cots, who awakened that instant. She opened her eyes and stared at a figure beside her bed. It was the painted doll.

"Strange," said Mary Jane. "I don't remember putting you there last night. But the queen said nothing, for she was asleep."

Croydon is Scene Of Great Activity As Airships Leave

Air travelers between the Croydon air station and Paris have one desire in common—they want to take off from the ground at midday.

This striking fact has long been observed by those who arrange air travel. Its reason is one of convenience. When the air liner leaves at twelve it gives the passengers plenty of time to get up in the morning and proceed to the air station, and they are in Paris in comfortable time for tea.

But convenient as this is for the passengers it is not always so convenient for the officials at the air port, especially when there is a heavy passenger list for the day. In a sense it is much the same as if all the trains left a London railway terminus at the same hour.

A reason that a number of air liners start off at the same time, throwing a tremendous pressure of work on the officials, and crowding the air very considerably in the matter of wireless control. The rest of the day is left comparatively slack.

It is partly to get over this difficulty and spread the work more evenly over the day that the Imperial Airways have introduced a Second Class air service. The First Class machines still leave around noon, while the Second Class machines take off for Le Bourget—the French air port—at about eight o'clock in the morning. They land at the French aerodrome at about 10.30 in the morning and the passengers are in Paris in time for an early lunch.

The stringent safety regulations laid down by the Imperial Airways—regulations that reach a far higher standard than with any foreign machines—are identical for both First and Second Class machines. And the safety of British machines is a byword in the air.

Every machine is thoroughly inspected before certified for its next flight. During the last thirty-three months Imperial Airways machines have carried 44,000 passengers without so much as a scratch of harm coming to one of them. No foreign air service can claim that. Their popularity, too, is shown by the fact that on a London-Paris route British machines have carried more than twice as many passengers as have the foreign machines since the service was opened.

A reason why British air routes are so limited in number compared with those of other countries is that we scrap any services that do not pay, while other countries not only run air routes that lose money, but extend them.

The British machines are run on a purely business footing. The Croydon Le Bourget route, in addition to being a paying concern, is the nursery for future development on a vast scale.

Behind this cross-channel service is the greatest always scheme in the world—that which will link up the Empire.

Just as to-day Cologne is one of the air Clapham Junctions of Europe, so Croydon in a few years' time will be the air Clapham Junction of the near east and the British Empire. Already one can link in the airways chain between England and Australia is in operation—the Cairo-Batavia route—and

remember putting you there last night. But the queen said nothing, for she was asleep.

Jack Lockwill, The Lion Tamer

By GILBERT PATTEN
(Creator of Frank Merriwell)



The man looked like a very sick tramp. Standing in the middle of the curving road, he held up his hand as a signal for the automobile to stop. "Get out of the way!" shouted Saunders, neither slowing up nor turning out. The surprised stranger made an awkward attempt to save himself by jumping aside, but the mud-guard seemed to strike him, and he spun into the ditch.



"Great gosh!" gulped Wattle, looking back, white-faced. "You hit him! You knocked him into the ditch!" "It served him right, the old fool!" said Duke hoarsely.



The unfortunate man sat up in the ditch, groaning and brushing the dust from his bleary eyes. "Devils on wheels!" he cried weakly. "They tried to kill me!"



When he attempted to rise to his feet, he found himself so weak and shaken up that he fell back, with another groan. "The jig's up!" he told himself dolefully. "I'm done for! I'm a ruined lion tamer! I couldn't go into the cage if I got to Claremont in time for the first performance." The sound of a motorcycle brought him to his knees as the machine appeared. (To Be Continued)

Reynard the Fox Is Outwitted By Little Red Hen

Once upon a time a little red hen lived in a cosy brown house in the heart of the woods. Her name was Bridget. She did not mind living alone in the woods because all the small animals and the birds were her friends, and they liked her because she was always ready to help when they were in trouble. She was such a smart little hen that she was busy from morning till night and even found time to visit any of her neighbors, who were ill. The sea horses in a tank of water and accompanied by a man armed with a bicycle pump with which every now and then he blows bubbles into the water to keep it aerated.

Thousands of chickens hatched in England have their first meal in Moscow! Moscow wents pedigree chicks for its farms, and the only way they can be supplied from England is by aeroplane, as a long journey would kill them. Chickens do not require food for the first forty-eight hours after they are hatched. Thus it is the simplest matter in the world for them to be flown to Brussels by a British machine and then on in rapid stages by continental machines to that far distant city which is many days journey away by land travel.

BIRDS AND ANIMALS HAVE LONG CAREERS

If it were not for the fact that few wild creatures live out their natural term of life, owing to the chances of survival over a long period of years being too much against them, many of them would have much longer lives than man.

Adverse weather conditions, scarcity of food, attacks of enemies, to say nothing of parasitic and other diseases, cause many untimely deaths. But when a wild creature lives out its full life, the elephant may expect to reach 150-200 years; the falcon 162; vulture, 118; golden eagle, 104; swan 102; while the goose, elder duck, raven, parrot, and tortoise may expect to reach between 200 and 300 years of age. The hippopotamus may live 40 years; rhinoceros, 40-50; crocodile and toad, 40; carp and pike, 150; the horse, ass, dromedary, and bear, 40-50; dog and wolf, 10-15; wild pig, 20-30; squirrel, 10-12; beaver, 20-25; domestic fowls, 15-20; and the owl, 68 years.—Tit-Bits.

BEDTIME STORY—Uncle Wiggily and the Cow's Dumb-bell

Copyright, 1928, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate
By Howard R. Garis

Uncle Wiggily was hopping around one day, down in the snow covered meadow, near the frozen duck pond, when, all of a sudden, the rabbit gentleman heard a rustling sound in the dried weeds.

"Oh, ho!" whispered Mr. Longears to himself, as his long, sharp ears caught the rustling sound in the weeds. "I guess one of the Bad Chaps is creeping up to get me. I came out to look for an adventure, but I don't want to look for any fox or wolf."

So Uncle Wiggily began to walk on his toes to get away from the thicket of weeds when, all of a sudden, a loud voice sadly said:

"Well, there's no use shaking my head off. It won't ping and that's all there is to it. It's a dumb bell surely enough."

"Well, that voice doesn't sound like any of the Bad Chaps," whispered Uncle Wiggily to himself. "It sounds more like a cow. But who is she calling a dumb-bell I'd like to know. That isn't nice."

Mr. Longears peered through the thicket of frozen weeds on the edge of the duck pond and there he saw Mrs. Moo, the cow lady. She was shaking her head from side to side. There was a strap around Mrs. Moo's neck and on the strap was a bell. But no matter how hard she shook her head the bell did not ring as it should.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Moo!" greeted Uncle Wiggily as he stepped out of the bushes. "Did I hear you speak of a dumb-bell just now? Were you calling anyone that name?"



"I wasn't exactly calling names," answered Mrs. Moo, beginning to chew her cud. "But I did use the word dumb-bell and it's true."

"Who is it true about?" asked the rabbit gentleman, hoping that Mrs. Moo didn't mean he was a dumb-bell. "It's true about the bell on my neck," went on the cow lady. "When a bell doesn't ring it's dumb, and that's what has happened to my bell. It won't tinkle at all, and I'm tired shaking my head."

"Perhaps the bell has lost its tongue, or clapper," suggested Uncle Wiggily. "Sometimes boys, just for fun, take the clapper out of the school bell so it cannot ring and call them to study. Then the school bell is dumb, and boys who do not study will be dumb, too, though they can still make lots of noise."

"Well, I'm sure you know a lot about dumb-bells and other bells, too," mused the cow lady. "And it may be, as you say, that my bell has lost its clapper. But I can't look myself, for it is so close under my neck that I can't see it."

"I'll take a look for you," kindly offered Uncle Wiggily. "It can easily be if your bell has lost its clapper. But may I ask why you wear a bell at all?"

"Well, most cows around here wear bells," answered Mrs. Moo. "It is the style. Then, too, I wear one so when I go out of the barn yard, which I don't do so often in winter as I do in summer, my husband and children will hear me coming back and the children will begin setting the table for tea."

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "It's a good idea to wear a bell. Maybe I'll get one myself. But it's queer yours doesn't ring. Just shake your head again."

Mrs. Moo shook her head up and down and sideways but no ding-dong sound came from the bell. Then Uncle Wiggily stooped down and looked up to where the clapper ought to be. There it was in place inside the bell but the rabbit gentleman also saw something else. The inside of the bell was filled with a solid chunk of ice. No wonder it was a dumb bell!

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Moo.

"Why," said Mr. Longears, "when you stooped a little while ago to get a drink of water you must have dipped the bell in also. And the water in the bell froze into ice so it holds the clapper fast and it can't ring. As soon as the ice is melted the bell will no longer be dumb. It will tinkle as loudly as before."

"Then I am going to hurry home and thaw out my silent bell," mused the cow lady. "Thank you, Uncle Wiggily. I was afraid, for a time, when I couldn't hear my bell ringing, that I was getting dead. But, it's all right now. Thank you half a dozen times."

Nature's Ventilator Is Whirling Night And Day Clearing Air For Our Use

From the Icy Poles to the Sunny Lands of the Equator Steady Winds Flow

Can you picture the air as a great ocean, wherein water is supplanted by the invisible medium ether? The air is beginning to mean more to mankind in these days, and sooner or later its secrets will be found out and turned to account. Much is already known, but there are great gaps in the present day knowledge which will be filled, doubtless, in due course; for there was never a necessity created that did not bring its own solution soon after. What is here set down is only the elementary side of air knowledge, but not perhaps without its own interest.

The air, in one sense, is greater than either the land or the water, in that it extends over both continents and oceans, and upward to a very great altitude. Man finds difficulty in breathing at altitudes above 20,000 feet, but with the aid of oxygen has climbed much higher than that. Far above where man can rise, the air continues to occupy the lower regions of the earth's atmosphere, and ether, which pervades it all, continues endlessly throughout space itself. So that the "air" is a pretty big ocean, after all, isn't it?

As the real ocean has currents of moving water, both warm and cold, so too, has the air. Sudden and fluky as the wind may seem at the surface level, in its upper regions it is believed to be steady enough, for the most part. Scientists tell us that the warm air at the equator rises to great heights, and flows towards the poles, ice capped and cold, to be there chilled and returned more along the surface of the earth. And as the earth is twisting very rapidly these north and south currents of air are turned until they have a different direction, a deflection of what might well be their original course if left alone.

Nearer the surface of the earth the air currents, influenced from both above and below—the regular air currents are distorted, changed, and turned about by more local conditions. Here it is the temperature difference between land and sea, there the presence of a great chain of icy mountain peaks surrounding valleys of warmth and vegetation below.

You have heard of an "off-shore" wind, the breeze that blows from the land to the ocean after a sudden change in the temperature of the land, by reason of yet other winds. Then there is the wind that blows from the sea over the land, wherein the sun picks up moisture and carries this in the form of clouds in over the surface of the land to let it fall again in needed rain. Indeed, when you think of winds, you must also think of the sun, for that is the moving force behind the winds.

Coming close to the earth again, are the purely local winds, those which we see carrying clouds along this way and that, turning here to avoid a hill top, and there to sweep gently down an open plain to a warmer valley beyond. Even houses and streets can change for the moment the course of such winds, as you may notice if you walk about several city streets in succession, and find the wind in your face in perhaps three different directions, if you travel by compass.

During the early days of aeronautics man learned much about the peculiar local habits of the currents of the air.

What instead of a mouthful of ink, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the cold icicle.

Now he knows that what appears as a fifteen-mile an hour breeze at the surface of the ground may well be a sixty-mile wind 20,000 feet up, and will have changed its direction, in all probability, in a clockwise direction. That is, a north wind at the ground level will be traveling from a northeasterly direction a little higher up, and so on. This has to do with normal air currents, as apart from storms, or sudden changes in the moving streams of air.

You can best understand the motion of air currents if you remember the analogy of water and levels. Water will run down hill all the time. In the same sense cold air will find the lowest level it can, while warmer air is content to rise higher into the sky, and leave the surface to the colder, denser air. Aeronauts can tell you that the temperature of the air over a grass field is different than that over a ploughed one. A paved street gives off a considerable amount of heat on a Summer day, much warmer than the same road in any other form of construction.

Storms are a special study in themselves, and it is sufficient for the purpose of this article to know that they rotate and move over a track. We use a barometertaf in curved track. We use a barometer to study air pressure for flying, fire prevention, weather forecasting and many other reasons. The same barometer can be carried aloft in a balloon, and will then record altitude faithfully, in which case it is called an altimeter. A difference in pressure will mean a flow of air, or an air current, just a difference in level will mean that water would run from a higher level to the lower one.

Air currents are still a comparatively new study, and much will be learned as man continues to make progress in the art of flying. To the airman altitude is the same as "sea-room" to a sailor, and all things being equal, his ship is safer at 5,000 feet than at 500 feet by a very wide margin. One way that all of us can study air currents, enough at least to prove a fascinating hobby, is to watch the clouds. If you watch closely you will find them often moving in directly opposite directions. Remember then the clock-wise turning of the wind, and what may seem a puzzle will no longer be one to you.

The currents of the air are of far greater importance to us than even flying, for these currents keep the air we breathe on the move, change the used and stagnant air for fresh and wholesome air, fit for our use. This is Nature's great ventilator, the huge day, whether we will or whether we would not have it so. As the tides of the oceans sweep our shores and clear away all refuse, so the winds bring us fresh, clean air to breathe.

"It's up to me to win," said he. "My team is in the hole." But when he downed the ball he was behind his own team's goal.

"Yes, this is cifer," said the man. When he took just one whiff. "Was vinegar, but in three drinks. He didn't know the diff."

The kiddies raked it eleven and said, "Well, have a fire—Barnaby! But, while they went for matches, all The leaves were blown away."

"Ah, Fall is here," the poet said. "I think I'll write a poem." A buckeye promptly lit a tree. And socked him on the dome.

He bought himself a real cheap suit. He thought that it would please. The rain came down and soaked it. Now it reaches to his knees.

Said he, "I'll start pole vaulting and New records they will find. When half way up he found he'd left The bloomin' pole behind."

A NEW EXPERIENCE



What has come into the limelight with these kiddies? Maybe it's a toy, or a talking parrot, or a balloon. What ever it may be, it is a new experience, and see how they greet it. Life is full of adventure for the tot.

Feathered Facts and Fancies

MEADOWLARK

LENGTH 10-15 INCHES
UPPER PARTS BLACK, BROWN, AND BUFF. UNDER PARTS YELLOW. BLACK CRESCENT ON BREAST. TAIL BLACK WITH OUTER QUILLS WHITE. SIDES SPOTTED WITH BLACK. BLACK LINE BACK OF THE EYE.

SPRING SONG

His RUTH NOTES IN THE "SPRING OF THE YEAR" SONGS ARE MOST PLEASING TO HEAR.

PICTURE OF TWO MEADOWLARKS HIDING IN A MEADOW. THE LARK KNOWS WHEN HE IS CONSPICUOUS AND WILL LET YOU APPROACH CLOSELY ONLY WHEN HE IS IN SURROUNDINGS WITH WHICH HE BLENDS.

THE STATE BIRD OF KANSAS.

EVEN THE EGGS ARE IN COLORS TO BLEND IN WITH THE GRASS WHERE THEY ARE LAID.

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Week-end Cables and Special Dispatches From Across the Atlantic

THREE READY TO TAKE UP LABOR SCEPTRE

Ramsay MacDonald, III in Health, Likely to Retire From Leadership Soon

Arthur Henderson, Philip Snowden, J. H. Thomas Talked of As Successor

LONDON, Jan. 7.—Who will succeed to Ramsay Mac's crown, Jim or Phil or Arthur? That's the favorite topic of conversation these days in the British House of Commons. And it's a very important subject not only for the powerful Labor Socialist party, but also for the nation at large, for the man who succeeds Ramsay MacDonald as leader of the party may some day soon be the second Socialist Prime Minister of Great Britain.

It is universally known that MacDonald is in bad health. He has never completely recovered from the breakdown he suffered while on a trip to the United States some months ago. His British doctors have been urging him to take things easy, but that is not Ramsay Mac's way. He does not spare himself.

HE PLAYS THE GAME

He is in daily and nightly attendance at the Commons. He is often on his feet, taking part in the debates, heckling the ministers with questions, or making long and important set speeches. Now the rumor has got about that he is at the end of his tether, that the burden of leadership of the Opposition is too great for his present physical strength, and that he is considering his resignation.

That being so, only three names are being seriously canvassed as possible successors—Arthur Henderson and Philip Snowden, each sixty-four years old, whereas MacDonald is sixty-one, and J. H. Thomas, fifty-three. Henderson is solid, Snowden is brilliant and cynical, Thomas is oratorical, good humored and generously popular—except with some powerful labor unions.

Henderson and Thomas are actual working men, or have been. Snowden, like MacDonald, is an intellectual who came into the Labor party through the doors of the Independent Labor party, of which he was one of the founders, and afterwards the chairman.

HENDERSON SATISFIED

It is not believed that Henderson is an active candidate for the job. He is secretary of the Labor party and one of its best organizers and satisfied with his job. He was the first Socialist to achieve cabinet rank, having joined Lloyd George's coalition cabinet during the war.

When MacDonald formed the first Socialist government of Great Britain, "Uncle Arthur" as he is universally known, was made home secretary. He started out in life as a molder and has been identified with the Labor party almost all his life. He's a total abstainer, an ardent Methodist, and known as a sort of lay preacher. As leader of the Opposition, he would be a solid speaker, but not particularly good in a red-hot debate.

Snowden is quite a different type of man. Injured in a terrible accident while riding his bicycle when a young man, he is of very frail physical strength and has been for years a martyr in the suffering he bears without complaint.

Something like the fire of political genius flames in the man and when he arises painfully to his feet, the House of Commons instantly fills up with members of all parties, anxious to hear what he has to say.

PRACTICAL STUDENT

He is at once a student and a man with a knowledge of practical affairs. He proved it when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer under MacDonald. His first budget for the treasury was a personal triumph. He cut taxes at the same time reducing the impost upon the commodities of the poor—tea, sugar, etc. He is known in the House of Commons as one of the masters of financial subjects. The only drawback to his leadership is the doubt whether his strength could stand the strain.

"Jimmy" Thomas could easily meet all physical calls of the leadership. Like his fellow-Webleman, Lord George, he is overflowing with bubble and vitality. By no means a profound student, he nevertheless always manages to have something interesting to say.

He started to work when he was nine years of age, became a crack locomotive engineer on one of the big railways, and was afterwards elected and is still secretary of the big railwaymen's union. He was secretary for the colonies in MacDonald's cabinet.

THOMAS HAS ENEMIES

He tells a good story, plays a rattling hand in a bridge game, can don a dress suit with the best of them and is a skillful debater. But inside his party he has bitter enemies. The coal miners don't like him because of his outspoken criticism of the miners' strike and the general strike of 1926; many of the general mass of the workmen don't like him because they think he shines too often in great social gatherings, although his own union trusts him implicitly and gladly follows where he leads.

It has been said, owing to the wild men in the Labor party, that MacDonald's task of leadership has been driving wild horses. If "Jimmy" Thomas were leader, his job might be one of driving wild tigers.

FOLLOWING IN HER FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS



Miss Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the former British Premier, is following in her father's political footsteps, announcing her candidacy for a seat in the House of Commons.

Microphones In House, Lords Must Be Discreet

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times London, Jan. 7.—The microphone and headphones in the House of Lords are now working most satisfactorily, and have been of the greatest value in helping the peers and the press to follow the arguments in the great Prayer Book debate.

All the headphones have been in use both on the floor and in the galleries. When they were installed, peers were horrified at the prospect of whispered asides being transmitted to the press gallery. Peers had quick confirmation when it was duly recorded that a ministerial lord had been heard to refer to an opposition peer in uncomplimentary terms, but the press agreed to ignore any such piquant incident.

The peers, however, seem to have learned caution and it is seldom that any of them are caught napping—in that sense.

Before the sitting begins conversations constantly come through from the front benches, but they never concern or refer to anything of importance. Front benches conversation, however, has often been overheard without the aid of the microphone.

There is a story of the Duke of Wellington at the time of Disraeli's first leadership. The duke was very deaf and spoke in a voice so loud as to suggest that everyone else suffered from a similar infirmity. Lord Derby went in to tell the Duke of Disraeli's choice of ministers, nearly all obscure men. Wellington did not easily catch the names as Derby gave them. So after every name he shouted back, "Who, who?" in tones which carried through the Chamber. That was the origin of the "Who, Who?" conversation.

Many similar stories are told. One concerns a bored and tired official reporter who, when a back bench peer rose to continue a dreary debate, yawned "Oh, adjourn." The Lord Chancellor thought the interruption came from the leader of the House. He presently put the motion "That the House do now adjourn." And it was carried without further ado.

REBUKING THE KING

To appreciate the following story, it must be explained that in the House of Lords the official reporter, or rather reporters, for they constantly relieve each other, sit at a table in front of the Woolpack and within whispering range of the front benches. They are more privileged than their colleagues of the official staff in the House of Commons, perched up as they are to the press gallery above the Speaker's chair. Some day perhaps the faithful Commons will make more convenient arrangements for the taking of the official shorthand. When a minister turns his back to the press gallery or drops his voice to a whisper, the official recorder has to work under great strain. In the Lords the reporter feels himself to be a highly important personage as he walks along the floor, between the crowded rows of peers, to take his seat as if he were a great functionary of Parliament.

There is a story, which is declared by men of the gallery to be true in substance and in fact, of an official

HANDSOME



Of all Europe's noblemen they call Archduke Joseph Franz, of Hungary, the handsomest. A monarchist movement in Hungary has centred attention on him as a possible future king although the young Archduke Otto is the legitimate heir to the crown.

reporter who, while taking a rapid debate, was seriously annoyed by a member swinging his leg in such a way that as it descended his boot rubbed against the shorthand writer's chair. He stood it for a while and then in desperation half turned to the offender with the stern request, "Oh! stop doing that." The swinging ceased.

As he rose to go on being relieved he looked at the peer whom he had rebuked and was greatly discomfited to discover that it was the Prince of Wales, our present King. In those days the Prince frequently attended the debates and sat on the first cross-bench. To apologize would only have made matters worse.

Sometimes conversations which are not overheard are misinterpreted. There was some sort of little crisis on during the regime of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and one afternoon Lord Halsbury left the Woolpack and seated himself by the side of the Prime Minister and the two appeared to be engaged in earnest conversation. It was at once assumed that it was the crisis which engaged their attention but the official shorthand writer on the floor of the House was able to hear what Lord Salisbury was talking about. He was telling Lord Halsbury about the drinking exploits of his ancestors, a record of which had been kept in the Hatfield archives.

LATEST SHIPS OF ALL NAVIES ARE PORTRAYED

New Issue of Jane's Review Is Out: Shows Trend of Modern Design

British Railways Introduce Latest Appliances From Foreign Countries

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times London, Jan. 7.—The latest ships of the British navy and foreign fleets are portrayed in the new issue of Jane's "Fighting Ships."

Here may be seen wonderful photographs of the Nelson and Rodney, the most powerful and certainly the oldest-looking battleships in the world; cruisers with the beautifully modelled lines of a clipper ship, yet carrying guns that can hurt sudden death at almost fabulous speed; and submarines which make the war-time U-boats look like mere toys. Here, too, are the top-sided aircraft-carriers, with funnels and upper works pushed right over to one side in order to leave the decks clear for aircraft.

Such extraordinary vessels as H.M.S. Courageous, the American Saratoga, and the French Bearn, must be seen to be believed.

But strange of all are the latest Japanese battleships and cruisers with funnels of grotesque shape and towering pagodas in place of masts. If they are as terrifying as they look they must be formidable indeed.

In the British section pride of place must be given to our new "County" cruisers, which are exceptionally handsome vessels, and, from all accounts, very efficient in every respect.

A topical interest attaches to the pictures of certain American dreadnoughts which have been modernized at great expense. That the building programmes of France and Italy do not exist merely on paper is made evident by the series of fine cruisers, destroyers and submarines of the most up-to-date design which are illustrated in these sections.

Judging from the contents of this volume, there is still a certain liveliness in the dockyards of Europe, America and Asia, despite the Washington Treaty. Convincing proof is afforded of the rapid development of the American navy, which is far more powerful now than it was at the end of the war. On the other hand, the navy of to-day is smaller by at least fifty per cent than the establishment of 1919. Pacifica, naval authorities, and plain citizens who wish to inform themselves on the problem of sea armaments will find this volume of very great value.

MECHANISATION OF THE RAILWAYS

After mechanised transport comes the mechanised railway. Highly scientific appliances which have been adopted after investigation into railway working in the United States and Germany will form an important part of the immense scheme undertaken by the London and Northeastern Railway, established at a cost of £300,000, at March, near Cambridge, a goods junction which will be the largest in the country.

Geographically, March is the only junction capable of handling the great and goods traffic from the North, and it has fallen seriously behind the requirements of the day. When the scheme is finished there will be ten reception sidings into which trains of eighty wagons can run direct from the main line, and forty marshalling, or sorting, sidings, capable of holding 3,679 wagons. Each siding will roughly represent a destination, so that the traffic will be able to run trains to a great variety of stations with little shunting and a consequently increased rapidity of working.

Since the scheme was originally drafted the company has heard of certain appliances known as retarders, which were in use in the United States, and in an even further stage of development in Germany. Officers were sent to both countries to investigate, and their reports were so favorable that the company have decided at considerable expense to adopt them. It will be an entirely new thing in English railway practice.

The retarder is a brake which, instead of being on the train, is on the track. The existing system of marshalling wagons at a junction is this: A shunting engine pushes the wagons from the reception siding over a hump, from which it runs by gravity into its proper marshalling siding. There must be a certain amount of braking, and that is now done by shunters who run beside the wagons with a brake stick. The retarders may be compared to truck-weighting machines. They are equipped with hydraulic brakes which are applied to the wheels of the truck as it passes over the machines. They can be so applied as to stop the truck altogether or modify its speed.

TEN YEARS ON TOY

Paris, Jan. 7.—For ten years in the evenings after work, M. Melcher, a French mechanic, worked on a miniature locomotive. It was built in exact scale with a standard engine, much of the work being done under a microscope.

FORBID FORMAL GARB

Berlin, Jan. 7.—Executioners in Germany long have worn full evening dress while performing their duties, but the customs now has been forbidden by the ministers. They refused to abolish the death penalty, but decreed that it should be carried out in less festive garb.

CONVERTS SHARK, MAN'S ENEMY OF SEA, INTO FRIEND THAT IS ECONOMIC BOON

LONDON, Jan. 7.—Since the beginning of time, when man first ventured on the sea, the shark has been man's enemy. Now a citizen of Czech origin, Dr. Alfred Ehrenreich, is going to make the shark work for man. The more sharks that infest the seven seas, the happier will Dr. Ehrenreich be. And incidentally he thinks all men—and women—will be. For, after long years of study of the shark and after many devices carefully patented, the doctor has found a way to make the shark about 95 per cent commercially valuable.

MANY USES

Here is what he proposes to get out of sharks: Leather from the hide, at the same time tough and pliable. Leather from the big intestine as fine as the finest chambray. Valuable oils from the shark liver. Chemicals from the glands for use in tanning. Pigments from the gall. Dehydrated flesh which can be sold not only to the Chinese but also to the Hindu, who will not eat the flesh of mammals. Shark fins preserved and finding a ready market in China, where they are valued as one of the greatest delicacies. Fertilizer from the refuse. Moreover this is not theory. It has already been put in practice in his factory at Carnarvon in West Australia, in whose waters millions of sharks are to be found.

FLOATING FACTORY

The other day I paid a visit to the Istar, lying in the East India docks. It used to be a private luxury yacht. It is now the only floating factory, tannery and chemical works in the world. I was shown a luxurious dining-room and sumptuous bedrooms, whose walls were lined with silk brocade. And from these rooms—bang into a factory with whirling machinery. Shortly the Istar is going to the waters of Ceylon and Australia, where sharks abound. It will then be one of the busiest ships in the world.

It carries ten motor-boats, each equipped with fifteen horsepower Diesel engines. Each boat is capable of holding five tons of sharks. Each boat's crew will put vast hempen nets in the shark-infested waters. Steel nets are so good because the fighting shark would bite through the steel with his powerful teeth and jaws.

DROWNING SHARKS

The soft hemp proves efficacious. The infuriated shark tries to go forward in the soft net. He only succeeds in entangling his gills—and drowns to death. If he doesn't, the crew hit him a blow on the nose with a small steel hammer and that puts an end to Mr. Shark.

When the haul is made, the sharks are brought back to the ship. Here an ingenious machine invented by Ehrenreich skins the hide off as easily as you would peel a banana. The hide is then immediately salted down and treated with chemicals.

There is a dye spraying machine there which makes beautiful colored leather. The big intestine is tanned and makes leather soft enough for gloves.

The liver is cut up and a wonderful quantity of oil is extracted and then deodorized. The flesh is cut up into strips and placed in huge aluminum pans which are shored into a dehydrating plant. In a few hours a perfect dried meat is obtained.

ANYBODY CAN BE MOVIE COMEDIAN NOW!

"Distortograph," a New Camera Device, Makes Every Face and Figure Look Funny

BREAKS ALL OPTICAL LAWS

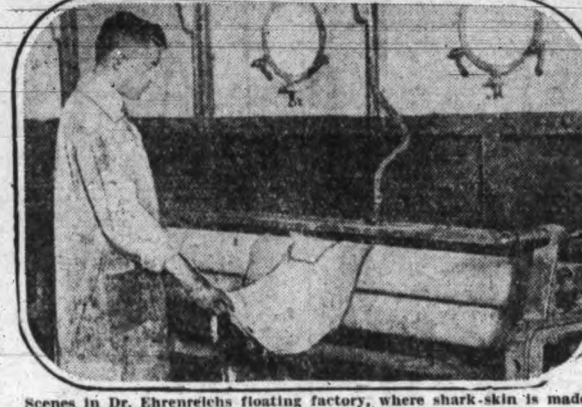
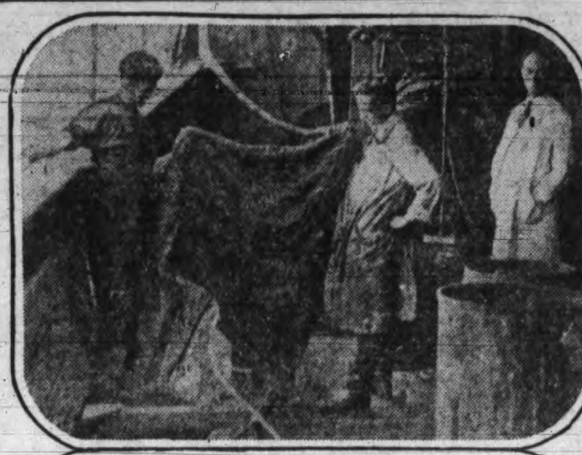
It is called the "Variable Distortograph" and its inventor is H. G. Ponting, famous photographic expert. The device is the fruit of three years' prolonged research. Authorities on optics say it breaks all optical laws. The small apparatus, readily attached to a movie camera, is intended primarily for making films, but also is applicable to a multitude of other photographic fun-making processes.

You doubtless are familiar with the side show so often seen in country fairs, where for ten cents you go into a tent and see your face and figure distorted by mirrors. Some of them make you look short and fat; some make you long and thin.

The "Distortograph" does this, too, but instead of one or two distortions, it produces an unlimited number. It can be used in making a movie of a living subject, or a film can be produced from a single ordinary photograph.

Anything that can be photographed can be means of this device be either slightly or extremely caricatured. The human face can be twisted from the merely comical to the fearfully grotesque. The most fantastic effects are obtained from pictures of skyscrapers, landscapes and the like.

I saw the "Distortograph" work in a special session. Ponting placed in front of his apparatus an ordinary postal card picture of Clara Bow, the pretty screen star. The movie camera was then set in motion, synchronized with the "Distortograph." A movie reel thus was produced. I then saw the movie. And my sides ached. There was Clara Bow rolling her eyes in an incredibly funny way. Her pretty chin lengthened. Her cheeks, her ears and her forehead contracted. The sphinx himself would have grinned, I believe.



Scenes in Dr. Ehrenreich's floating factory, where shark-skin is made into leather, are pictured above.

Heretofore it has always been difficult to employ the shark hide for many purposes because of its rough corrugated surface, which is also studded with little points of bone. Hence only shagreen, a rough leather, could be made. Under the Ehrenreich process all the rough places are removed and a smooth hide remains.

RIVALS OTHER LEATHER

The Istar is equipped with all the machinery and vats necessary for tanning. I saw shark leather which rivals in beauty pliancy any made from cows or sheep. There are some which are just naturally spotted and from which beautiful "leopard coats" could be made.

There is a dye spraying machine there which makes beautiful colored leather. The big intestine is tanned and makes leather soft enough for gloves.

The liver is cut up and a wonderful quantity of oil is extracted and then deodorized. The flesh is cut up into strips and placed in huge aluminum pans which are shored into a dehydrating plant. In a few hours a perfect dried meat is obtained.

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COAL INDUSTRY STILL LINGERS AS DARK CLOUD

Trade in Britain, However, Shows Signs of Reviving as 1928 Begins

But Unemployment Total Remains at High Level of Over One Million

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times London, Jan. 7.—Although the unemployment figure remains at the very high level of over a million, the Trade Returns show an upward trend as unexpected as it is remarkable.

Exports for November were the highest in any month during the past three years, and the comparison is even more striking if made with previous November. Thus, in 1925 exports totaled nearly sixty-one million sterling, while last year they dropped to fifty-three millions, but in the month just concluded they rose to over seventy millions.

The character of the increase is even more pleasing than the amount, as it is mainly in respect of articles wholly or partly manufactured.

As the new year begins the underlying principle of mutual forbearance seems to have permeated both capital and labor, for there is a welcome respite from all forms of industrial dispute. The parous condition of the coal industry, however, remains a dark cloud on the horizon, and it is becoming increasingly evident that only by means of improved methods of dealing with the coal at the pithead, as by the extraction of oil, can the industry be put on a sound basis.

The scenes in the shopping centres during the holiday have been telling of prosperity among a considerable section of the people, for crowds have thronged the large stores where the displays were on a lavish scale.

Although we have not followed the American plan of living upon credit, owing to a certain lack of enterprise by the business firms, people are no longer saving as they did before the war.

The holidays just closed constitute the one time of the year when everybody feels that they may give a free rein to the desire to spend. The receipt of the income-tax demand just now acts as a sinister warning of troubles to come.

Smithfield Club Again Stages Fine Cattle Exhibition

Reuter's Special to The Victoria Times London, Jan. 7.—The tradition associating the royal family with the annual show of the Smithfield Club was continued this year, when the Duke of York spent an hour at the Agricultural Hall looking over the specimens of fat stock from all parts of the country.

In finish and style the exhibits represent the high-water mark of British breeding. The King and the Prince of Wales were among the most successful exhibitors. Most of the King's Windsor entries, as at Birmingham last week, had to be kept at home owing to foot-and-mouth disease restrictions in the locality, but several royal animals are here from Sandringham, among them a notable pair of Southdown wethers that took first in their class, then advanced to the leadership of the Southdown breed, afterwards being placed in the premier position as the best pair of sheep in the show, thus winning the Prince of Wales' perpetual challenge cup.

This is the second successive year in which His Majesty's Southdowns have won the trophy. Yorkshire farmers may take pride in the thought that one of their number, William Jordan, of Driffield, stands second to His Majesty for the supreme championship with a well-grown pair of Leicester lambs. The King was also a winner in other departments, one of his Highland heifers being the champion of her breed.

Among the Prince of Wales' entries is a youthful Shorthorn in the "baby" class. After taking first in its class, the youngster was later adjudged to be the best of the "baby" cattle in the show, thus winning for its own a £25 silver cup. Next in order was a cross-bred heifer shown by George Malcolm, of Crookham Hill, Epsom. For the second year in succession, the Earl of Durham takes the supreme cattle championship, and thus wins the King's challenge cup outright. The champion beast represents one of the most successful crosses in cattle breeding, namely, a Shorthorn sire and an Aberdeen-Angus dam. At a little more than a year and ten months old, it turns the scale within a pound of six hundredweight. On the day of this animal won prizes and trophies to the total worth of £225, as well as the King's challenge cup.

NEIGHBORLY BUG FIGHT

Berlin, Jan. 7.—Herr Huber and Herr Guenheimer, neighbors, had severed diplomatic relations. Then one fine day Herr Huber instituted suit charging that Herr Guenheimer had resorted to open warfare when he blew "stilled cooties" into his room by means of a blow-pipe.

POACHERS USE CARS

London, Jan. 7.—Hunting from motor cars has become such a popular illegitimate sport in England that game is said to be noticeably scarcer. Poachers ride through game preserves, shoot from their cars, relieve their kills and speed on before the police can halt them. Some persons are said to make a living in this way.



Recognize him? It's Charlie Chaplin, to be sure—as seen in a movie reel produced by the "distortograph" from a single ordinary photo of the fun-making king.



A Page of Interest to Women

Society and Home Interests and Activities



YOUR PET PERFUME

Its Ingredients Come From the Earth's Four Corners

WHAT an achievement to capture and bottle the soul of a flower—its fragrance!

Yet how many of us ever stop to wonder whence came that delicately scented drop, that expensive and highly desired last touch which we put to our



persons before going out to dinner or tea?

The story of perfume is a real romance dating back to before the time of Cleopatra and the ancient Greeks. These peoples of centuries ago had a few materials and no technical knowledge such as we possess to-day, yet they were able to make perfume of delicate and lasting fragrance. This was proven conclusively when the tomb of King Tutankhamen was opened. It seems hard to believe that an odor would persist throughout all those centuries, but fragments of scent still lingered in the ancient mummy cloths.

The great hub of the perfume industry to-day is at Grasse, France. Here, and at Cannes, Nice, and Monaco, places whose very names suggest the



greatest elegance in dress and fashion, millions of pounds of blossoms are produced annually. Here the vast gardens of the perfumer yield fortunes in orange blossoms, roses, jessamine, violets, cassia and tuberose. The elusive fragrance of these blossoms is distilled and extracted that hundreds of millions of people may satisfy an aesthetic craving for beauty of scent.

Thousands of peasants toil daily that the blossoms may reach the zenith of perfection. The cultivation affects the

odor which will eventually be given out by the extracted oil, so every precaution is taken to understand the peculiar needs of the various species. Nothing short of the best is acceptable. Then when the blossoms in their prime are gathered, great boilers swallow them up. To some, water is added, and they are boiled, the fragrance issuing forth being carefully distilled. Others have their essential oils extracted by a steam process. Still others have various solvents added to them that thus the precious oils may be separated.

While the petals of flowers are the largest and most important sources of our vegetable perfumes, certain leaves, bark, wood seeds, roots, fruit rind, and resinous gums are also used.

There are raw materials other than these however, without which the perfumer would be totally unable to concoct his precious liquids. These are the secretions of the glands of certain animals. The four kinds of animal perfumes are musk, civet, castor and ambergris. The first three are pro-

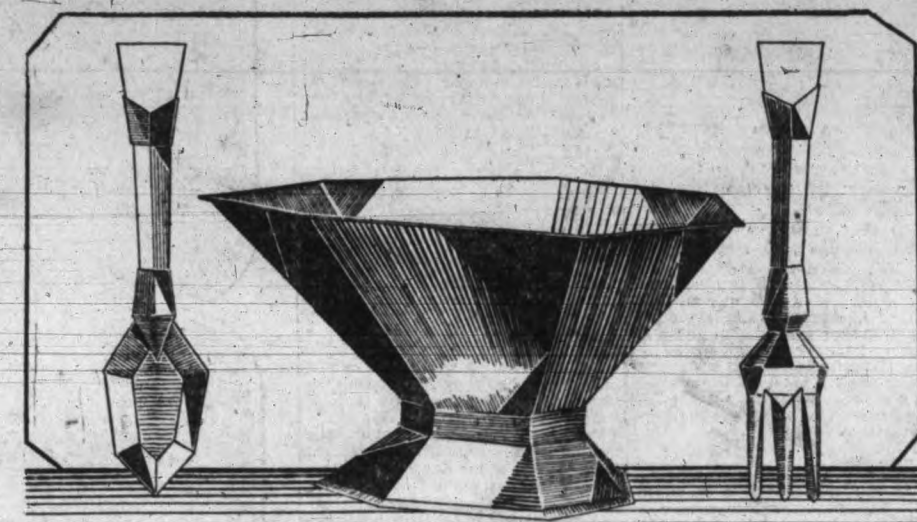


duced by such animals as the musk deer, muskrat, musk ox, Florida alligator, civet and beaver.

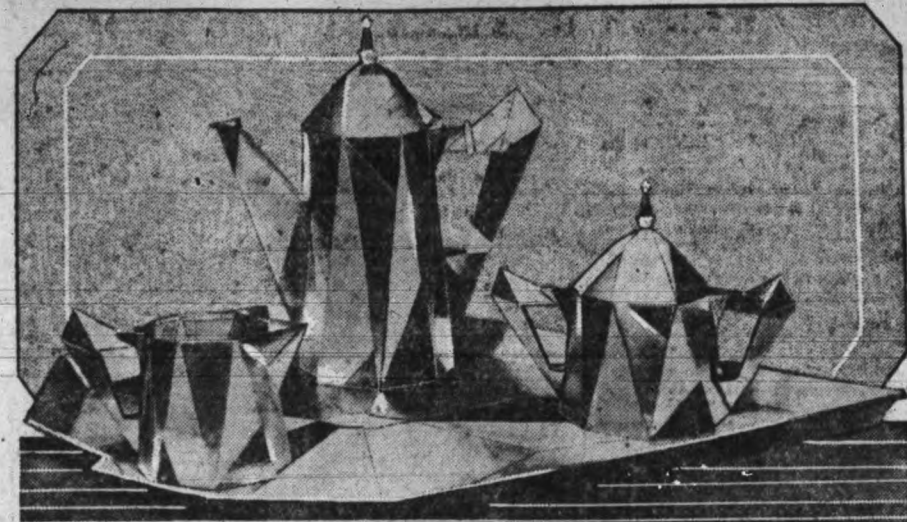
The source of ambergris, perhaps the most important, was for many years a mystery. Large masses of sheets of a waxy substance were found floating in tropical seas. It was determined after much experimenting that by adding a few drops of this substance to perfumes under the proper conditions a lasting quality was given to the scent. So an effort was made to discover the source of ambergris. It was finally found to be a secretion from the whale.

These four animal perfumes are known as "fixatives" because they cause the odor imparted by the vegetable essence to last. They make the finished product tenacious. Since the public now demands that all perfumes cling, it would be worse than useless to attempt the successful marketing of an "unfixed" vegetable essence. The trade of the perfumer is an art as well as a science. From the same recipe the true artist and the layman

Yes, 'Tis True! Staid Sterling's Bowed To Vivacious Modernism!



Even staid silver cannot resist the stimulation of contemporary life. It has turned modern. A new set in sterling silver achieves its varied light effects by use of three treatments of the metal. Clear, hand-rubbed sterling which is light in tone forms the main part of the many-angled shapes. Triangles in still different sizes accentuate the high-lights. There is a whole set of flat silver in this new modernistic design but it's the silver



serving dishes and the tricky coffee and tea services (right) that add dash and intrigue to the matter at hand of eating and drinking. Squat, with alert, upright handles and greedy-large spouts, these many-angled, many-lighted coffee urns, sugar and creamers stir the imagination. The salad bowl (left) is quick to catch the eye, too. And for the salad fork and spoon, there is something strikingly primitive about their individuality.

would produce a very different article. It takes an intimate knowledge of method and material to achieve a product which will be perfect enough to bring six or eight dollars an ounce.

JEAN PATOU'S BIOGRAPHY OF FUR

From Ungainly Origin to Proud Indispensability, He Traces Rise In World of Fashion

By Jean Patou

Paris Jan. 7.—How long ago it seemed when a fur coat was worn solely as a protection against the cold and was more or less ungainly! The



Astrakhan tie and velvet and flower-trimmed muff.

possession of a fur coat in those days did not represent a small fortune as it does to-day, but then again it was never considered a thing of beauty. A woman had to be exceedingly pretty and, above all, slim to be able to avoid looking dumpy in one.

Little by little, however, the many resources of furs came to be appreciated. I realized that if we could reach that point where a skin could be rendered a supple as a piece of cloth, there would be untold possibilities at my disposal for the creation of new models.

AN INTEGRAL PART

Furs have indeed become so important that I now attach as much value to the part they will be called upon to play in creating a coat or dress as the material itself. As a matter of fact, I am always tempted to use furs as I would a piece of cloth or silk and I always strive to convey the impression, when combining fur on a garment, that it is an integral part of it and not just applied as a trimming. Naturally furs so used must be extraordinarily supple in order to

follow the movement of coat or gown. They should, moreover, contribute to the line by coloring as well as by their cut.

Furs always enhance a model and even if sumptuous materials like lame or velvet are used for an evening cloak, these would lose the greater part of their appearance of richness if they were not trimmed with fur.

When I see a woman draping a lavishly fur-trimmed coat around her she always gives me the impression of preciousness, which becomes her very

well in most cases—as well, if not more so, than if she wore a fur coat.

The use of imitation furs by creators of fashion I always deplored and I am pleased to say that for the last two seasons these have been replaced by real furs. I use much fox because I find it eminently becoming as a frame to a woman's face and very softening. Mink and ermine are also great favorites of mine.

USUALLY DYES FOX

In the case of fox furs, I usually have the skins dyed the exact shade of



Three striking examples of fur at the peak of fashion (left to right): a muskrat-trimmed cloth wrap; black velvet coat adorned with ermine, and a mink coat.

the material, "tustre" as we call it, and I find this very successful, even in such delicate colors as beige and grey-blue and even beige-rose. These pastel-tinted furs will also be used more and more as a complement to



One of fur's most popular mediums; a scarf, of blue fox.

Riviera and Palm Beach ensembles, which otherwise might give an impression of hardness.

I am a great partisan of fur-lined coats and I think an ideal ensemble for very cold days is such a coat worn over a little marocain frock. The advantage here is that a smart woman can do a morning's shopping in her automobile in perfect comfort and still be suitably dressed for a luncheon party.

For morning or afternoon tailored suit the fox tie is the only correct wear and you will frequently meet women in the Bois wearing a blue fox.

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS:



The average woman tries on every thing in the store except the kang shades.

UNEQUAL RIGHTS



NOW I KNOW WHY THE WOMEN GET MORE 'N WE MEN!

Latest thing in beaded bags, this! Missy carries miscellany incalculable in her bag these days but have you ever seen anything like this emerge from it before?

Household Hints

DANCING WAX

If floor wax is missing when you want the floor slick for dancing, shave a candle or use powdered boracic acid in quantity.

CLEAN MARBLE

To clean the marble top of your new davenport table, use fuller's earth or French chalk. Do not use soap as it discolors marble.

SHINY NICKEL

If your bathroom fixtures tend to rust, wipe often with a woolen cloth saturated in gasoline or ammonia. They prevent rust.

SUBSTITUTE BOARD

If you want to press clothes in a hotel room and lack a board, turn a dresser drawer upside down and cover with a Turkish towel.

YOUR BABY and MINE

by MYRTLE MEYER ELDRED



Mrs. Eldred will be glad to answer all questions pertaining to babies and children. A stamped and self-addressed envelope forwarded to this office will bring a personal reply.

KEEPING THE CHILD INTERESTED AT HOME

The mother who has the care of two children under school age would do very well to borrow for her own use some of the methods in common use in the various nursery schools. It has been my good fortune to visit quite frequently, these last few months, a very well known nursery school in connection with a large University. The behavior of these tots, from two to four years, their happiness, their initiative, and the good habits they're learning, could be duplicated at home

if the mother is willing to make the effort.

For instance provide the child with both indoor and outdoor toys. The indoor ones may be dolls and all doll-house material; colors and crayons, books, blocks of all types; toys to pull about, balls, tins, things of this sort. The outdoor toys should encourage more vigorous play, balls and kiddy cars, velocipedes, doll carriages and toy wagons, teeter boards, swings,—things to climb.

One hour, morning and afternoon, can be devoted to outdoor play and

these hours should be regular. One-half hour in the morning can be given up to a regular rest period and one hour in the afternoon to a nap or similar rest period. Orange juice should come at a regular time each morning, and luncheon on the dot at noon, both of these meals to be accompanied by the proper ceremony of going to the toilet, washing hands and combing hair and putting on napkin and sitting quietly at the table. The table should be small and the chair fit the child's size.

Let him play with his toys as he chooses, even if the mother would prefer he do something else, or stick to a thing longer. Allow the child to follow his own inclinations. Insist on toilet going at regular intervals. The mother may have to watch the clock for this, but if this happens every day at exactly the same time the child soon becomes so accustomed to these that should his mother forget he will go himself, or ask to be taken.

Thus the good habit of going to toilet becomes annexed to the better habit of going without being asked or told to go, and training is established. With little friction the child thus

comes to expect regular play periods, attention to toilet, periods for eating and rest, and he acquiesces to these without disagreement. The children enjoy everything they do just because it is attended with the sort of habitual ceremony which appeals to them.

Some schoolboy "howlers":

An abstract noun is something we can think of, but cannot feel—as a red hot poker.

The function of the skin is to keep in the bones, and we look much nicer with skin on; if we had no skin we should go about like skeletons.

Leap year is instead of its being the next day on the same day next year; it's the day after.

Oliver Cromwell had an iron will, an unsightly wart, and a large red nose, but underneath were deep religious feelings.

Jones is a most sensitive fellow, whenever he is sitting in a crowded bus, he wears eye-shades, because it hurts him to see women standing up.

Many a woman would not object to her husband talking in his sleep if he would only talk more distinctly.

Held As A Bolshevik Spy In China

American Escort of Young Girl Attempts to Weave a Way Through Suspensions of Troops, Which Were Created by Unusual Styles of Hair-cuts

By UPTON CLOSE
Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

A Burdensome Fellow Traveler; Visiting General Wu; Joking a Way Out of Danger; the Need for Disguise; Saved by a Police Inspector

In an article last week Upton Close (Josef Washington Hall) recounted his experience among the Chinese Mohammedans in Rafan, when he was denounced in the masque as an infidel at the Festival of the Change of Clothing.

In the course of the author's peregrinations in China, he has come to many dangerous passes, but no matter how grim the situation, his cheerful disposition has remained irrepressible.

Mr. Hall's knowledge of the Far East is exceptional. He has traveled to many out-of-the-way corners as a correspondent representing an American news service, a Sino-American agency, and the English language newspapers of China and Japan. He is a lecturer on Pacific Asia at the University of Washington, and author of "In the Land of the Laughing Buddha."

I HAVE traveled by many different conveyances in China, from wheelbarrow to special train and aeroplane, and in many different circumstances, from the dignity of an old viceroy requisitioning entertainment from governors to the indignity of a beggar, but on my recent trip from Peking to Shanghai I had a new experience.

Since then, I would recommend to tourists that the most comfortable way to travel in China is under arrest, provided one can get oneself regarded as a sufficiently important criminal.

With an armed escort to maintain a breathing space about one and keep the luggage coolies from extortionate demands to appropriate the best quarters in crowded train or boat or inn, and to bluff cooks into leaving the garlic out of their noodles, travel under guard as a Bolshevik spy is not without its compensations, although one's itinerary, of course, may vary considerably from prearranged plans.

My difficulties all came through my determination at any price, to pay a call of respect on my old chief, Wu Peifu. When I left Wu four years ago, he was practically dictator of China, placing in Peking the government which he chose, kowtowed to by the Chinese and lionized by foreigners.

My last mission for him, before I took typhoid fever and was shipped to America to recuperate, was to negotiate with Li Yuan-hung in Tientsin for his return to the presidency to fill out his term so rudely interrupted by the ten-day monarchical restoration of 1917.

Many changes have taken place during these four years. Wu Peifu, suddenly ruined by the Christian General's defection in 1922, as suddenly came back to control of the Peking government a few months ago, and a few weeks ago was again catastrophically ruined by the amazing northern push of the Cantonese "Reds" and the desertion of his own commanders.

FOREIGN IMMUNITY

Other changes, aside from those affecting the fortune of native politics, have taken place. The foreigner, who four years ago could pass with utter immunity, from army to army with all the military information he might choose to carry, has lost his prestige, I found, to the extent that he is seized, examined, and held, the same as any other suspected spy.

Many things have been laid at the door of the Bolsheviks in recent years. This loss of the white man's prestige in Asia is one thing which may without injustice be blamed or credited, depending on one's viewpoint—equally to the Chinese reaction to Russian opportunistic interference in Chinese affairs.

I disregarded the warnings from all sides not to go down the utterly disrupted Peking-Hankow railway in search of Wu, and, receiving passes from my old associates of the Wu clique in the Ministry of Communications—the last favor they were able to do me before being driven from office

by the hordes of the Manchurian Chang Tso-lin, who took advantage of Wu's weakness to occupy the Peking area—I set out on such conveyances as were available.

Usually these were box or coal cars, loaded with retreating and disorganized soldiery of every description, pulled by dilapidated locomotives which operated on the plan of going as far as they could before utter breakdown. The ability of Chinese trainmen to keep these engines running by roadside repairs is one of the marvels of China.

A DANGEROUS TASK

I was attended by a Shantungese servant, son of my old "Number One" in Peking, who insisted that, since he could not share the risks of my journey, his heir must represent him. To complicate matters, I was saddled, just before leaving Peking, with the somewhat onerous task of escorting the teen-age daughter of an old friend in the Ministry of Communications to her relatives in Shanghai.

With the influx of the soldiers of Chang Tso-lin, Chang Tso-lin's Shantung commander, into Peking, her father was willing for her to run any risk of travel rather than remain in the capital, since it was commonly believed in Peking that soldiers of the Shantung Tupan seized any women who caught their eyes on the streets, although the women of the "outs" were, of course, said to be the particular prey.

When I found that there was nothing running but military trains, I rather lost confidence in my ability to escort the young lady safely, but by that time her father had fled into hiding and there was nowhere to deliver her except to people in Shanghai.

So the trio of us set out. We progressed about one hundred miles during each of the first two days. Considerable "brass," wit and eloquence, combined, got us into the guards' special car, a sequestered mail-van, in which we all sat on the floor. We considered ourselves exceedingly lucky, as the rain began to come down in torrents, soaking the padded garments of soldiery and populace in the open cars.

A TRANSFORMATION

In the "no-man's-land" between Paoing and Chengchow, where the Wu armies had completely lost organization, it became increasingly hard to protect the girl. The great majority of the soldiers were, I must say, gentlemen, and particularly deserving of credit considering their deprivation and disorganization.

By and large, I would rather trust a woman to Chinese than to almost any soldiery I know. However, at one small station a rough group led by a half-drunken sergeant surrounded my charge and tried to edge her out of sight of my servant and myself, and I spent a nervous twenty minutes jolly-ing them into letting her reboard the train.

"This will never do!" I said in alarm, "you will have to get into some sort of disguise." At the town where the train lay overnight, the servant took her to a Chinese pawnshop and outfitted her in boy's cap, jacket, and long coat, then to a hair-cutter, and the next morning she went aboard as his son, although he looked rather boyish to boast such a sizable child.

Thereafter all went well except the hardship of sitting hour after hour on the floors of bumping box cars. By the time we reached the railroad junction where General Wu was stopping, the northern half of the province of Honan, which consists principally of vast beds of the Yellow River, was a dead lake, with the thin line of the railway running through it like a dike.

THE HONAN MASSACRE

Refugees, loaded with blankets, clothing, coops of fowls, and furniture, clambered aboard and on top of the cars until every bit of space was filled, and the soldiers beat off with the

butts of their guns others who struggled to get on. To add to the misery of the populace, bands of robbers, many of them peasants who had lost their all, were taking advantage of the disruption of the soldiery.

As we neared Chengchow, we heard of the recent sack of Jokeahko, probably the most cruel bandit outrage of this disrupted era, in which one of the largest marts of Honan was looted and burned, two thousand people massacred, and as many more, male and female, including several missionaries, carried away for ransom.

At Chengchow, General Wu Peifu received me very kindly but soberly. I found him utterly broken in spirit from the repeated betrayals he believes he has suffered from his own officers. Four years ago he was the most vigorous, idealistic man in China; now he is, like Sun Yat-sen before his death, an example of the tragedy of personality in a civilization which crushes uniqueness.

"I thank you, Elder Brother Ho," he said touchingly, "for giving me a good name in America. That's all I have left."

The Chengchow inns were crowded with soldiers and we eventually found shelter in the Standard Oil Compound. The Chinese gateman and one of the clerks endeavored to prevent my getting in, however, saying "all foreigners are gone, this place has gone into the hands of Chinese, who refuse to see anyone." I pushed my way past them and was most hospitably received by the four young American college men there.

A TICKET PUNCHER'S LOST "FACE"

During the night, four British-American tobacco men, who had spent twenty-eight hours in a box-car coming seventy miles from the war area toward Hankow, arrived and were put up by my hosts, whose resources for hospitality seemed as boundless as their generosity. The next morning we

CULTIVATING PATIENCE

The military turned us over with evident relief. There was quite a change in our manner of escort. Instead of being herded within a ring of bayonets, we were followed by two unarmed policemen, whom we lost in the thronged streets. We had to inquire the way to our prison!

We were kept kicking our heels in the outer quarters for an hour or more, apparently to test our dispositions. To have threatened and stormed about, as foreigners have been accustomed to do under similar circumstances, would probably have cost me the friendship of the police head, who wanted to see how sweet-natured I was before he received me.

My chief alarm was for the Chinese lass dressed as a boy. An old law makes this a high offence.

held by the ruffians of the Manchurian or Chihli armies.

A BOLSHIEVICK HAIR-CUT

At Pukow we were taken to the railway police headquarters. Here I found that my long hair was taken as indication that I was a Bolshevik agent, while the slight stature of my two Chinese strengthened the suspicion that they were Cantonese. When they learned that one was a girl in disguise, they were quite certain that they had netted something.

I learned later that Cantonese women spies had done General Sun's army a great deal of injury. I explained in detail the reason for the



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Every few stations he re-examined our tickets, he had our baggage moved and checked time and again. An appeal to his superiors procured no abatement of the nuisance, their attitude being that I had robbed him of "face" and he was entitled to every opportunity for revenge.

BETRAYED THE TROOPS

Finally I had a show-down with him which resulted in a mutual agreement. If I would not report him to the Ministry of Communications, he would apologize and annoy us no longer. I fatuously took him at his word and thought that the unpleasant incident was passed.

But when we pulled into Hsuehchow my Chinese companions and I received a real "official welcome" in the shape of an armed guard, which summarily took us into detention. I caught a glimpse of the leering face of the Cantonese which told me what a clever double-crosser he thought himself to be.

The soldiers who arrested us were the Chekiangese of General Sun Chuan-fang, distinguished by their grey cloth "boy scout" hats and sober countenances. "The Marshall's orders," was all I could get out of them. They were courteous, even kindly, but firm.

In a native inn we awaited the early morning train for Pukow. My chief alarm was for the Chinese lass dressed as a boy. An old law makes this a high offence. In addition, a recent reaction against newly-imported "whingle-bobs" had caused a Peking mandate, issued by Chang Tso-lin, making "man-style" hair cuts a penal offense. Our detainees might seize the opportunity to make things very hard for the girl. However, I preferred to see her in the hands of Sun's orderly soldiery, who would at least proceed according to law, rather than

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disguise. Fortunately, I had taken the remarks, but were silenced by a well-aimed rifle-butt blow or two from our guard. Here we repeated our story twenty times more.

"There is nothing in this, but we can't release you," was the identical decision. I made a formal demand that the American consul be called.

A REFUGEE TRAIN

Thereafter all went well except the hardships of sitting hour after hour on the floors of bumping box-cars. By the time we reached the railroad junction where General Wu was stopping, the northern half of the Province of Honan, which consists principally of old beds of the Yellow River, was a vast lake, with the thin line of the railway running through it like a dike.

Refugees, loaded with blankets, clothing, coops of fowls, and furniture, clambered aboard and on top of the cars until every bit of space was filled, and the soldiers beat off others who struggled to get on with the butts of their guns.

THE POLICE TAKE CHARGE

The military headquarters at Hsiao-kwan was a pretentious brick building outside, but bare, save for accumulated filth, inside. The room labeled "guest hall," into which we were ushered, was without a single seat.

The plaster walls were full of bullet holes; relic of one or more of the many times which this river port has been "shot up."

The "Supervisor's office" was occupied by a chap sitting on the only stool, in evidence, having a hair-cut his shorn bristles strewing the floor. Some boy pages in military uniform gathered about us and began to make

satisfied myself concerning you. I know your former connection with my great but unfortunate fellow-provincial, Wu-Pei-fu. I apologize to you, and ask you to be my prisoner and my guest until word can come from Commander Sun. Military headquarters has promised to wireless him on the front, and I expect the answer relayed here by telephone at any time.

"I have sent the young lady back to my wife's quarters. They are from the same county in Shantung and will get along fine. It's lucky she's Shantungese."

THE DISGUISE LAW

"A Cantonese girl who came up here to attend the American girl's college."

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"Wait," was the reply. After several hours a policeman in black uniform arrived.

"The Inspector of Police has heard that an American and two Shantungese are here," he said. "He is a great friend of foreigners, and a Shantungese himself, and he offers to care for the prisoners pending the Commander's will."

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A TEST OF TEMPER

We were kept kicking our heels in the outer quarters for an hour or more; apparently to test our dispositions. To have threatened and stormed about, as foreigners have been accustomed to do under similar circumstances in the past, would probably have cost me the friendship of the police head, who wanted to see how sweet-natured I was before he received me.

When we had shown every indication of ability to outwit our guards, the lass was invited to the rear of the compound. A long time passed during which I asked several times for the privilege of telephoning or sending a message to my consul. The answer was "Wait."

Finally Inspector Liu summoned me. I found him a kindly, witty man.

"Mr. Hall," he said, "I have quite

satisfied myself concerning you. I know your former connection with my great but unfortunate fellow-provincial, Wu-Pei-fu. I apologize to you, and ask you to be my prisoner and my guest until word can come from Commander Sun. Military headquarters has promised to wireless him on the front, and I expect the answer relayed here by telephone at any time.

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A TICKET-PUNCHER'S REVENGE

After we got under way, the Number Three Ticket-Puncher, a cocky little Cantonese, came and demanded roughly what these foreigners were doing in the compartment car! I asked why an underling should object when his superiors had placed us there. The epithet made him furious, and from that moment on he exhausted his brain thinking of ways to annoy us. Every few stations he re-examined our tickets; he had our baggage moved and checked time and again.

An appeal to his superiors procured no abatement of the nuisance, their attitude being that I had robbed him of "face" and he was entitled to every opportunity for revenge.

several hours delay. I again asked to be allowed to communicate with my consul. Mr. Liu strongly advised me not to put the matter thus on a diplomatic basis, stating that it would then have to go through the provincial foreign office and might be indefinitely prolonged.

"For you to go would, in the end, be easy—for your Chinese to go might be hard," he cautioned.

WORD FROM THE FRONT

When evening came without the expected telephone message, he engaged an automobile and went personally into Nanking city military headquarters. While he was gone, his men brought me food, offering to go out and buy anything I might want, native or foreign. I saved expenses for the kind inspector by being content with a dish of Chinese noodles.

As I was pacing the cobblestone court in some anxiety over the prospect of missing the last train for Shanghai that night, Inspector Liu came back smiling, waving a wireless dispatch in his hand.

"Released," he cried, shaking my hand, apparently as happy as I was. "Now take the girl's things back to her and let her dress properly," he ordered a policeman. "And you," addressing me, "come into my office and we'll have a drink!"

Liu sent his chief assistant to prepare a coupe for us on the midnight train for Shanghai. We received an invitation from Madame Liu to come back to the women's quarters. She was a large, jolly woman who seemed

to be much amused by the incident. She served us in a democratic manner, quite unusual among Chinese ladies, with pineapple and cakes, good-humoredly teasing my girl charge the while.

"You made such a pretty boy!" she said. "I really wanted to adopt you. Or I might have married you to my oldest daughter! But now that you are only a girl—I've got four of them myself!"

Mr. Liu ordered a policeman to escort us to our train and saw us to the gate.

"The method is unusual," he said, bowing. "But we have each made a friend. I missed two feasts to help you this afternoon. Four years hence, when you return to China, we'll make up for it. If you are not bald by that time, however, you would better cut your hair shorter—provided the Bolsheviki are still a factor in China!"

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The MATE STANDS BY

By Albert Richard Wetjen

HE was a silent man and well past middle age. His cheeks were hollow, his mouth wide, and his eyes were coldly blue. An honest man, absorbed in the sea and with the ethics of the sea. Young Martin, the second mate, knew he had held a master's ticket for over twenty years and considered him an old fossil for not getting a command. As it was, he was merely mate of the Biscardi, bound from New York to Cape Town in ballast.

On the fourth day out, young Martin happened to be on the bridge during the mate's watch, and, being a talkative chap, commenced irreverently: "He's been lit since we dropped Sandy Hook."

The mate said dryly: "Are you speaking of the captain?" "Sure," blundered young Martin, being new aboard. "Who else? I went down this morning to ask him something, and he was flaked out in his bunk, snoring like a bull."

"I don't think I'd talk about it," said the mate. The second then shrugged. "All right. If you feel that way. But I was going to ask you what I'd do, if he came up in my watch and started giving some fool order."

"Obey it," snapped the mate and strode off. The man at the wheel grinned, and the second mate grimaced. "He's a crab," the second confided later to the steward. "Been passed over for command so long he's touchy. I was talking about the old man being lit, and he took the attitude that the skipper can do no wrong. Makes me sick. They ought to fire all these old chaps and give some young fellow a chance."

The third mate went up to relieve the mate at eight bells and said, "Old man wants you in his room, sir." The mate nodded and went on down.

"You're Talking Barrry?"

THE master of the Biscardi was sprawled in a chair before his desk, unshaven, his eyes bloodshot, his shirt open at the throat, and his hands shaking as he lifted a glass to his lips. The mate closed the door behind him. The captain looked up, laughed, and waved to a chair.

"Sit down, Collins," the mate seated himself. The captain hiccupped, finished his drink, and straightened himself with an effort. He was a man in his late fifties. His hair was white and he was rather distinguished looking, in a fleshy, red-checked sort of way. Usually his gray eyes were steady and calm, but, at present, they glistened uneasily and sought every place but the mate's face.

"I've been pretty sick," said the captain apologetically, noticing the mate's cold gaze fixed on the bottle at his elbow. The mate said nothing and the captain coughed and went on: "You've been with me a long time, Collins. Ten or twelve years, isn't it, since we were on the Watrous? Understand each other, eh? Well, well . . . I was speaking to them at the office about you. Want to see you get a ship pretty soon, they said. . . . Yes . . . Have a drink?"

The mate shook his head. The captain poured himself another and tossed it down. He coughed again, wiped his lips.

"The Biscardi's old, Collins. Not worth much. I don't think the office'd worry a bit if she went under, eh? Say something, mate?" "I suppose not, sir," said the mate. "That's right. You can savvy that. Well, we won't bother much either, if anything happens. Might be advisable. Office'd find you a ship. I might get something better myself. They sort of hinted as much."

The mate stood up slowly. The blood crept into his lean face and then receded, leaving him deathly white. The captain watched him nervously, wiping his lips and frowning slightly. "I take it you're talking barrry, sir," he said, in a harsh voice. The captain started.

"Now, now, Collins. Who said anything like that?"

A Big Temptation

THE mate stared at him and was silent for so long that the captain moved uneasily in his chair. "I wondered why you were talking so heavily this trip. The idea couldn't have got well with you, at I've got some dynamite in the lower deck drawer. . . . Didn't overlook anything. Just think, command of the Grampian. . . . He seemed entirely obsessed with the one idea."

"You'd better get some sleep, sir," answered the mate, his face white. He left the cabin abruptly. Outside the cabin the mate met the chief engineer plucking his beard and talking to himself. The mate caught his arm and said, "Where are you bound, sir?"

"To see the captain," answered the chief, surprised. "I've got to make a report of a report. . . ."

"Never mind, sir. The captain's sick," said the mate dryly, and the chief hesitated. He relaxed, after a moment, and nodded. He understood. Work was hurried. Whatever it was the Biscardi had struck, probably a submerged derelict, had stripped the blades from her propeller and strained her after-hull a little. The pumps were quite adequate to take care of the leakage, and there were spare blades in the mid-ship shelter deck. The job was to fix them. And this could be managed by bringing the Biscardi's stern clear of the water, as the tanks were pumped dry and everything weighed was taken for aid.

The mate shook his head. The captain nodded then and watched him stride toward the door. When he had gone, he turned to the bottle. Collins was a fool. Couldn't see on which side his bread was buttered. He was an old man, and he dreaded poverty. And Collins ought to have a ship. The man must want a ship. If it was only a one-man job, or, if he had the nerve, he'd handle it himself.

Mate Feels Anxious

IT was a week later, in the tropics. The mate was pacing the bridge. His hands clasped behind him. He had not slept much the past six or seven days. He had a fear that the captain, with his steady drinking, would entirely forget himself, forget he was a sailor. That he had not yet entirely drowned that memory was proved by his continued drinking. He was trying to crush out the last embers of the sense of honor that went with the four gold bands. He had been tempted in some unbelievable fashion, and the mate was afraid that some night he would open the sea-cocks, or even convert some other officer to his ideas. So Collins proved the decks when he should have been sleeping below, and he watched the other officers like a hawk.

The very thought of barrry was revolting to the mate. It was against every single thing he had ever learned at sea. It was a violation of all that made life worth living to a sailor. It was an insult flung in the face of those men who had gone down on the bridge or had stood calmly directing things on the sinking poop, after giving forth all that heart and nerve and sinew had to offer. And equally revolting to the mate was the idea of disloyalty to a captain. Both things simply weren't done. A man stood to the death by his ship and his captain. The temptation of the promised command bothered the mate not at all. He wanted no ship brought by such means.

The boat's came on the bridge, and the mate turned to him, thankful to have his mind taken from his worry for a while. He had just finished giving some explicit orders, when the Biscardi, checked in mid career, shuddered, humped herself forward, and gave a long, jerky roll. The mate, unprepared for the movement, went staggering against the rail, while the boat's made a sudden grab for a stanchion, missed, and fell heavily. There was a heavy, thumping noise, a vicious shuddering from aft, and the engine's stamping stopped.

The mate recovered his balance. The boat's staggered to his feet and gazed stupidly around on the level, washed, ruffled sea. The Biscardi was rolling, but more gently and the mate sprang to the engine room speaking tube. Men were shouting from the main deck. Cabin doors running, half-opened as the officers came, and, picking up the bunch of keys that lay on the deck, he started for the door.

"If you try that again," he said harshly, "I'll shoot you. You're mad—mad and sick. Do you realize, sir, what you're trying to do? This is your ship. You're sick, and so we'll say nothing about it any more."

"Keep quiet and lie down, sir," he said before he left. "I'll be back as soon as we're under way again." The certain only cursed him and then collapsed, weeping, on his bunk. The mate looked the cabin door behind him, tossed the dynamite outside, and shaking in every limb, returned.

He found the steward and drew him aside. "Where's the captain's whiskey?" he asked grimly, and the steward, after one look at his face, told him. He also surrendered the keys to the spare cabin, and the mate, every case overboard. He also went down to the lazaret and disposed of everything, except one small keg of rum the men might need. That done, he felt better and worked with a quieter mind until the Biscardi was under way again, a little before noon.

The Propeller Stripped

"H"IT something. Stripping the propeller, it's likely. Get all hands aft. Call the captain. No. I will. That'll do the wheel for a bit. Thank heaven, it's calm."

The second mate and the third mate came running up on the bridge, and the mate snapped, "Stay here, Martin. Take the carpenter and find out the damage. Brown. All right, boss. Get along."

The boat's stumbled away with the third mate, both men dazed at the suddenness of disaster on the placid sea. The mate went down to the captain's cabin. The captain was lying in his pyjamas in his bunk. He blinked at the mate and spoke querulously: "What's the racket? Hope the bottom's dropped out of her."

"Propeller stripped, I think," said the mate coldly. "We hit something, sir. Submerged derelict, probably. Can you take charge?"

The captain muttered and sat up. He ran a hand over his forehead that was wet with sweat. He seemed dazed, and his eyes were vacant.

"Good excuse, Collins," he said thickly. "Don't you see? We were talking about the sea-cocks. . . . Or, if you've struck herself and ordered. Open the sea-cocks in the lower deck drawer. . . . Didn't overlook anything. Just think, command of the Grampian. . . . He seemed entirely obsessed with the one idea."

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They . . . pushed off, and, rowing to a safe distance, stopped to watch the freighter's end.

HE mate prowled about the ship, worried with the thought that the captain might attempt something, with all hands being occupied all the time. He was justified in his worry, when, about one o'clock in the morning, he ran into a figure making a stumbling way along the rail, opposite the forehatch. The mate caught the figure by the shoulders and wrenched it savagely round. It was the captain, bareheaded and shaking like a leaf. He clattered the mate's lapel and choked.

"She's about done, anyway," he said thickly. "Don't you see, Collins? She's falling to bits, anyway. There's no one for aid. Never get caught. And it's calm weather. No fear of losing life. Let me."

The mate said nothing, but, groping in the captain's pockets, discovered half a dozen sticks of dynamite, already capped and fused. He tossed them overboard and led the captain protesting back to his cabin. Once inside and with the door shut, he spoke.

"If you try that again," he said harshly, "I'll shoot you. You're mad—mad and sick. Do you realize, sir, what you're trying to do? This is your ship. You're sick, and so we'll say nothing about it any more."

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The Mate Is Loyal

WHEN he entered the captain's cabin, he found the captain asleep and breathing heavily. A thorough search disclosed half a case of liquor, and the mate put overboard, taking care he was not observed. Then he tidied up the cabin, undressed the unconscious and drunken captain, and went out again, locking the door.

A few days later the steward said to his friend, the second mate, "This's the craziest ship I've ever in. The mate won't let me go near the skipper's cabin. Comes down and gets soup and toast and coffee, and goes up and feeds him himself. Guess he must clean the place out, too, for he took away my brooms and bucket the other day. Says the old man's sick. He's sure been doing enough howling around."

"Sick?" snorted young Martin derisively. "He's got the D.T.'s, that's what. Anyone but the mate'd admit it and let the old man face the music. If the old man was fired, it's likely the mate'd get command, and Heaven knows, he's been waiting for it long enough. But that's the way it goes. These old cooties hang together."

Later, to the mate, young Martin ventured tentatively. "The skipper's pretty sick, eh, sir?"

"Quite sick," said the mate shortly. "Not much use to the ship that way, eh, sir? He's been under the weather ever since we sailed."

The mate did not answer. "Seems to me, sir, the owners'd sure do something about it, if they knew. Might be you'd get command of this hooker, if you did. I'd like to speak for the mate's job." Still the mate did not speak, so the second, encouraged, went on: "Most firms're pretty strict about drinking. If you feel like making a report when we get home, sir, I'd be glad to support you."

The mate said nothing, but, groping in the captain's pockets, discovered half a dozen sticks of dynamite, already capped and fused. He tossed them overboard and led the captain protesting back to his cabin. Once inside and with the door shut, he spoke.

"If you try that again," he said harshly, "I'll shoot you. You're mad—mad and sick. Do you realize, sir, what you're trying to do? This is your ship. You're sick, and so we'll say nothing about it any more."

"Keep quiet and lie down, sir," he said before he left. "I'll be back as soon as we're under way again." The certain only cursed him and then collapsed, weeping, on his bunk. The mate looked the cabin door behind him, tossed the dynamite outside, and shaking in every limb, returned.

He found the steward and drew him aside. "Where's the captain's whiskey?" he asked grimly, and the steward, after one look at his face, told him. He also surrendered the keys to the spare cabin, and the mate, every case overboard. He also went down to the lazaret and disposed of everything, except one small keg of rum the men might need. That done, he felt better and worked with a quieter mind until the Biscardi was under way again, a little before noon.

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even to the silent mate, to hear that the coal was running short. The Biscardi's owners had loaded on her barely enough to carry her to Cape Town, where it was proposed to sell her, and here she was several days behind her schedule and far to the west of the course. Food was getting low, too, but this problem was not so serious as that of the fuel, for rations could be cut and fishing might help out.

The engine patched up the mate's set the course again, and the Biscardi plodded on. Rumors had reached the fore's, via the second mate, the steward, and the boat's, of a serious disagreement between the mate and the captain. The men began to complain that they were being endangered, that the ship should be headed for the nearest port for adequate supplies and repairs. The mate ignored such talk.

Facing a Serious Crisis

THE ancient hull grew leakier, so that the hand pumps had to be brought into use occasionally to supplement the engine-room pumps. Strong winds lessened the freighter's speed. Twice again the engine faltered for stretches of hours. The coal was gradually eaten up. The mate cut the rations down and met an almost open mutiny with an expressionless face and a revolver hidden in his pocket. His very unrelenting grimness, his absolute refusal even to consider any advice from the men, won him the first round of the argument. But the crew then demanded to speak with the captain, believing that, if he was on bad terms with the mate, he would stand by them.

The meeting was held on the lower bridge, the captain standing outside the doorway of his cabin, newly shaved, washed, and changed, at the mate's insistence. He held on to the mate's arm, and the mate stood beside him, grim and silent and watchful. The second mate stood near, restless and obviously in sympathy with the men. The spokesman for the crew had their say, and the captain seemed undecided what to do. He caught the mate's cold eyes—slightly contemptuous, it seemed—and, with a gesture, turned things over to him.

"Mr. Collins will do the best he can for you, I'm sure," he said weakly, and entered his cabin. The second mate choked. The men were taken aback. Rumor had lied, it seemed. The mate smiled slightly, and, with a suggestive motion, buttoned his open jacket. "Get off the bridge," he said icily. "And let's have no more of this nonsense."

They filed slowly away, muttering and sullen, but, for the present, quieted. Young Martin hurried down to his friend, the steward, and said, "The way the mate's handling things is making the men sore. If it was me, now, I'd explain everything to them and rely on their common sense. But he's got that old windjammer idea. Thinks an officer's something like a god and doesn't have to explain."

On the lower bridge the captain had emerged from his room again and was holding the mate's arm. "You see, Collins. They're all ready to abandon her. No one would blame us, if we just edged over nearer the coast and then took to the boats. Quite easy. . . . Don't look at me like that. I didn't interfere with you and the men, did I?"

"Don't you see how things are coming our way? The ship's about finished. We don't even have to blow a hole in her. I think—"

"You're a sick man, sir," answered the mate grimly. "You don't know what you're saying."

The Coal Gives Out

AFTER many days, the coal gave out. The mate gave orders to use the steamer's woodwork, and the hours were filled with the ring of axes. The Biscardi was now near the African coast, it being the mate's intention to get as close as possible, in case he should be forced to beach the ship. Steam was preciously hoarded for the engine. All hands labored like Trojans, unwilling and sullen, but overawed by the grim, lean figure that prowled sleeplessly among them.

The evening the African coast was

sighted, far down on horizon, the food was nearly done, and the Biscardi was a desolate, stripped ruin, as regards superstructure. Not once during all the long and slow passage had she sighted another ship from which fuel could be obtained, and the evening she made her landfall the men had starved to strip the cabins and the fore's. That night the men discussed the advisability of taking to the boats and pulling for the shore, but they could find no one of their number with sufficient courage to approach the mate about the matter.

All the next day, with the line of the coast hazily in sight, the stripping of the cabins went on, interspersed with appeals at the hand pumps. The captain had remained in his room, having his meals brought up from the saloon and holding converse with no one except the mate, who visited him once or twice a day to report. The captain had apparently given up his ideas of wrecking the ship.

The weather thickened that night and a swell sprang up from the north. The mate was on the bridge, looking over a chart during the second mate's twelve-to-four watch, and, when he left the chart-room, he stood for a while by the fore-ward rail. Young Martin paced past him once or twice, then stopped to peer down on the main deck, where men were breaking up some doors by the light of lanterns. He joined the silent mate and coughed to attract attention.

"Skipper was up here about an hour ago, sir," he stated. "Seems to have perked up quite a lot. Said we'd all done splendid work to bring this old hearse in. He asked about the course, and took a squint at the chart. I suppose he'll be taking things over pretty soon."

"Quite possibly," said the mate. He was vaguely disturbed by the conversation, though he could not tell why. He stared anxiously into the murk, where he knew the coast lay, and wondered if he should get more of an offering. The glass was holding steady, though it was a thick night, of course, but there was no sign of a blow for a while, at least.

There's No Suspicion

"YES, he was quite cheerful, sir," young Martin went on. "Putted around a bit and hung up his oilskins in the wheel-house. Said he might be up later on, and it looked as if it might rain. Do you think we'll make the Cape all right, sir?"

"Not under our own power," answered the mate. "We'll be out of wood to-morrow. Keep a sharp lookout."

"Yes, sir," said the second, and the mate moved away, frowning to himself. There was an uneasy stirring inside him, and he went down to the captain's room to see what that man might be doing.

The captain was sitting in his chair, typing together some papers. He looked startled when the mate appeared, and there was a haunted look in his eyes. The mate sat down and said, "Well, we ought to sight some one pretty soon now. We're right in the sailing lane. It'll probably cost the office something for towing, but they should have put enough coal on board."

The captain brightened up perceptibly, as if he had been expecting something else to be said, and was relieved. He said in a chatty sort of way, "Well, that's fine, Collins. You don't suppose any of the men have any idea of my . . . delinquencies. . . ."

"I think not, sir. . . . We'll just forget them. I've written up in the log that you were sick, but carried on just the same."

"That's nice of you, Collins. After the way I've acted."

"I'd do as much for any man I served under, sir. And we've been together a long time, and I've seen you do some fine things."

"That's right, Collins. I'm glad there's no suspicion. You see, if anything should happen now . . . quite naturally, of course . . . there wouldn't be any awkward questions—would there?"

The mate's eyes narrowed, and a

lurking suspicion rose within him. He stared intently into the captain's face, and something he saw there made him very thoughtful. He wondered he hadn't seen the way of it before. The captain was mad, or the mental struggle he had been through, together with the heavy drinking on the first days of the voyage, had disturbed his mind.

A Treacherous Trick

"YOU haven't been up to anything, sir?" said the mate slowly. "You haven't still got that idea about wrecking the ship, have you?" The captain chuckled. "It's a temptation, Collins. I'm an old man, and you want the Grampian, don't you? You let me handle it. As a matter of fact, it was by the mate, his face whitening. The captain shook his head, and at that moment, they both heard a muffled sound from the bridge above. Telegraph-bells rang. The Biscardi rolled sluggishly. More shouting. The mate sprang for the door, and the captain shouted, "Let her alone! She's gone! Don't throw away the Grampian!"

The mate gave a savage look over his shoulder and then ran. On the navigation-bridge the second mate was swearing, and had one hand on the telegraph-handle. The Biscardi was turning to starboard. There was a dull, mousing sound in the darkness and a dampness to the warm air, as if fine spray hung about.

"Land ahead, sir," said the second, as the mate came up. "Look out! Look out! It's about the same time. Compass's crazy, or something."

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Every one was perfectly cool. There were three boats still in the davits, away. There was a blow due to break, it was true, but it might not arrive for a day or more, so who cared? The arrival of young Martin created some disturbance, but the chief engineer said, quite firmly, "We don't want any more mutinies, so get busy!" and the pumps began to clank again.

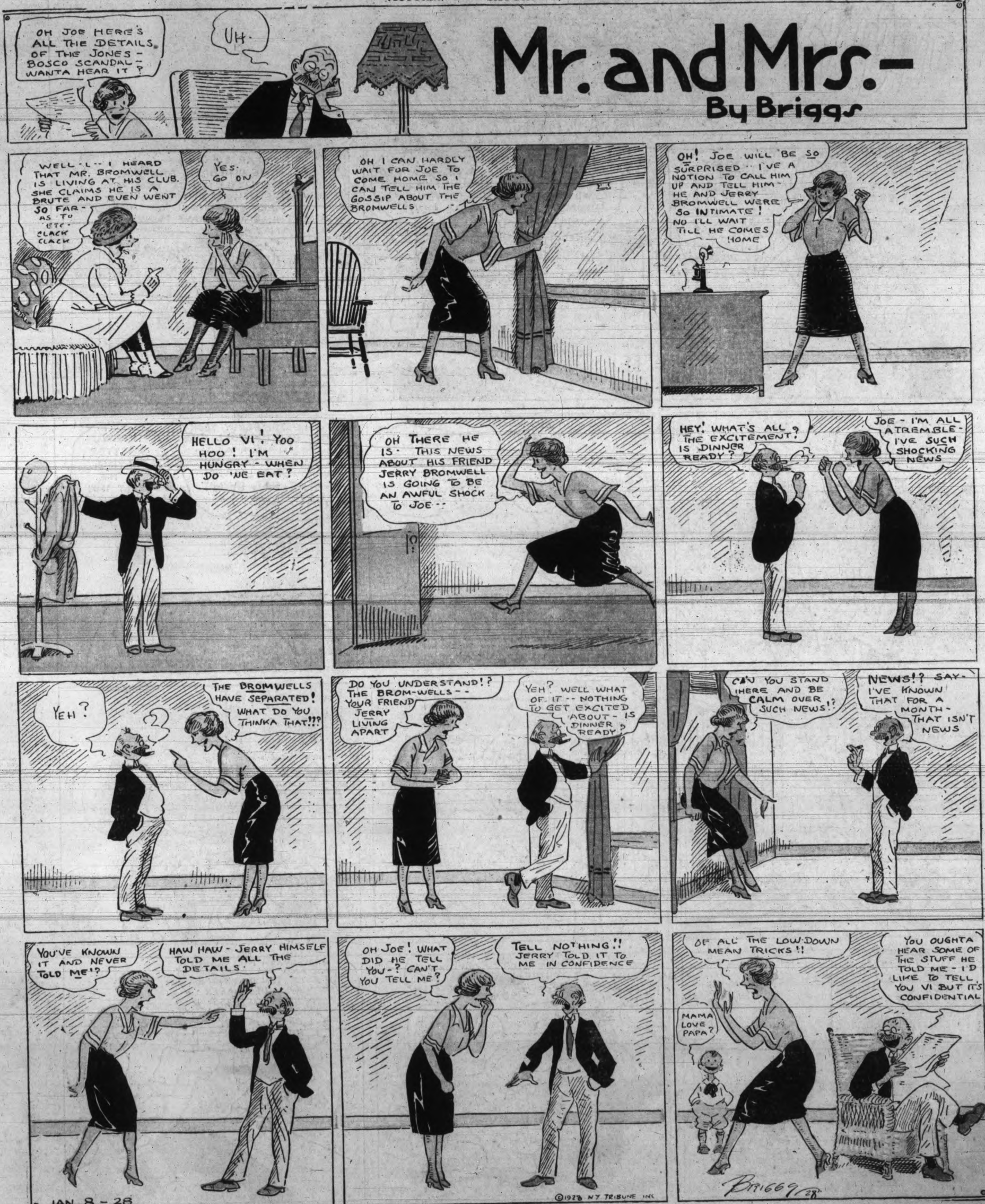
In the cabin the captain was saying, "Everything's working out fine, Collins. You can't beat me. Look's on my side. The ship's done her level best to sink for me, and it's only been your pishness that's kept her afloat. We've got rid of the men, and now you can't pump her dry."

Giving Away His Secret

Victoria Daily Times

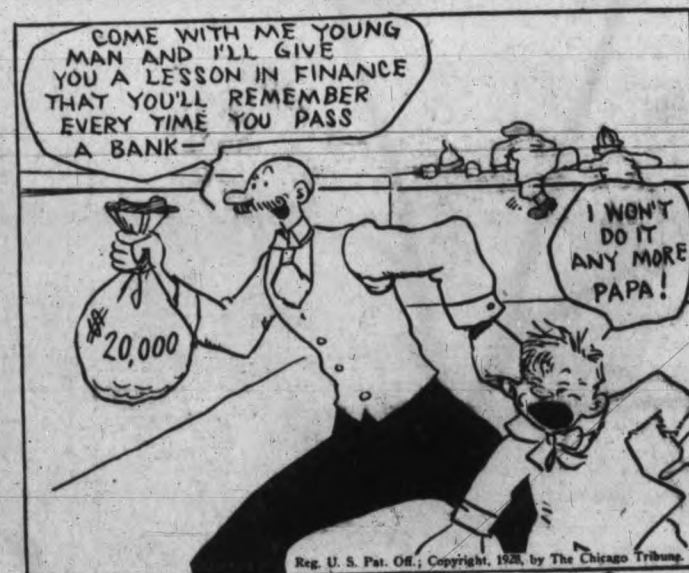
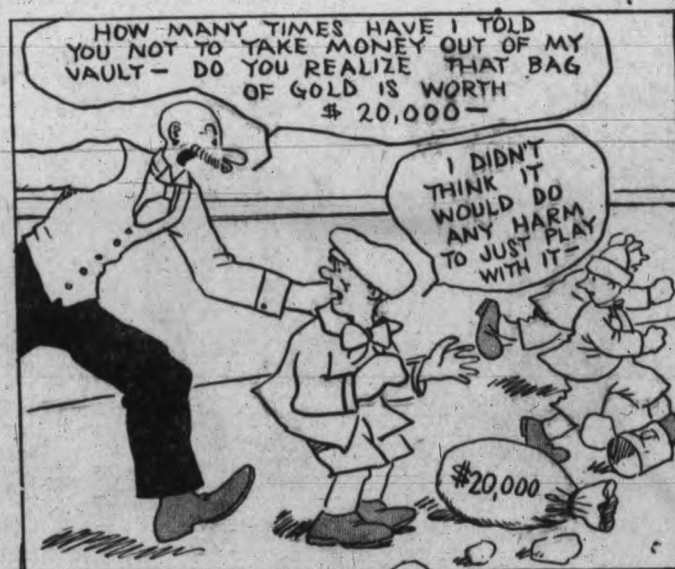
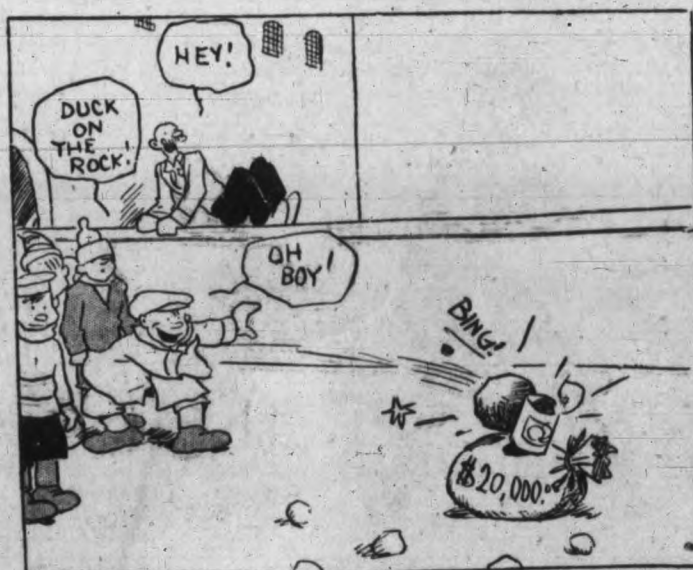
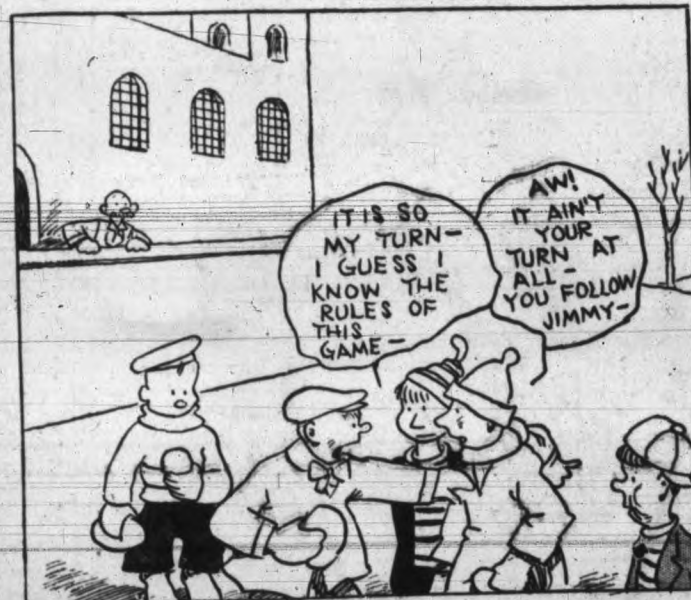
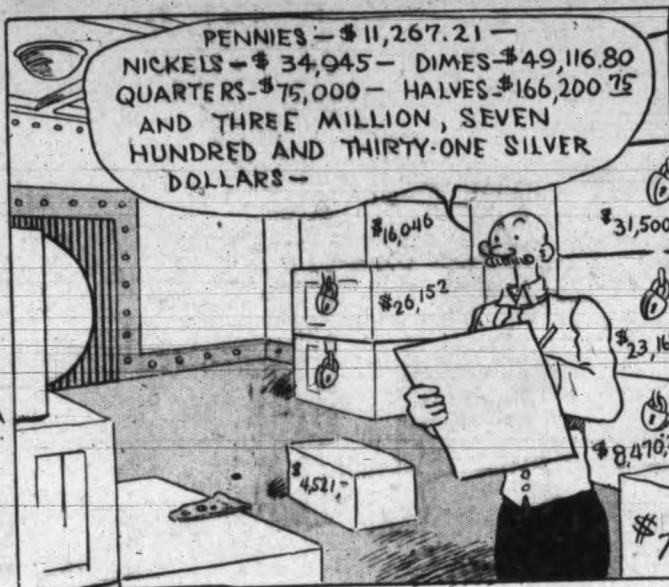
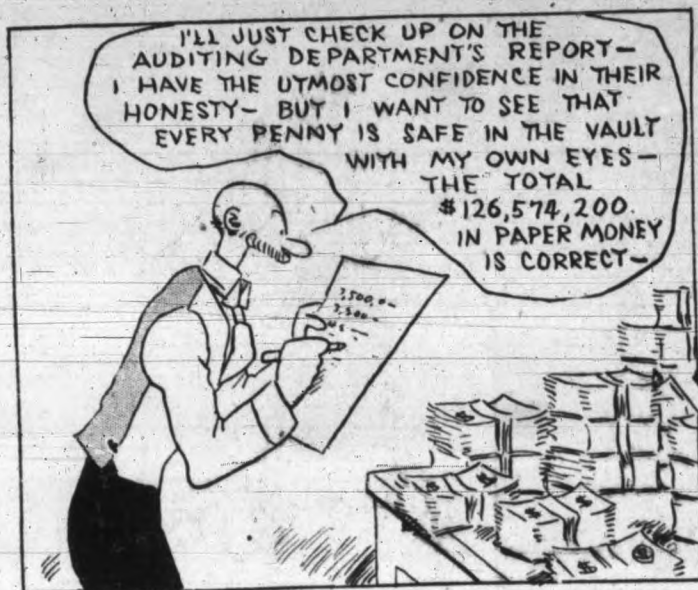
VICTORIA, B.C. SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1928

Mr. and Mrs.- By Briggs



THE GUMPS

SIDNEY SWIFT

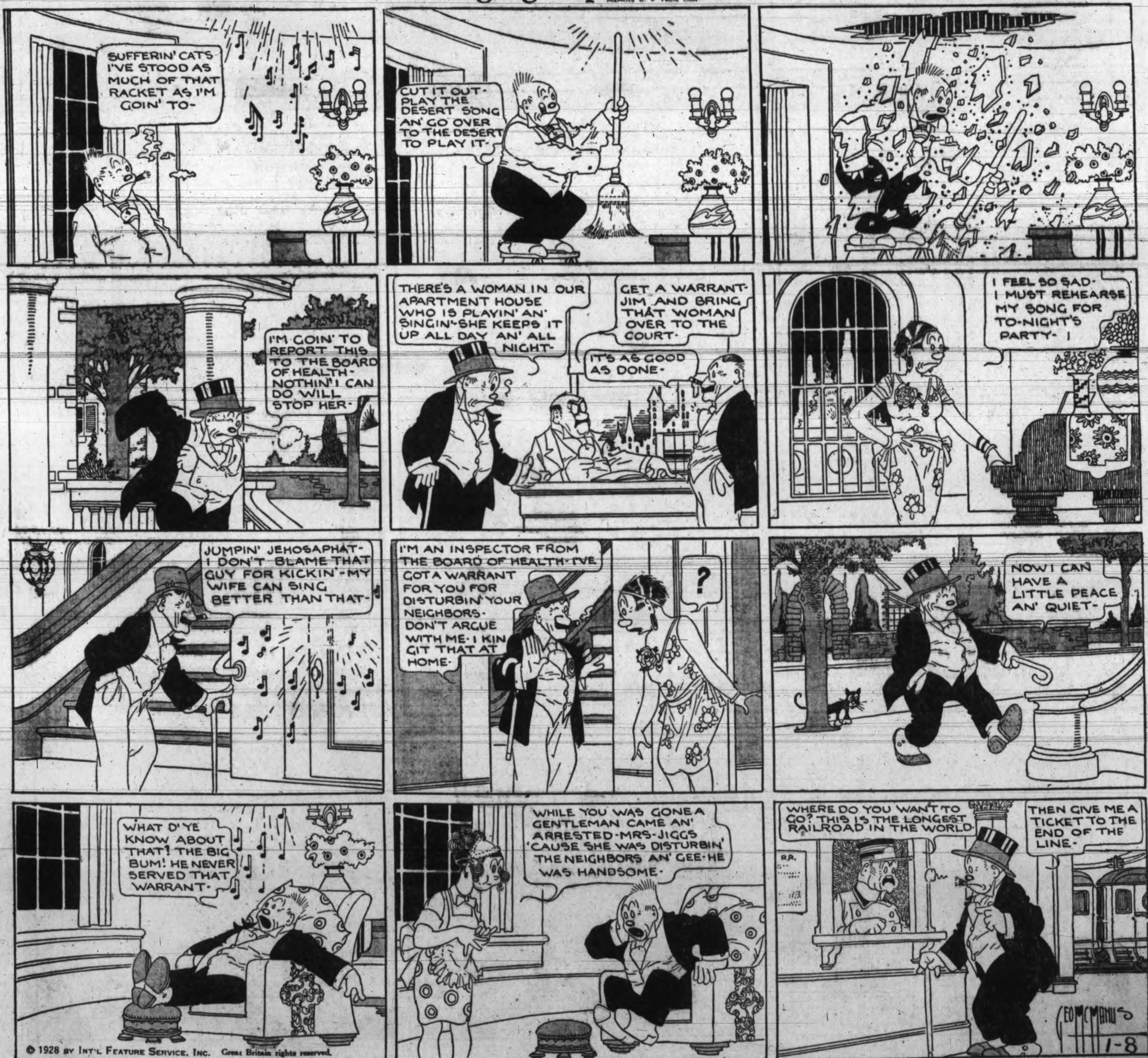


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Bringing Up Father

Registered U. S. Patent Office



Regular Fellers

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